* Mar. 17, 1951

THE NEW YORKER

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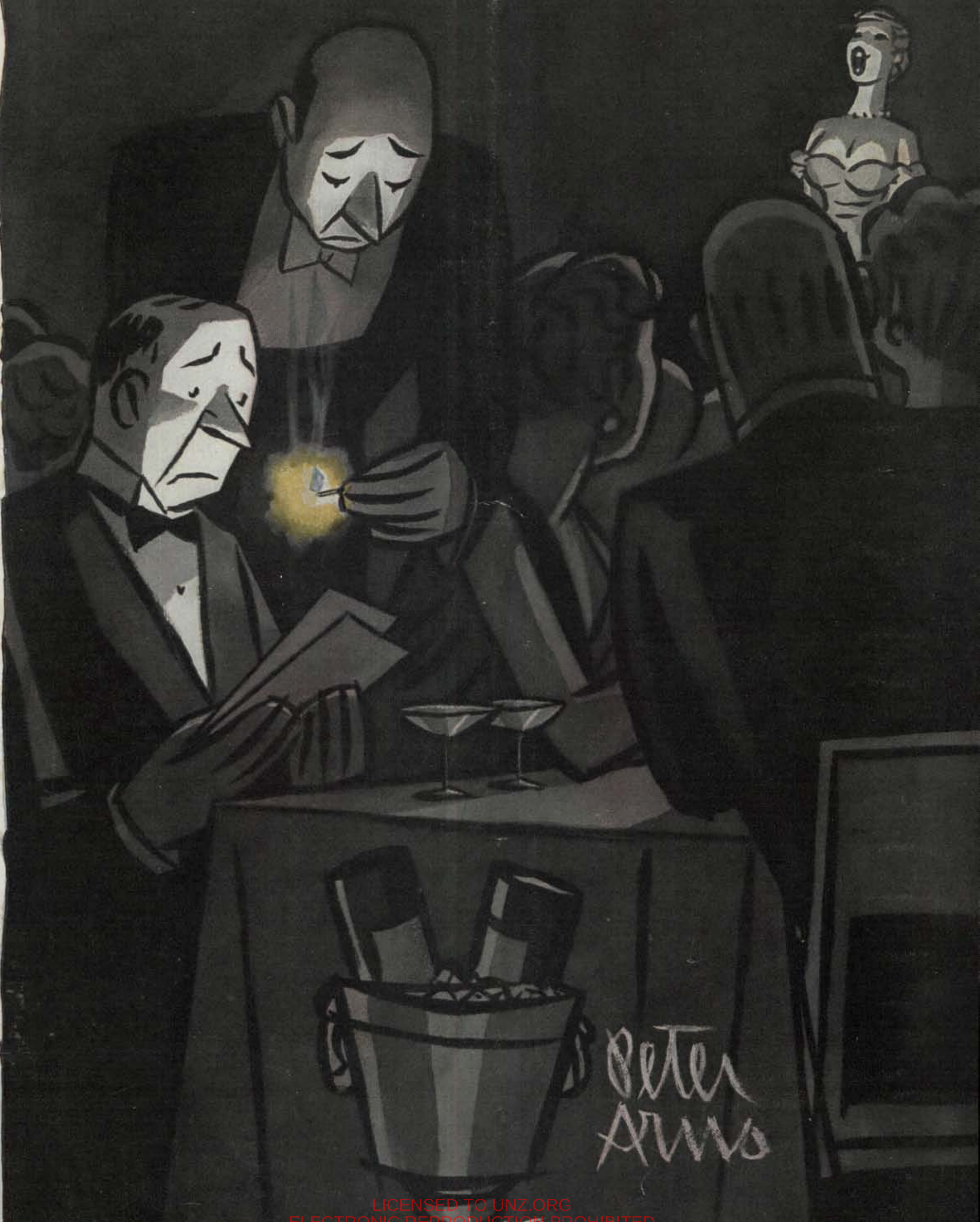

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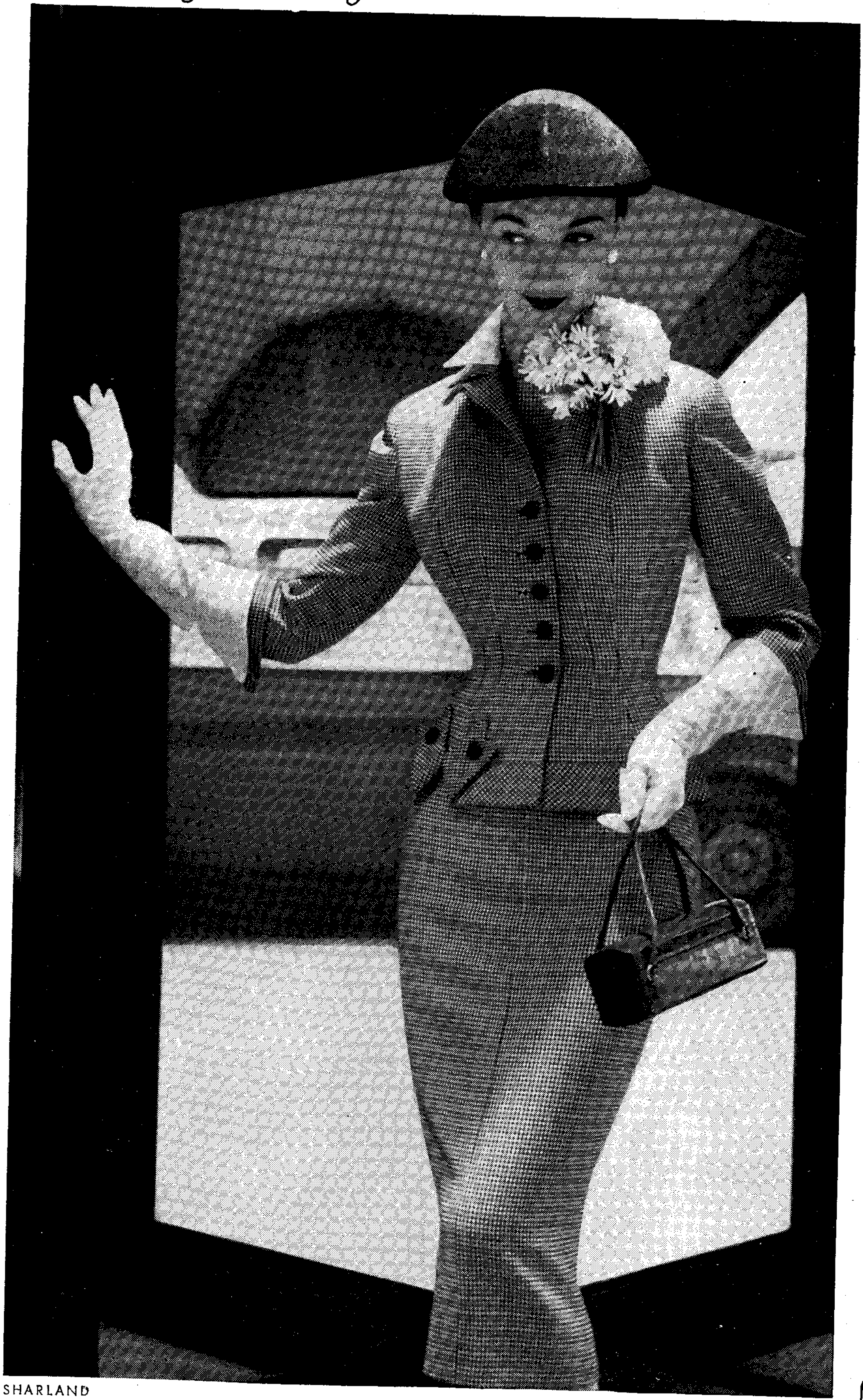

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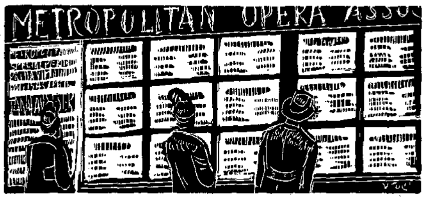
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Affairs of State—Celeste Holm in a comedy dealing with Washington love and politics, neat and unsurprising, that is Louis Verneuil's first job of playwriting in English. With Reginald Owen, Barbara O'Neil, and Shepperd Strudwick. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Pawnshop—Eddie Dowling and Joan McCracken do their best, but this moral fantasy by A. B. Shiffrin remains one of the season's most wearing efforts. Willie Lewis and his clarinet are perhaps the brightest spot of the evening. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Autumn Garden—An essay on middle age. Lillian Hellman is in a more diffuse and quiet mood than usual, but she is still one of the strongest playwrights of her day. The almost all-star cast includes Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jane Wyatt, Kent Smith, and Ethel Griffies. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Bell, Book and Candle—Although John van Druten's comedy about witchcraft in modern Manhattan lags a bit toward the end, it is a remarkably entertaining play. Lilli Palmer makes a captivating sorceress, Rex Harrison is excellent as her bewitched admirer, and the rest of the cast, including a Siamese cat, is very capable, too. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Billy Budd—Herman Melville's novelette about the struggle between good and evil on a British man-of-war unfortunately makes a rather shapeless and difficult play. Dennis King, however, gives an estimable performance as the captain who reluctantly causes the hero's death, and there are good supporting ones by Torin Thatcher and Charles Nolte. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

The Country Girl—A play by Clifford Odets about an alcoholic actor and his understanding wife. It is likely to remind you of several things you've seen before, but it has its touching moments, and Uta Hagen and Paul Kelly are most persuasive as the troubled pair. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, March 18.)

Darkness at Noon—Sidney Kingsley has done a vigorous and penetrating adaptation of Arthur Koestler's novel about a former hero of the Communist Party who is tried and finally executed by the new leaders of the movement. Claude Rains is magnificent in the leading role. Also in the cast are Walter J. Palance, Kim Hunter, and Alexander Scourby. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Lady's Not for Burning—There are stirring performances by John Gielgud, as a cynical warrior, and Pamela Brown, as an alleged witch, in Christopher Fry's interesting, if sometimes fairly ornate, comedy in verse. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

Mary Rose—This is a skillfully executed version of the pleasant, dreamy play by Sir James M. Barrie, with Bethel Leslie, in the title role, ably supported by Patricia Collinge, Leo G. Carroll, and Daniel Reed. The sixth of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Thursday at 2:45. Closes Friday, March 16. For information about subscriptions and tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

The Moon Is Blue—A smooth and surefire comedy, by F. Hugh Herbert, about a boy who gets a girl in three acts. With Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romeo and Juliet—Routine. Olivia de Havilland is Juliet. Jack Hawkins is a fine Mercutio. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rose Tattoo—Tennessee Williams' lively drama about a perfervid Sicilian woman who keeps her late husband's ashes enshrined in her living room and lets a rather inadequate brown slip serve as her widow's weeds. Maureen Stapleton is splendid as this peculiar lady, and Eli Wallach is quite diverting as a truck driver who helps convince her that any kind of live man is better than a dead one. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Season in the Sun—Wolcott Gibbs has revamped his series of Fire Island stories into one of the funniest plays to come along in some time. With Richard Whorf, Nancy Kelly, Paula Laurence, Anthony Ross, and King Calder. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Second Threshold—Clive Brook is admirable as a man who sees no further reason for living, but otherwise this posthumous play by Philip Barry, which Robert E. Sherwood has more or less revised, is slightly disappointing. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Twentieth Century—This 1932 Hecht-MacArthur comedy about some very strange and comic carryings-on aboard the Limited has been brilliantly revived, with a company headed by José Ferrer and Gloria Swanson. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

Long Runs—**the happy time:** A high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect of its uninhibited behavior on an adolescent boy. Roger Dann now has the lead. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **the member of the wedding:** Carson McCullers' adaptation of her novel concerning a young girl's desperate need to identify herself with something or somebody. Ethel Waters, Julie Harris, and Brandon De Wilde are still in the cast. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 17.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Springtime for Henry—Edward Everett Horton and Haila Stoddard in a revival of the farce by Benn W. Levy. Produced by Harald Bromley and George Brandt in association with Richard Doscher, and directed by Mr. Bromley. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Call Me Madam—Ethel Merman plays a lady ambassador just about the way she played Annie Oakley, which is, of course, practically perfectly. The occasionally uneven book is the work of Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; Irving Berlin wrote the generally excellent songs; and the cast includes Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Guys and Dolls—This triumphant comedy, adapted from one of Damon Runyon's stories, at last gives us a worthy rival to "South Pacific." The book is the work of Abe Burrows and Jo Swerling, Frank Loesser wrote the music and lyrics, and the fine cast is headed by Isabel Bigley, Sam Levene, Robert Alda, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Out of This World—Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this variation of the Amphitryon legend, but somehow it isn't as funny or as tuneful as it ought to be. Other participants include Lemuel Ayers, who designed the sets and costumes; Hanya Holm, who arranged the dances; and Charlotte Greenwood and David Burns, who provide most of whatever comedy there is. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**gentlemen prefer blondes:** Lorelei Lee and her trip abroad. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley populate the Anita Loos story. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **kiss me, kate:** "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. Currently with Anne Jeffreys and Ted Scott. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Ray Middleton is now playing opposite Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays

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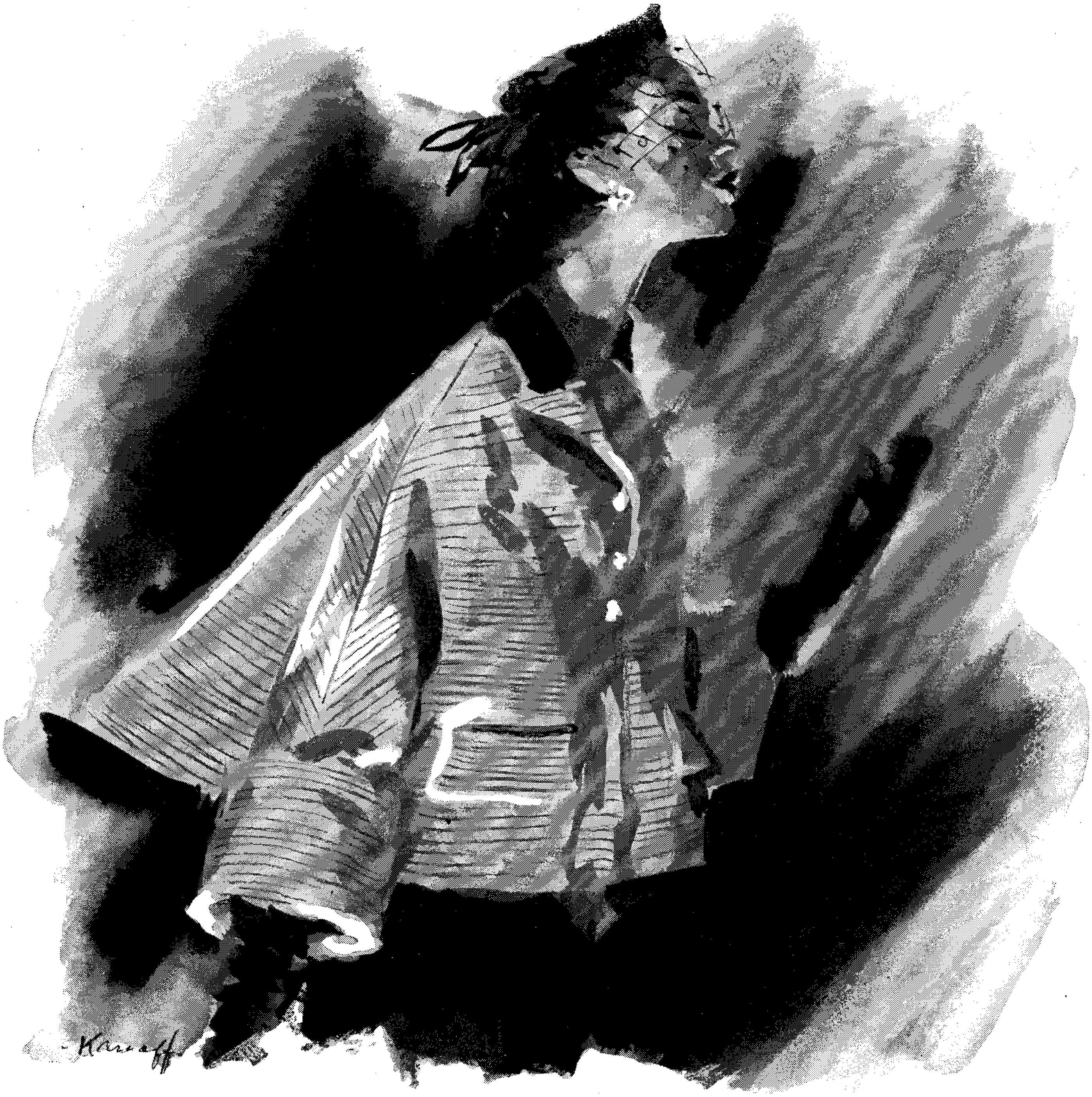

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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18	19	20	21	22	23	24

at 2:25. After Saturday, March 17, no performances until Monday, March 26.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Green Pastures—A new production of Marc Connelly's comedy, first seen here in 1930. Directed by Mr. Connelly, and produced by the Wigreen Company in association with Harry Fromkes. Opens Thursday, March 15. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

L'Ecole des Femmes—Louis Jouvet and his Théâtre de l'Athénée company in Molière's comedy; in French. The seventh of a series of subscription productions offered by A.N.T.A. Opens Sunday, March 18, and will run through Thursday, March 29. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:15. Matinées Thursdays and Saturday at 2:45. For information about tickets, call JU 2-2660.)

MISCELLANY

Yale University Dramatic Association—A musical version, by John Johnson, of Clare Boothe Luce's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye." For the benefit of the Junior League Welfare Fund. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Wednesday, March 21, and Saturday, March 24, at 8:40. For tickets, call BU 8-6220.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the quietly happy Trianon Room, at dinner and supper, except Sundays, Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras play gently for dancing.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Mischa Raginsky's orchestra operates during dinner in the Madison Room and for cocktails in the Palm Court. No dancing in either place, and all quiet Sundays.

Café Theatre, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (PL 7-1317)—Monte Proser's new horn of plenty, offering such romps as Jackie Gleason and Carol Bruce in a boiled-down version of the beloved "Billion Dollar Baby," at dinner and supper, and, around two in the morning, that trillion-dollar baby called Josephine Baker. Nat Brandwynne and Frank Marti are in charge of the dance bands.

Gogi's Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—The grandeur that was Rome, set to the festive music of Ted Straeter's dance band and the nostalgic strains of Gogi's choir of parading violinists. A black tie is required on Friday nights, and a knowledge of the waltz at any time. Closed Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The sands of this celebrated stretch of the desert are apparently never going to grow cold. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Joan Hyldoft, a fine handful of girl, is the main reason for peering through the flying ice flakes from the Terrace Room's skating rink. The customers perform more sedately, on hard ground, to Bernie Cummins' music. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st. (TE 8-8000)—Larry Storch lets off a fair-sized cloud of steam, sprinkled with gags, in the Cotillion Room at dinner and supper. Mario and Floria are the dance team. Sundays there's just a dinner show, and Mondays there's nothing at all. Stanley Melba's orchestra, as usual, functions for dancing, helped out by a rumba band. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's dance orchestra plays from cocktails through supper in the Café Pierre, and Joan Bishop sings (except Sundays) to her own piano.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, there's Dorothy Shay, a hillbilly soprano whose antecedents and attitude are more Pullman drawing room than little old log cabin. Mark Monte's Continentals are on the bandstand, along with Dick La Salle's orchestra. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, an elegant splash of period-piece color, has Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour in the Palm Court. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—Emery Deutsch's orchestra discourses in the sumptuous Oval Room all through dinner, except Sundays, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Mr. Sandler's cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing anywhere.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Three Suns and Bernie Mann's dance orchestra sound very industrious in the Grill at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Russell Nype, as eager a young beaver as you'll find in a night's stroll, sings pleasantly, if boyishly, at supper in the opulent Maisonette. Evalyn Tyner chivvies a solo piano during dinner and heads a dance trio that alternates with Milt Shaw's band all evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Café Lounge is filled with Irving Conn's dance music every afternoon and evening.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, small, cozy, and in its best party dress, has Hugo Pedell, the débutantes' delight, as musicmaster. His band and Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble play all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Dilson Petrey strokes a piano in the bar lounge, from six to twelve, except Sundays.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Freddy Martin's band is in the Café Rouge to make resonant dance music at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A centrally located caravansary for people who spend their evenings holding the mirror up to themselves. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band provide music to dance to.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The Chandra Kaly dancers, in some reasonably entertaining Burton Holmes gyrations, and Joan Edwards, in a rather shrill song recital. Emile Petti and his orchestra alternate with Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at dinner and supper, Ross Harvey, who dances, assisted by a number of for-real feathered friends, and Nancy Donovan, another of those girl singers. Emil Coleman's and Mischa Borr's bands, both a trifle blustery, play for dancing. Everybody shows up at both dinner and supper except Sundays, when Mr. Borr's outfit is the only amusement, and even he knocks off at midnight. . . . ¶ The Flamingo Room has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing from six-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

Note—The most striking night sky this side of the Planetarium is just outside the windows of the Rainbow Room, now a cocktail lounge, open from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays. Incidental music, too. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

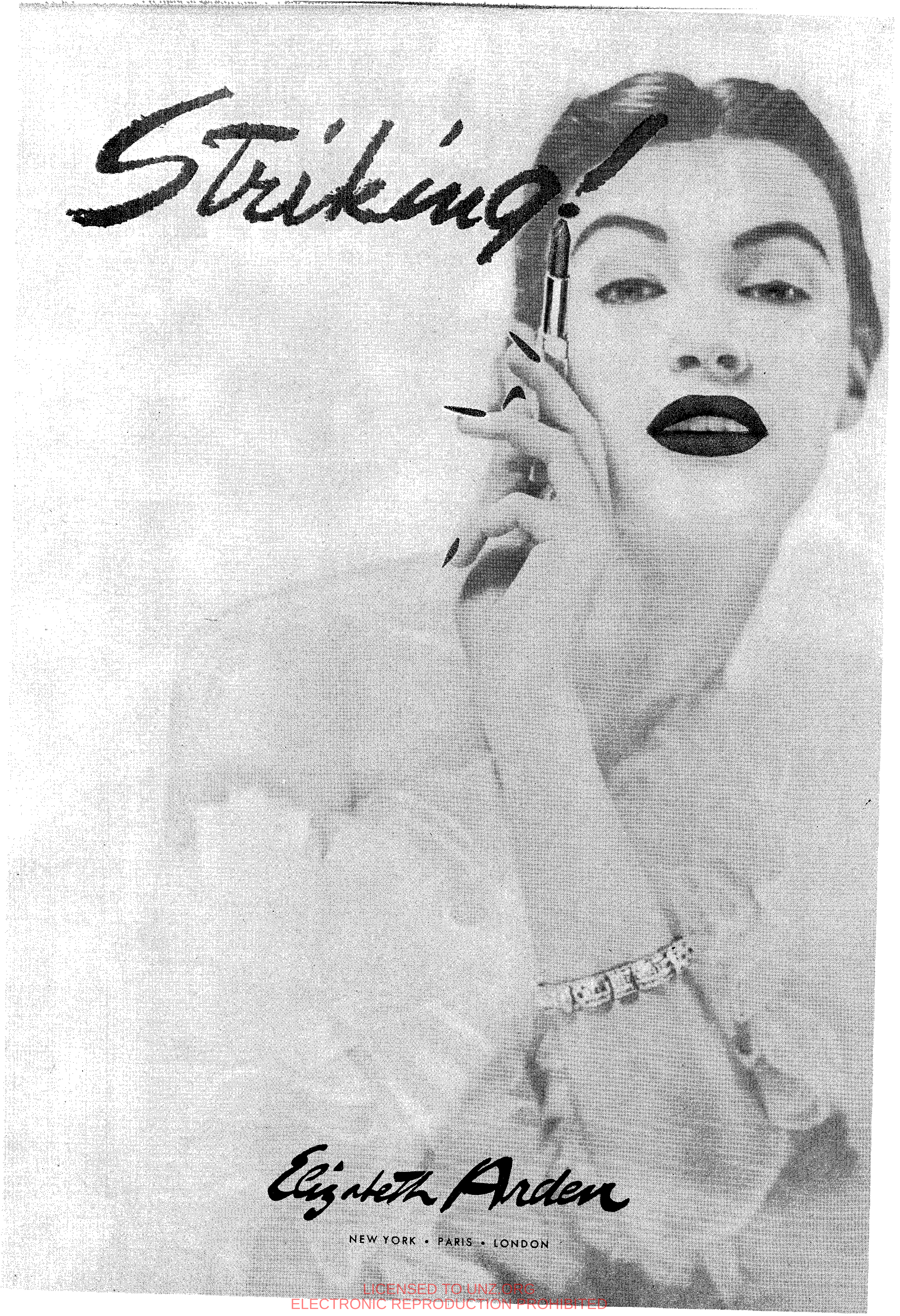
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Cy Walter is back at his Steinway, a happy sounding board for his version of modern music, at both dinner and supper in this lavish retreat. Sundays, Sam Hamilton is on deck. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, a walking *Who's Who on Park Avenue*, displays his indestructible grin and dance band here from eight o'clock on. Phil D'Arcy's trio assists. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Piano-and-violin music after nine-thirty for a busy collection of table-hoppers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Except Sundays, Ira Brant's trio after ten. Except Mondays, Charlotte Sande is at the piano during dinner and supper. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spanish jive, with dancing to match by both cast and customers. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): Opening Tuesday, March 20, with the French songs of the lady called Marjane and music (dance and aural) by Cy Coleman's trio. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Rudy Timfield plays dinner and supper piano in the bar, a fine example of the hyperthyroid school of décor. Harry Meyerowitz plays cocktail-time piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VIEUX CARRÉ,** 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): Louis Hawkins, a romantic pianist and young-man-about-town with a casual talent for amusing, has a dinner party and a supper party going on every night but Monday in this reminder of old New Orleans, just above L'Aiglon Restaurant. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A calm, cool, and collected new oasis, with the impeccable Les Crosley and his piano right in the middle of the main street at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Upstairs, a tiny drawing room where, at cocktail time, Laurie Brewis plays piano; downstairs, Wayne Sanders plays piano at dinner and is later joined by Nancy Eliot, a gay little songstress, as well as by Mr. Brewis. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, the Latin Eddie Condon, treats his dinner and supper guests to some deft guitar, song, dance, banter, and folk music. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Bart Howard's knowledgeable piano after the theatre. Jim Mahoney is at the keyboard during dinner. Closed Mondays. . . . **JICKY CLUB,** 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): In this elaborate but slightly nervous bit of Las Vegas architecture, Lee Wiley, a sweet summer breeze, applies her famous special touches to Gershwin late in the evening. Alex Fogarty is at the piano while she relaxes. . . . **HABIBI,** 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1978): Not all the regional dishes served up in this café are really regional, but Shoshana Damari, who sings songs from Israeli every evening but Monday, is a genuine dish, and a tasty one. . . . **CAFÉ MADISON,** Madison Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-5000): Piano music from six to nine Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's orchestra for dancing between the same hours on Saturdays and from noon to nine on Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Peggy Lee, known to millions of us only as a sassy voice on a wax platter, is now delectably visible in this humid jungle. Dancing. . . . **OLD**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Whys and Wherefores of that extra "L"...

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KNICK MUSIC HALL, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Gay Nineties melodrama, and silent movies embellished by Paul Killiam's pun-haunted commentary. Singing waiters, singing guests, and other basket-party atmosphere. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Arthur Blake, a salty sort of impersonator, is the mainstay of this ruckus room. Ann Hathaway sings, and there is also dance music. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Señor Wences, up to his knees in showgirls and used gags, achieves one of the neatest and most absorbing ventriloquist acts of our time.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the lounge, Eadie and Rack, those adroit and witty piano duettists, are around after the theatre, except Saturdays. John Kelley, Jr., plays earlier in the evening, except Mondays. . . . ¶ In the back room, every night, an amusing young street urchin named Dorothy Greener, plus the tomboyish Mad Moiselles, the handsomely lyric Portia Nelson, and the part-singing King Odom Quartet. In the background is the bustling music of the Page Cavanaugh Trio, and Stuart Ross's rich piano. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's lively bag of tricks includes Michael Brown, the cheery apostle of doom; the finely inlaid double-talk of Kirkwood and Goodman; the brisk banter of the Three Riffs; and the pipings of a newly hatched humorist, Pat Carroll. Music by the virtuoso Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Wally Cox, one of the brighter minds of the century, offers his high-fidelity impressions of what civilization has brought us to; Royce Wallace sings down-to-earth ballads in an arresting voice; and Hillel and Aviva do some touching Israeli folk songs. Clarence Williams, Karl Lynch, and others make dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, headmasters of this Village academy, present Herb Corey, who does a splendid parody of Carol Channing, and Mimi Kelly, who sings. Hazel Webster is the solo pianist. Ancient movies Sundays; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Upstairs over the harum-scarum Show Spot bar, except Sundays, Mabel Mercer's portfolio of songs on the what-good-is-love theme. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Mildred Bailey, good as new, is back again in her best happy-go-lucky mood. Jimmie Daniels, the headman of this Moorish mosque, sings, too; Jimmy Komack and Martin Burns deal out their lighthearted persiflage; and Luther Henderson's trio, which includes Gene Fields on guitar, makes merry. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (PL 7-0083): A lot of the room noise is unnecessary, but now and then Pat Rainey prowls this bar like a young puma, uttering her invitations to romance in a throaty soprano. Ellis Larkin plays fetching piano for her. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): A lofty bird cage in which Spivy occasionally recites her conversation pieces about the penthouse set and Paul Lynde does some minor monologues. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon, taking that old "A" train for a ride. Ralph Sutton tears off some exceptional piano in between. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by fire-breathing visitors. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band is now in residence. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A new temple

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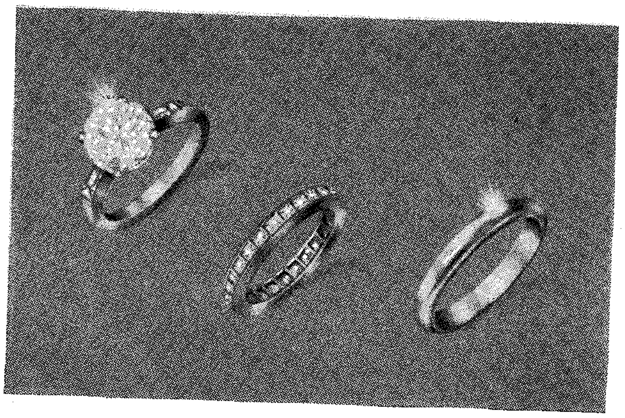

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of turmoil, with (after nine) Joe Bushkin's light-as-a-feather piano setting a brisk pace for Sid Weiss, Buck Clayton, and Billy Rule. The interludes are embroidered by Art Tatum's fancy keyboard caprices. Joe Mooney, long absent from our Left Bank, is at the organ at cocktail time.... JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Conrad Janis's band has moved in here. Don Frye still plays solo piano. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing.... BIRDLAND, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Through Wednesday, March 21, Slim Gaillard's trio, Lester Young's quartet (which has Jo Jones on drums), and Dizzy Gillespie's band. Next night, Erroll Garner's trio and Charlie Parker's big band take over.... STUYVESANT CASINO, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night travelogues from Natchez to Mobile. On March 16, Jimmy McPartland, Lou McGarity, George Wettling, Joe Sullivan, Red Allen, and Max Kaminsky will be around.... CENTRAL PLAZA, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another scene of Friday-night carnage. This week (March 16), the carousers will include Oran Page, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, and Sol Yaged. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PHILIP EVERGOOD—Paintings; tense, nervous, and uneven, but occasionally brilliantly compelling. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

EXPRESSIONISM—A survey of this movement in Europe, with works by Beckmann, Marc, Feininger, Kokoschka, and others. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the ROSENBERG, 16 E. 57th St.: New oils by Milton Avery, Marsden Hartley, Karl Knaths, Abraham Rattner, and Max Weber; through March 24.... WILLARD, 32 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Morris Graves, Norman Lewis, Charles Seliger, David Smith, and Ezio Martinelli; through March 24.

PETER HURD—Landscapes of New Mexico done in water color and tempera, along with a few in oil. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through March 17.)

CLARA KLINGHOFFER—Figure studies and other works by an artist whose painting is marked by a good deal of feminine sensitivity. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 10; Saturdays, 10 to 3; through March 16.)

HENRY KOERNER—A fresh set of paintings and drawings (the former, unfortunately, a bit monotonous in texture) by one of the newer American "super-realists." (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through March 31.)

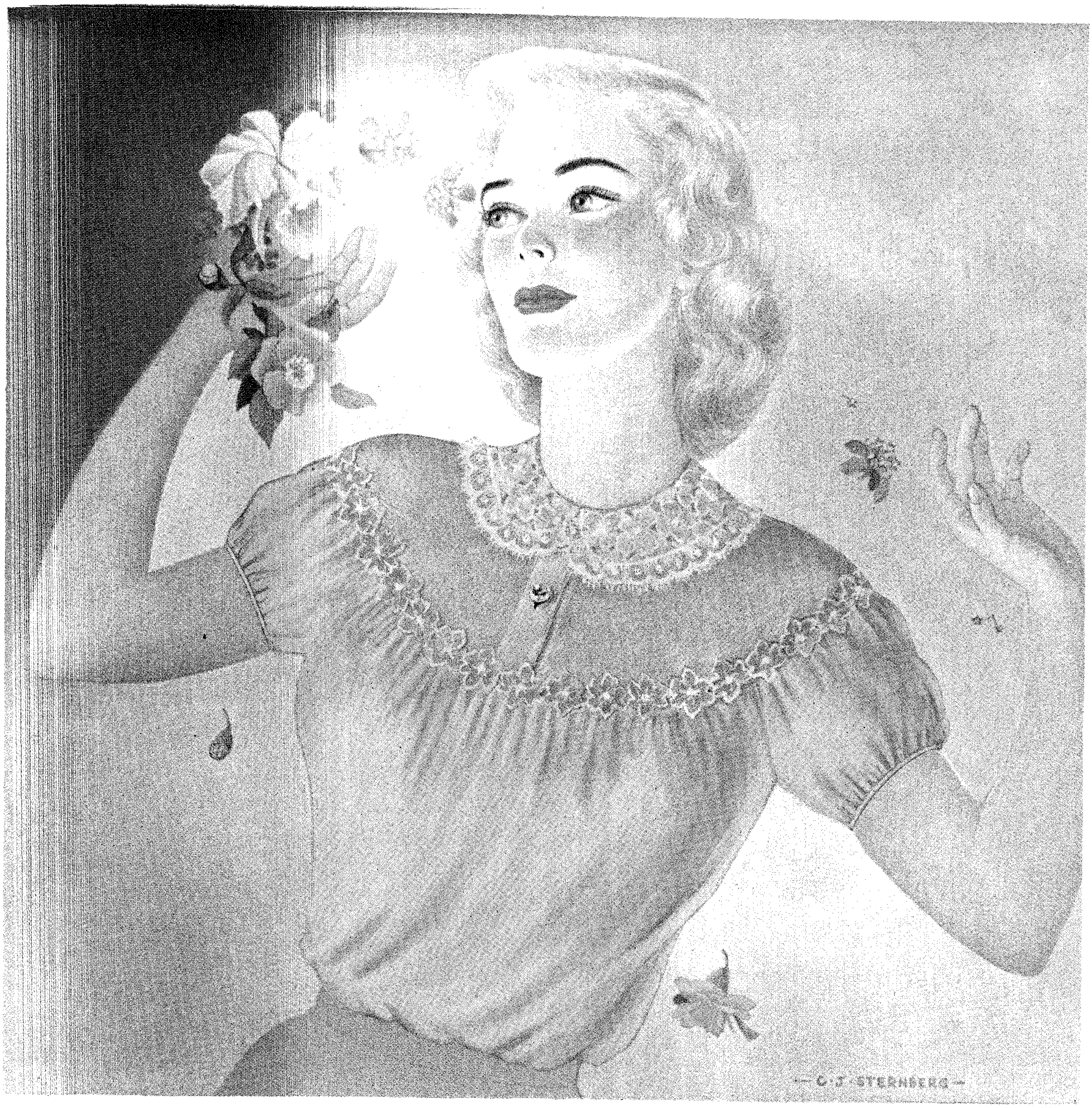
JEAN LURÇAT—Recent gouaches, adroitly exploiting the possibilities of such contrasting subjects as grasshoppers, turtles, and butterflies. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

MALE AND FEMALE—Paintings, all more or less related to the stated theme, by Hans Hofmann, Robert Motherwell, and others of this gallery's group. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.; through March 26.)

JOAN MIRÓ—A small retrospective, 1946 to the present, showing this Spanish modernist at his gayest and most fanciful. (Pierre Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the CARRÉ, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Fourteen canvases by Picasso, Dufy, Delaunay, Villon, and others; through March 17.... NIVEAU, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Rouault, Modigliani, Bombois, and others; through March 31.... PERLS, 32 E. 58th St.: Bombois, Dufy, Picasso, and Rouault are among the artists represented in a collection of twenty-four paintings; through March 24.

MONDRIAN—A compact and very illuminating study of the development of his non-objective style between 1909 and 1943, the year before



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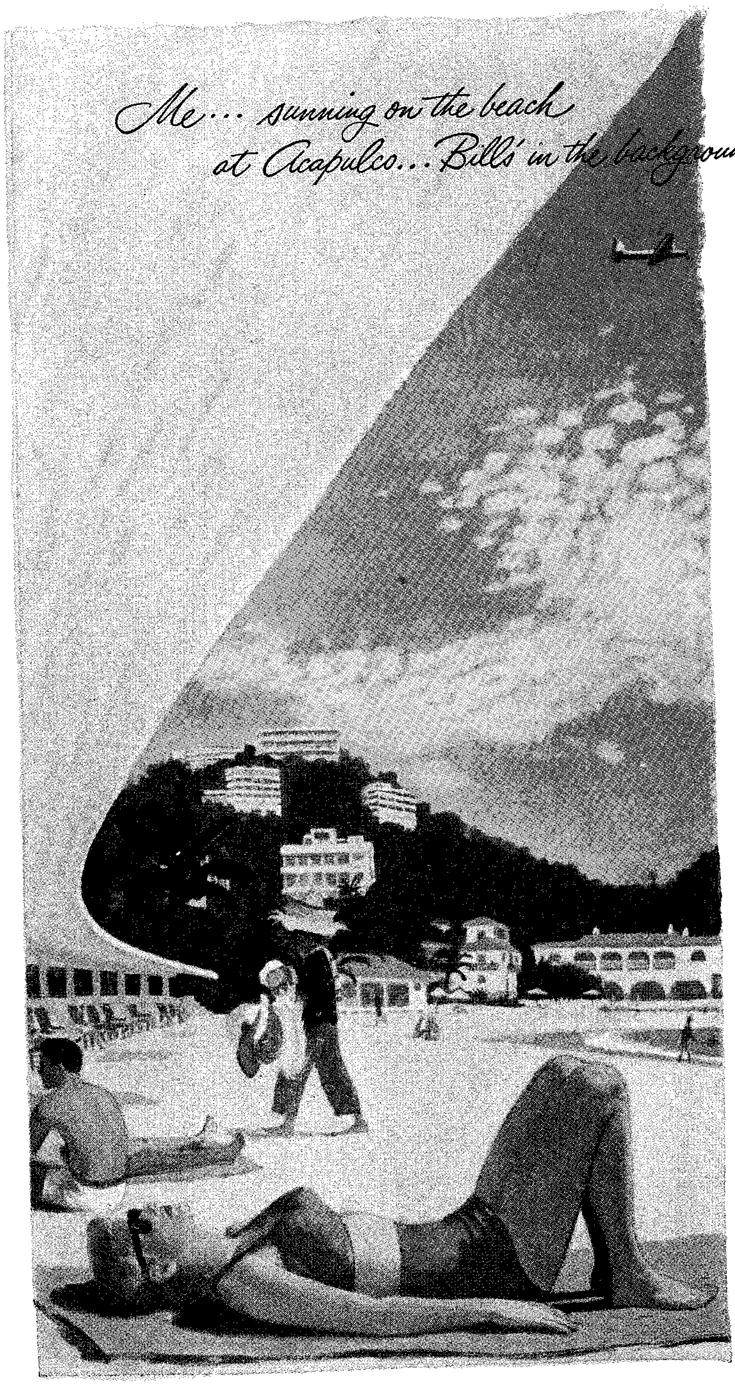
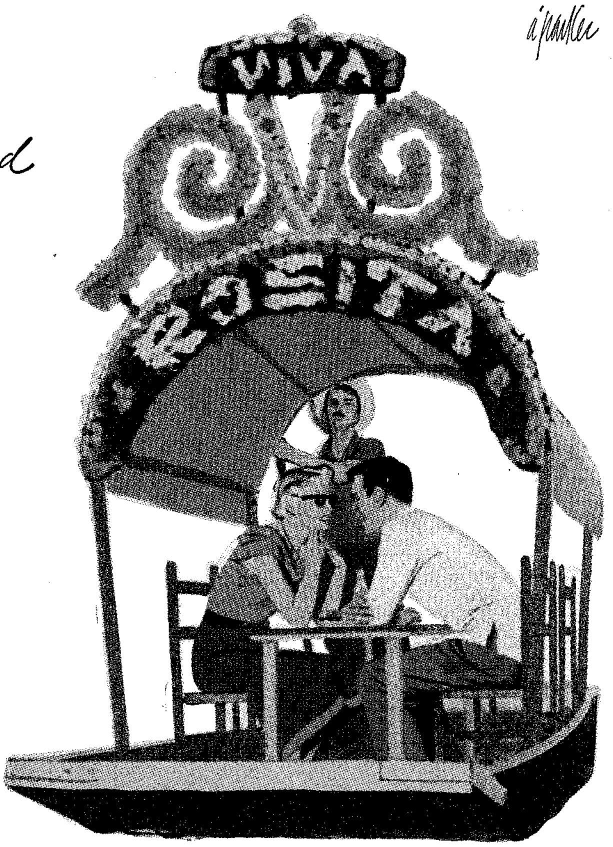
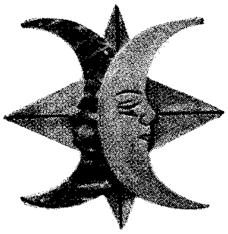


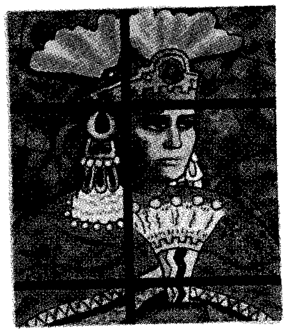
Me... sunning on the beach at Acapulco... Bill's in the background



Bill and I take a ride in a Floating Garden

Silver and Tortoise Pin I bought for Mother in Taxco...





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his death. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.; through March 17.)

Henry Moore—A fine, varied show of sculptures, with some drawings, by the prominent British abstractionist. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through March 31.)

Henry Varnum Poor—Paintings and sculptures, the former including a number of Italian landscapes that capture effectively the rough beauty of the hill towns and the country around them. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through March 24.)

Rubens—A loan show, for the benefit of the Public Education Association, and, rather amazingly, the first really comprehensive exhibition of the great Flemish painter's works in this city. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5; through March 31.)

Sculpture—An instructive group exhibition of works done directly in metal, by such artists as David Smith, Saul Baizerman, David Hare, and José de Creeft. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5, and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10; through March 24.)

Sidney Simon—Paintings, on a variety of subjects, by a young artist of more than usual promise. (Grand Central Moderns, 130 E. 56th St.; through March 19.)

Everett Spruce—Paintings by a Texas artist who can catch the feeling and atmosphere of the Southwest with skill and economy. (Levitt, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.; through March 17.)

Florine Stettheimer—A dozen of her whimsical portraits of figures of the nineteen-twenties, set off by a bouquet of flower pieces in water color by Charles Demuth. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through March 24.)

Theo van Doesburg—Selected works by one of the founders, with Mondrian, of the non-objective school of modern painting. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through March 31.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **ARGENT**, 42 W. 57th St.: Werner Drewes and Helen Wilson; through March 31. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Charles Sheeler; through March 31. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Kenneth Evett; through March 31. . . . **PARSONS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Day Schnabel; through March 31. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Antonio Frasconi; through April 11.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A display of primitive Indian art of Alaska and Canada; through April 15. . . . ¶ Fifth National Print Annual, comprising etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, and serigraphs, opens March 21 and will run through May 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Early Renaissance paintings (Italian, French, and Flemish) from the museum's collection. . . . ¶ A show of costumes arranged by the Costume Institute and calculated to inspire fashion designers. . . . ¶ Water colors, drawings, and oil paintings portraying Paris during the early nineteen-hundreds, among them more than fifty water colors by Pierre Vidal; through April 15. . . . ¶ The Seventy-fifth Anniversary Exhibition of the Art Students League, including paintings and sculptures done by seventy-five artists associated with the League from its early days until now. Opens March 16 and will run through April 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A comprehensive and instructive survey of abstract painting and sculpture in America since 1912. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; through March 25.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—A showing by the American Abstract Artists, including works by three deceased members—Piet Mondrian, Ladislas Moholy-Nagy, and R. D. Turnbull—along with exhibits by some abstract painters and sculptors from Denmark and Great Britain. (Daily, 1 to 5; through April 1.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The museum's 1951 Annual of Contemporary American

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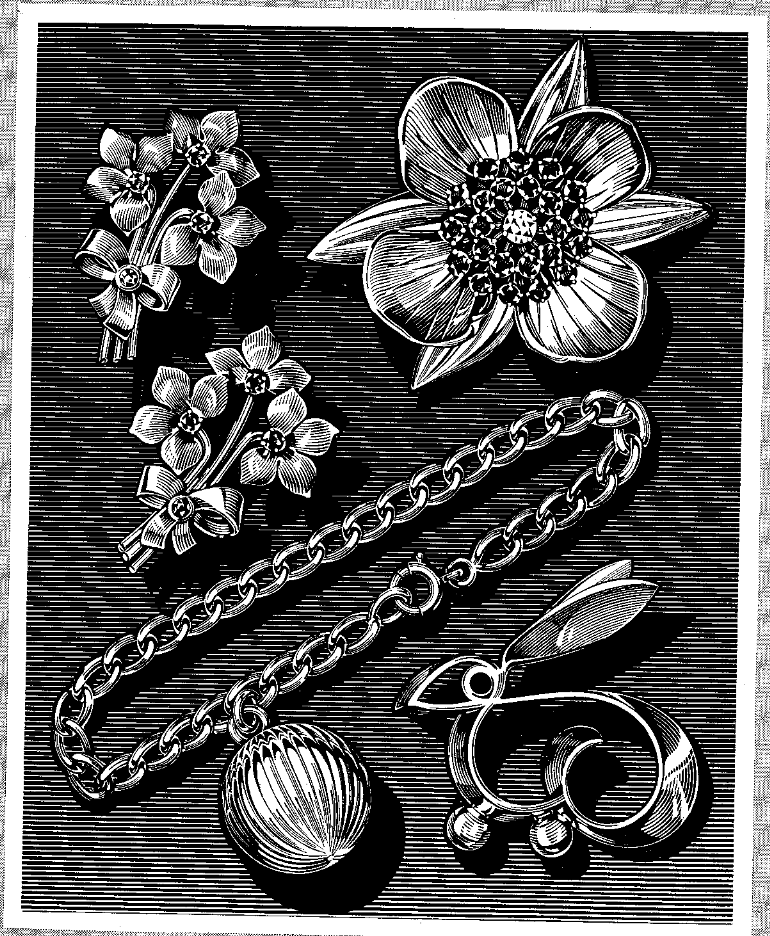

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings *opens on March 17 and will run through May* 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for *the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210.* Other numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, March 15, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Zinka Milanov, Regina Resnik, Jan Peerce, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8:30: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Ferdinand Frantz. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayão, Lois Hunt, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Eugene Conley, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 19, at 8:30: "Fidelio," with Kirsten Flagstad, Nadine Conner, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles, Margaret Roggero, Eugene Conley, and Giuseppe Valdengo. (A benefit for *the Metropolitan Opera Association;* for tickets, call TE 8-8500.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Licia Albanese, Anne Bollinger, Giuseppe Di Stefano, and Francesco Valentino. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Regina Resnik, Margaret Roggero, Kurt Baum, and Francesco Valentino; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Kurt Baum, Leonard Warren, and Thomas Hayward. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, March 23-24, at 2:30: Verdi's "Requiem," conducted by Bruno Walter, with Zinka Milanov, Elena Nikolaidi, Jan Peerce, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Fledermaus," with Marguerite Piazza, Patrice Munsel, Set Svanholm, and Eugene Conley. (The season continues through Saturday, April 7.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday, March 15, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Friday, March 16, at 8:15: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 2:30: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday, March 17, at 8:15: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 2:30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 18, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 22, at 8:15: "Manon" (company première). . . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "Faust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. The season continues through Sunday, April 22.)

THE PRISONER—The first performances in America of an opera by Luigi Dallapiccola, produced by the Juilliard Opera Theatre. For the benefit of the Student Aid Fund. (Juilliard School, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, and Monday, March 19, at 8:45.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Victor de Sabata conducting: Thursday, March 15, at 8:45; Friday, March 16, at 2:30; and Sunday, March 18, at 2:45 (all with Claudio Arrau, piano); and Thursday, March 22, at 8:45, and Friday, March 23, at 2:30 (both all-Wagner programs, with no soloists).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting the final performances of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 2:30.)

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday and Monday, March 18-19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAL CONCERT—Richard Korn conducting a concert orchestra, with Martha Lipton, mezzo-soprano. (Pauline Edwards Theatre, 17 Lexington Ave., at 23rd St. Wednesday,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

March 21, at 8:40. For tickets, call PL 7-2963.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Alfred Greenfield directing Bach's B-Minor Mass, with the New York University Chapel Choir, vocal and instrumental soloists, and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8.)

RECITALS

Ruth Geiger—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Eugene List—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

New Music String Quartet—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 4-3200, Ext. 2461. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Fred Thomas—Baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 3.)

Harold Blair—Aboriginal Australian tenor. A benefit for the Australian Society of New York. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—David Krupp, baritone; Lolita Cabrera Gainsborg, piano; the Queens College String Quartet; and others, in a program of music by such composers as Gaby Fontrier, Boris Koutzen, and Jacob Avshalomov. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Early Music Foundation—A program of early Italian music, with the Vassar College Madrigal Group; Ruth Kisch-Arndt, contralto; and others. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 502. Wednesday, March 21, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811. Other numbers are included in the listings.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Bob Murphy vs. Dan Bucceroni, light heavyweights, ten rounds. (Friday, March 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.) . . . ¶ Monday, March 19, at 8: Golden Gloves Inter-City finals.

College Basketball—At Madison Square Garden, where all hearts now beat true—National Invitation Tournament: Semifinals, Thursday, March 15; and final, Saturday, March 17. (Games begin at 7:45.) . . . ¶ N.C.A.A. Tournament, Eastern Regional: Quarter-finals, Tuesday, March 20; semifinals, Thursday, March 22; and final, Saturday, March 24. (Games begin at 7:45.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, March 18: Rangers vs. Toronto. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21: Rangers vs. Detroit. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Indoor Polo—Semifinal matches of the Eastern Twelve-Goal Championship. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Saturdays, March 17 and 24, at 8:30.)

Racing—Laurel Park, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Friday, March 23, through Thursday, April 19.

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Igor Buketoff conducting, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 17, at 11.)

Plays—By the **PLAY-MART:** "Sleeping Beauty." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays, March 17 and 24, at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sunday, March 18, at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Hänsel and Gretel." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224). . . . **CLARE TREE MAJOR CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." (Brooklyn Aca-

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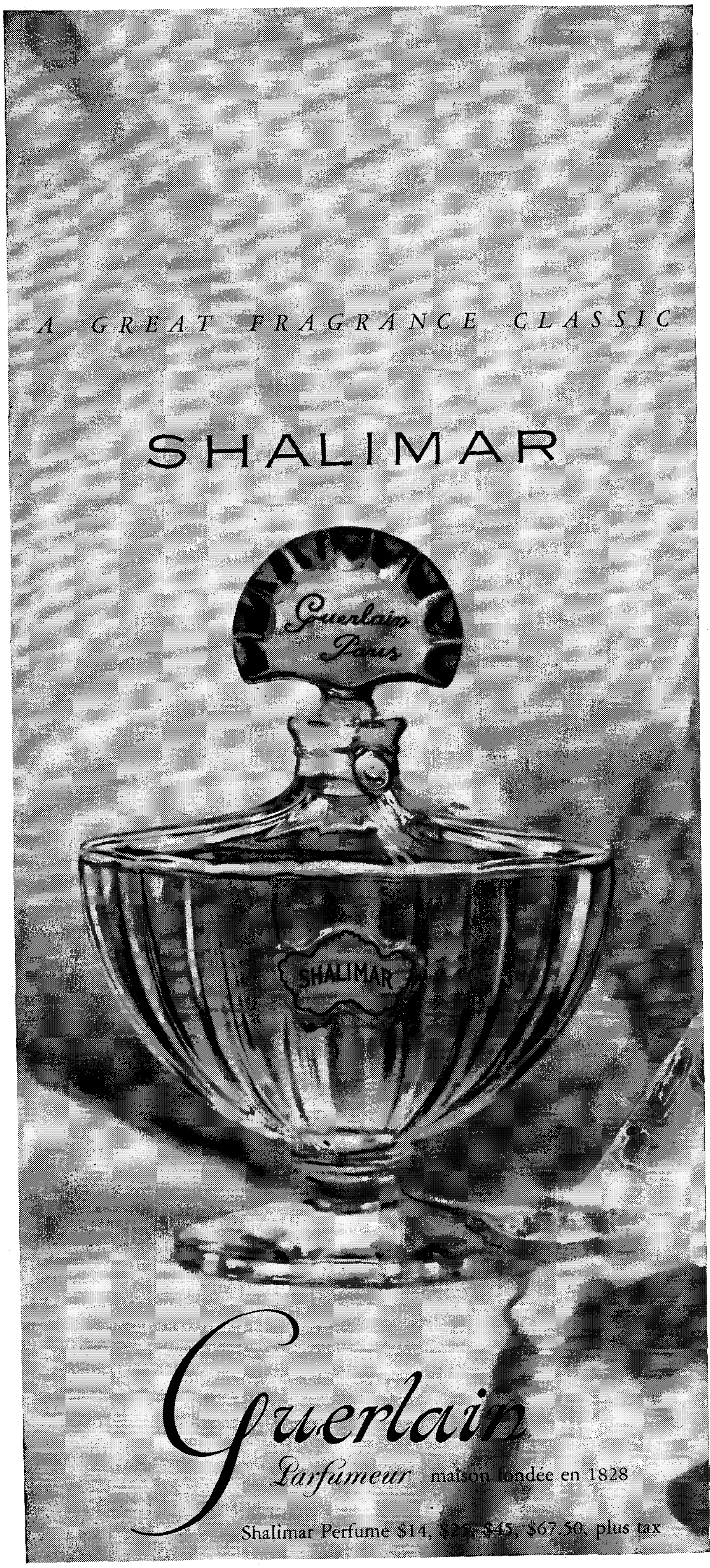
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demy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 3.)

Peter Rabbit Easter Garden—A country estate designed for the celebrated rabbit by the New York Botanical Garden, in Bronx Park. The house is a chocolate Easter egg, the grounds are blooming with flowers and vegetables, the duck pond is alive with ducks, and Mr. MacGregor can mind his own business. (Open daily, 10 to 5, from Friday, March 16, through Sunday, April 1.)

Miscellany—A program of magic. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 17, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:30 on the day of the performance.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, the Trusteeship Council will meet through (tentatively) Friday, March 16. About five hundred onlookers can be accommodated at each meeting. Mondays through Fridays there may be occasional open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and the Interim Committee of the General Assembly. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2253, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

St. Patrick's Day Parade—The annual celebration of the wearing of the green. Starts at noon, Saturday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 96th Street.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: French Provincial furniture, clocks, and porcelains and other decorations, from the collections of the Comte de la Chelle, of Château St. Félix, Avignon, France, and others. (Exhibition Thursday, March 15, from 10 to 5. Auction Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Furstenberg, Meissen, Höchst, Vienna, and other porcelain, the property of Baroness Marie E. von Recum. (Exhibition Saturday, March 17, and Monday, March 19, from 10 to 5, and Tuesday, March 20, from 10 to 8. Auction Wednesday, March 21, at 1:45.) . . . ¶ Furniture, including seventeenth- and eighteenth-century English, nineteenth-century American, and some eighteenth-century French, along with paintings, among them portraits by Raeburn and Romney, and water colors by Gainsborough and Monnoyer, owned by Mrs. Ogden Reid, James G. Hardy, and others. (Exhibition Saturday, March 17; Monday, March 19; Wednesday, March 21; and Friday, March 23, from 10 to 5; and Tuesday, March 20, from 10 to 8. Auction Thursday, March 22, at 10:15 and 1:45, and Saturday, March 24, at 1:45.)

●

Note—Volunteers are needed in every department of civil-defense work. Twenty categories of assignment have been set up; a few demand professional or technical skills, but most are open to anyone of stout heart, limb, and determination. Among the branches of service are the Auxiliary Police Corps, the Ground Observer Corps, the Fire Department Auxiliary Fire Corps, and the Auxiliary Communications Corps. Also, air wardens, hospital aids, radiation monitors, litter bearers, clerical workers, and messengers are required. All hospitals and precinct police stations and most district firehouses are now able to handle applications for enlistment. Further information can be had from the five borough recruiting offices: 500 Park Ave., at 59th St. (MU 8-6940), in Manhattan; 2 Court St. (MAin 4-7681), in Brooklyn; Borough Hall, 120-55 Queens Blvd. (BOulevard 3-0916), in Queens; Bronx County Court House, 161st St. and Grand Concourse (LUdlow 8-4289), in the Bronx; and Borough Hall, St. George, S.I. (GIbraltar 7-1000, Ext. 32), in Richmond. . . . ¶ Blood donations for the armed forces are, of course, also urgently sought. To make an appointment, call the Red Cross Chapter, 70 W. 40th St., MU 9-1000.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All About Eve—An account of how a young actress with sharp claws gets to the top on Broadway. A witty, sometimes exciting film, written and directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, and distinguished by Bette Davis's capable performance as a middle-aged actress unsure of her lover, her career, and herself. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

Bitter Rice—Extravagantly active ladies in the rice fields of the Po Valley. An Italian film, in which Silvana Mangano is outstanding as the most tempestuous of the harvesters. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Born Yesterday—Judy Holliday as a junkman's plaything who gets so smart in the hands of a tutor that she becomes an expert on democracy and kindred subjects and says to hell with Daddy. A solid adaptation of the Garson Kanin comedy, skillfully acted by Miss Holliday, Broderick Crawford, and William Holden. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Cyrano de Bergerac—Rostand's old wheeze about the gallant fellow with the big nose, played to the foolish hilt by José Ferrer and a company of alleged Gascons and Parisians. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Fourteen Hours—A tense film describing the plight of a suicidally inclined young man teetering on a ledge high above the streets of Manhattan. Richard Basehart is superb as the young man in question, and the rest of the cast, which includes Paul Douglas, Agnes Moorehead, Robert Keith, and Barbara Bel Geddes, is highly satisfactory. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Glass Menagerie—The Tennessee Williams drama presented, without much alteration, as a film. An interesting piece, though a trifle static. With Gertrude Lawrence, Arthur Kennedy, Jane Wyman, and Kirk Douglas. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; through March 17.)

Halls of Montezuma—Marines at work in the Pacific. A better than average attempt to show what amphibious warfare is like. With Richard Widmark, Karl Malden, and Reginald Gardiner. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 16.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; March 18-19.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; March 18-20.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 20-21. ... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting March 21.)

The Happiest Days of Your Life—The dear old golden-rule days in a boys' school in England that is suddenly forced by the government to become coeducational. Alastair Sim and Margaret Rutherford are often hilarious as a pair of pedagogues in this English film. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; starting March 21.)

Harvey—James Stewart is the pal of the invisible rabbit who stands six feet four. A movie that is almost as pleasant as the original stage play. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; March 16-20.)

Last Holiday—Alec Guinness as an agricultural-implement salesman who discovers that he hasn't long to live and decides to spend his last days in a plush seaside hotel, where he soon becomes a figure of consequence. Written by J. B. Priestley, this English film is not too original in plot, but it's a cheery item. Beatrice Campbell and Kay Walsh are among those assisting Mr. Guinness. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; March 18-19.)

The Magnet—William Fox as an imaginative small boy in confused conflict with the world of adults. An English film and a good one. Stephen Murray, Kay Walsh, and Meredith Edwards are among those who hover about Master Fox during the proceedings. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Mudlark—The tale of an urchin who bursts into Windsor Castle and makes Victoria stop brooding about the late Albert. Stiff as a board when dealing with royalty, the picture warms up considerably when it gets around to its young hero. Andrew Ray is fine as the small fry. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through March 20.... ¶ Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; March 18-20.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting March 21.)

Orpheus—Jean Cocteau's lively interpretation of the Greek legend. A French film that has many droll aspects, as well as some sound performances by a cast led by Jean Marais. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

Seven Days to Noon—An English picture that has as its central figure an atomic scientist who gets so fed up with his chores that he decides to blow up London if the British government doesn't stop making bombs. Not as suspenseful as it might have been had the scientist chosen a smaller target, but crowded with impressive evacuation scenes. Barry Jones plays the scientist, and has the support of Olive Sloane and Sheila Manahan. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Storm Warning—The Klan cutting some grisly capers in a small Southern town. Superficial but exciting. With Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers, and Ronald Reagan. (Strand, B'way at 47th, CI 7-5900.)

The 13th Letter—A film with some sound virtues which undertakes to describe the results of a series of poison-pen letters upon the residents of a strait-laced community in Quebec. Charles Boyer, Michael Rennie, Françoise Rosay, Linda Darnell, and Constance Smith help make this one worth a bit of your time. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Trio—Adaptations of some Maugham stories. Not quite up to the previous group, which was called "Quartet," but handsomely acted by a cast that includes Jean Simmons, James Hayter, and Nigel Patrick. A British picture. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Fun in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; March 18-20.)

Un Carnet de Bal (1938)—A widow traces the careers of her early loves. A French film, with Marie Bell, Harry Baur, and Raimu. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 16.)

Horsefeathers (1932)—The Marx Brothers in an academic setting. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting March 21, tentative.)

A Letter to Three Wives (1949)—Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell as a pair of tough citizens who love but never trust each other. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 17.)

Monkey Business (1931)—The Marx Brothers again, this time on board a liner, at a racketeers' ball, in a barn—everywhere. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting March 21, tentative.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a couple of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 20, tentative.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—A French version of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting March 16.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English comedy about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through March 20, tentative.)

To Live in Peace (1947)—Aldo Fabrizi as an Italian peasant who befriends a couple of G.I.s, one of them colored, during the war. Made in Italy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; starting March 16.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—March 15: "Way Down East" (1920), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.... ¶ March 16-18: No showings scheduled.... ¶ Starting March 19: "Blind Husbands" (1919), directed by, and with, Erich von Stroheim. (Showings are at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
FOURTEEN HOURS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Inside Straight," David Brian, Arlene Dahl.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"The Groom Wore Spurs," Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through March 20 (tentative): "No Orchids for Miss Blandish," Jack La Rue, Linden Travers.
From March 21: To be announced.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
To be announced.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through March 16: "Dodge City," revival, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Haviland; and "Virginia City," revival, Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins.
From March 17: "Gambling House," Victor Mature, Terry Moore.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Royal Wedding," Fred Astaire, Jane Powell.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 20 (tentative): "Molly," Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb.
From March 21 (tentative): "The Lemon Drop Kid," Bob Hope.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE 13TH LETTER.

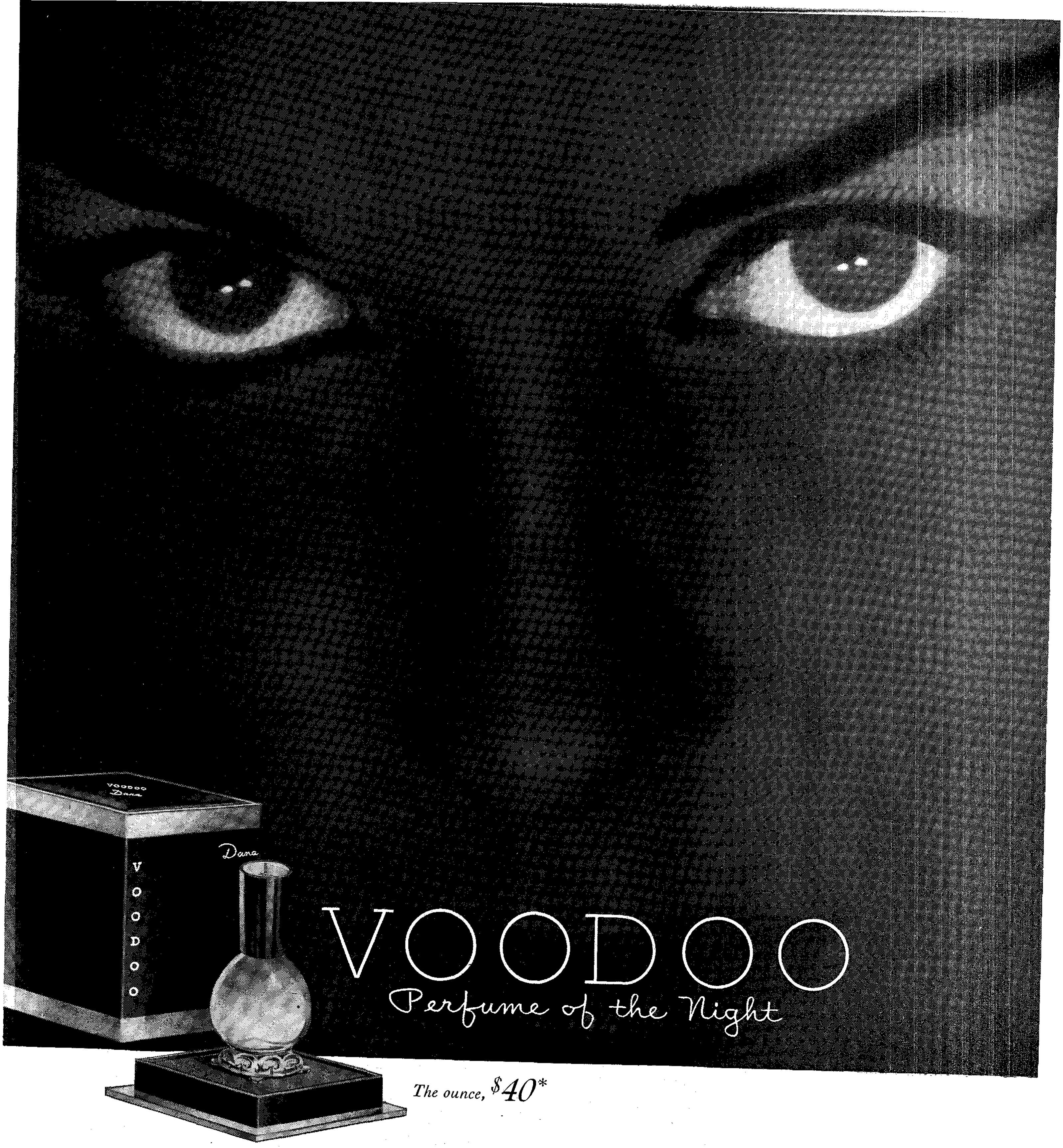
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Bird of Paradise," Louis Jourdan, Debra Paget.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"Tomahawk," Van Heflin, Yvonne De Carlo.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
STORM WARNING.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
BORN YESTERDAY.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
BITTER RICE (in Italian).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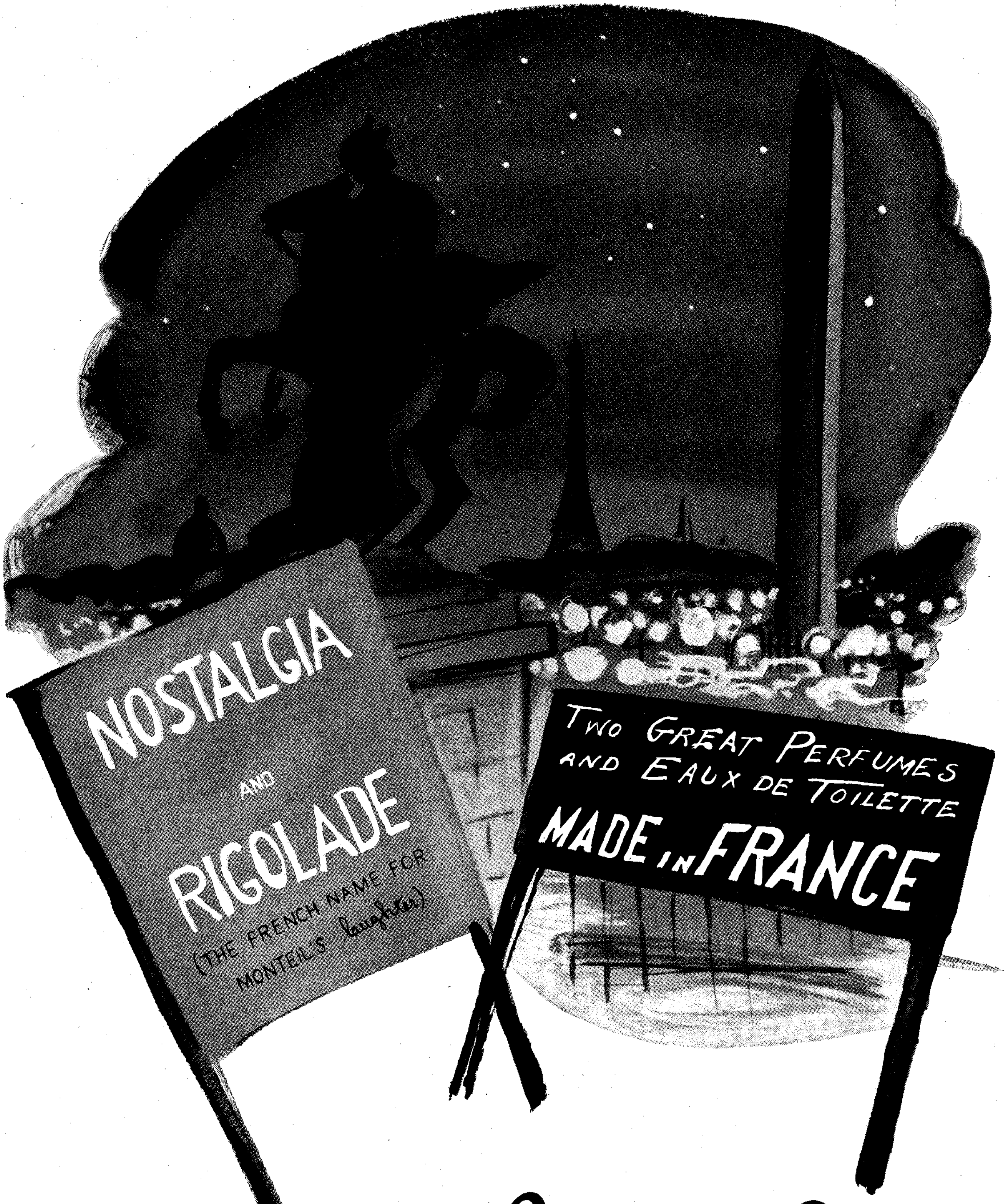
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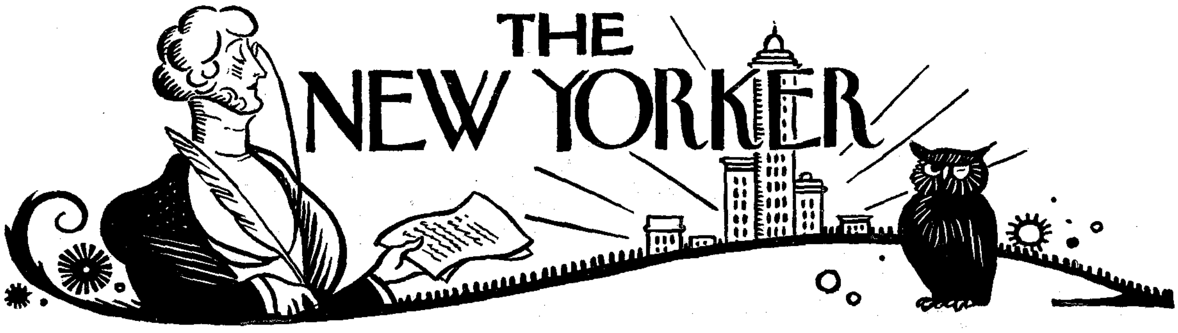
Germaine Monteil

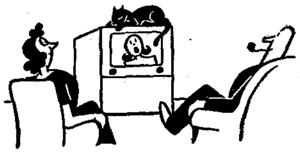


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

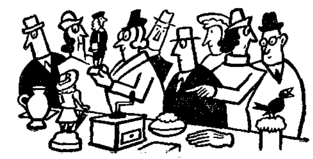
SIGNS in the elevators of the office building at 545 Fifth Avenue list a building psychologist, as well as a public stenographer and a barbershop.

OUR cat, who for many years dozed on the hearthstone before our living-room fireplace, has changed her ways. Her favorite couch now is the top of our television set, where, basking in the warmth generated by the big tube, she naps contentedly, apparently unconscious of the racket the strange characters on the screen below are making. We've checked with a couple of other cat-and-television owners and find that her behavior isn't exceptional; sleeping on top of television sets is the mode of the day for cats. They do it even when the set is turned off, either because they're victims of habit or because they can detect some lingering emanations of heat imperceptible to their masters. Pussycat's migration from the hearth to the console embarrasses some of our staple literature, but from a cat's point of view it would seem to make sense. No more lying on the floor, exposed mercilessly to nipping dogs, roistering children, and roaring vacuum cleaners. Instead, a clean, secure, elevated haven in the one blessed spot in the room from which those flickering images are invisible.



Attics and Parlors

ANYBODY who happened to be in the market for a cast-iron paperweight in the shape of a glove; a March 18, 1903, copy of the *Horseless Age*, containing a handsome photoengraving of the Conrad gasoline horseless carriage, a nobby runabout costing around twelve hundred and fifty dollars; a sterling-silver peacock with a tail cunningly contrived to serve as a nut dish; a two-thousand-year-old bronze spear; three Staffordshire soldiers, circa 1790; a pianoforte that took an award at the Crystal Palace Exposition, put on here in 1853; a Dresden coffeepot with a gold lid and a spout in the shape of an eagle; or maybe even a flexible-legged china doll half an inch high that fitted inside a china egg would have had a fine time at the annual National Antiques Show, held last week in the basement of Madison Square Garden, where all the above items were on sale, along with uncountable thousands of other *objets* more or less *d'art*. We didn't pick up any bric-a-brac ourself, in the course of a bedazzled visit to the show, for the reason that we wouldn't have known what to do with the stuff when we got it home. We sensed, however, that the horde of ardent lookers, lifters, and touchers that swept us along from glittering booth to glittering booth would have considered this a flimsy excuse indeed for not loading up. The air steamed with the spirit of the hunt, of acquisition. Over and over, we heard only slight variants of the exchange: "It's lovely—how much?" "Very reasonable, Madam." "But is it really that old?" "I wouldn't lie to you, lady."



Dulled by the sight of so much human ingenuity piled up helter-skelter, we broke from the main stream of the crowd, which consisted mostly of women, and most of them of a certain age, and made our way to a quiet backwater under a stairway, where, as we stepped inside the railing of a booth tucked away there, a stuffed oriole in a gilt wire cage piped a few metallic notes of welcome. A plump old man was seated in a Boston rocker, his feet on a Hitchcock foot warmer. He had on a faded green fedora and a blackish-green overcoat with a soiled velvet collar. "Look around, see anything you like, speak up," he said. "Don't just stand there." We peered at a mechanical penny bank composed of brightly colored figures of Jonah and the whale mounted on a rippling iron sea. The old man urged us to try it. We put a penny on top of Jonah's head and pushed a lever. Jonah swung about, the whale's mouth shot open, and the penny popped down his gullet. "Pretty slick," said the old man. "Eighteen-eighty—in around there. Got some sense in it." He eyed us cannily and added, "I meant 'sense' two ways."

We told the old man we couldn't understand the crowd's passion for collecting gewgaws, and he nodded. "In the business myself, but I got no use for a lot of the trash I sell," he said. "People that collect stuff, they're just one cut above those old brothers up in Harlem, the Collyers. Remember them? Maybe they're a cut below them. Look at it one way, Langley and Homer were practically *ideal* collectors, only they didn't know it. They got the bug so bad that finally there wasn't anything they wouldn't collect—old tree trunks suited them right down to the ground." He hesitated, and repeated, "*Right down to the ground.* But just think of all the parlors and attics this loot comes from! And the television rooms and garages it's heading for! People like to own things, and things last longer than people. They pile up. Stop and take a look at the mob around that young fellow Rothschild's booth. They're all paying a dollar to get some old family piece appraised. They don't want to sell it. They just want to be told it's worth a little something."

We repaired to a booth where, beneath a sign reading "Sigmund Rothschild, Any Object Appraised," a stocky young man in a green corduroy jacket and pepper-and-salt trousers was examining an enamelled figurine. He told the lady who had brought it that it was worth no more than ten or twelve dollars. She paid her fee, and the next lady in line opened a violin case and handed a violin to Rothschild. After a close examination, he appraised it at three hundred dollars. A middle-aged man wanted to know the value of a pottery jug. Around fifty dollars, said Rothschild. A lady confronted him with two small oil paintings. "Imitation Blakelocks," he said immediately. "No value." "I like them anyway," the lady said. "Well, that's what matters," Rothschild said. "Next, please." The line ran on and on, out of sight around the far end of a row of booths. Everyone in it held something cradled in his arms.

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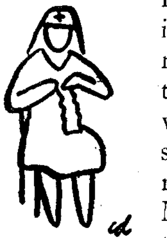
SOUTHERN INTELLIGENCE: A Lake Charles, Louisiana, restaurant is offering half a cup of coffee for a nickel.

In a Trailer

SCRIBNER'S is as excited about "From Here to Eternity," the new first novel by James Jones, as it was about those earlier glories of the house, "Look Homeward, Angel" and "The Sun Also Rises," and, still earlier, "This Side of Paradise." "From Here to Eternity" had an astonishing advance sale of fifty thousand copies, and a few days after publication was out of stock practically everywhere. Reviewers have compared Jones to Wolfe, Faulkner, Dreiser, Crane, and numerous other deities, and it's probably safe to assume that his novel will be one of the biggest best-sellers of the year. It may well be literally the biggest, too—eight hundred and sixty pages, two pounds and five ounces. As a consequence of this fanfare, we've been to Scribner's for a talk with Burroughs Mitchell, who became Jones' editor after the death of Maxwell Perkins, in 1947. Mitchell told us that the firm took an option on "From Here to Eternity" in 1945, before Jones started writing the book. "All of us were impressed by part of an earlier novel he'd sent in, a novel he never finished," Mitchell said. "From then on, it was a long, long grind for Jones. The manuscript came in to us in chunks of two or three hundred pages at a time. Some of the critics suspected that it was a hastily written book, but that's not so. Some chapters were rewritten a dozen times before Jones was satisfied with them. We made a number of suggestions about certain scenes we thought ought to be cut. Sometimes he'd cut them and sometimes he wouldn't. He's no pushover."



Mitchell also told us that while many passages in "From Here to Eternity" are conspicuous for a syntax that is, by ordinary rules of usage, faulty, the faults are generally deliberate. The widely remarked-upon four-letter words in the book didn't worry Scribner's especially. "We decided at the beginning that all those words are as much a part of a soldier's vocabulary as the nomenclature of his weapons," Mitchell said. "They're a kind of trade talk, or jargon." Jones' style of punctuation is as individual as his syntax, and was, from the publisher's point of view, far more vexing than the dirty words. "Jones doesn't like apostrophes," Mitchell said. "He won't use them in words like 'don't' and 'won't,' or when he drops the final 'g' from a word like 'singing.' We told him to do whatever he pleased, but that at least we should be allowed to make the punctuation consistent. He agreed to this. It turned out to be quite a job." Scribner's also gave in to Jones in regard to the use of Army abbreviations. However, when he sent Scribner's a short autobiographical sketch for the dust jacket, reading, in part, "Aptd Cpl 13 May 42 red to Pvt 3 Dec 43; Apt Sgt 1 Mar 44 red to Pvt 20 May 44," Scribner's felt obliged to expand it. The passage now reads, "Appointed corporal, May, 1942; reduced to private, December, 1943; appointed sergeant, March, 1944, reduced to private, May, 1944."

Jones wrote most of "From Here to Eternity" in a trailer he tows around the country with a jeep. Currently, he and the jeep and trailer are parked in Fort Myers, Florida, where he's at work on a second novel. He didn't come up to New York for the publication of his book and hasn't appeared with Mary Margaret McBride. He is unmarried. He is getting a lot of fan mail, and has written Mitchell that he enjoys reading it. The whole vast manuscript of "From Here to Eternity" is now on exhibition in Scribner's window. It is typed, with Jones' corrections and changes neatly printed in block letters. Jones does all his writing on a typewriter, and he typed the final version himself. "I think he learned to type when he was a company clerk in the Army," Mitchell said. "He's very much interested in manual skills. Last summer, he spent a weekend with my wife and me, up in Dutchess County, and sharpened all our kitchen knives for us. He spent an hour getting one edge just the way he wanted it."

Droit de Famille

A PASSING lady glared at a policeman as he paused at a fruit stand outside a grocery store and helped himself to an apple. "It's O.K., lady," he said. "My family owns this store."

Bootmaker

A RETIRED cavalry officer of our acquaintance, a man who still occasionally rides to hounds, advised us that if we wanted a footnote to the First World War—something about German officers, he said—the man to talk to was Mr. H. E. Humphreys, the travelling representative of his London bootmakers, H. Maxwell & Co., who was then at the Biltmore. We accordingly called on Mr. Humphreys, and found him about to take off for Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Middleburg, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Aiken, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas, Houston, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Denver, and Colorado Springs, in that sequence, and besought him for the footnote. He furrowed his brow and said, "Oh, that must refer to the Kaiser's bodyguard in Potsdam. I used to travel on the Continent. I booted the Kaiser and little Willie, the Crown Prince, and I also did for members of the Kaiser's bodyguard. In the spring of 1914, when I was in Berlin, I went to Potsdam to see them, and several of them said they planned to return the visit rather soon. Well, some of them did, but not just in the way they meant. A few months later, the war having broken out in the meantime, I was asked to boot some German officers in a prisoner-of-war camp in Abergele, in North Wales. There I found a number of my Potsdam friends, still as cocky as you please. 'We shan't be here long,' one of them said. 'The zeppelins are coming.' But they were there quite a while." We asked whether it was usual for prisoners of war to order custom-made riding boots, and Mr. Humphreys looked surprised. "They only had what they stood up in," he said. "And they were wealthy men, you know."

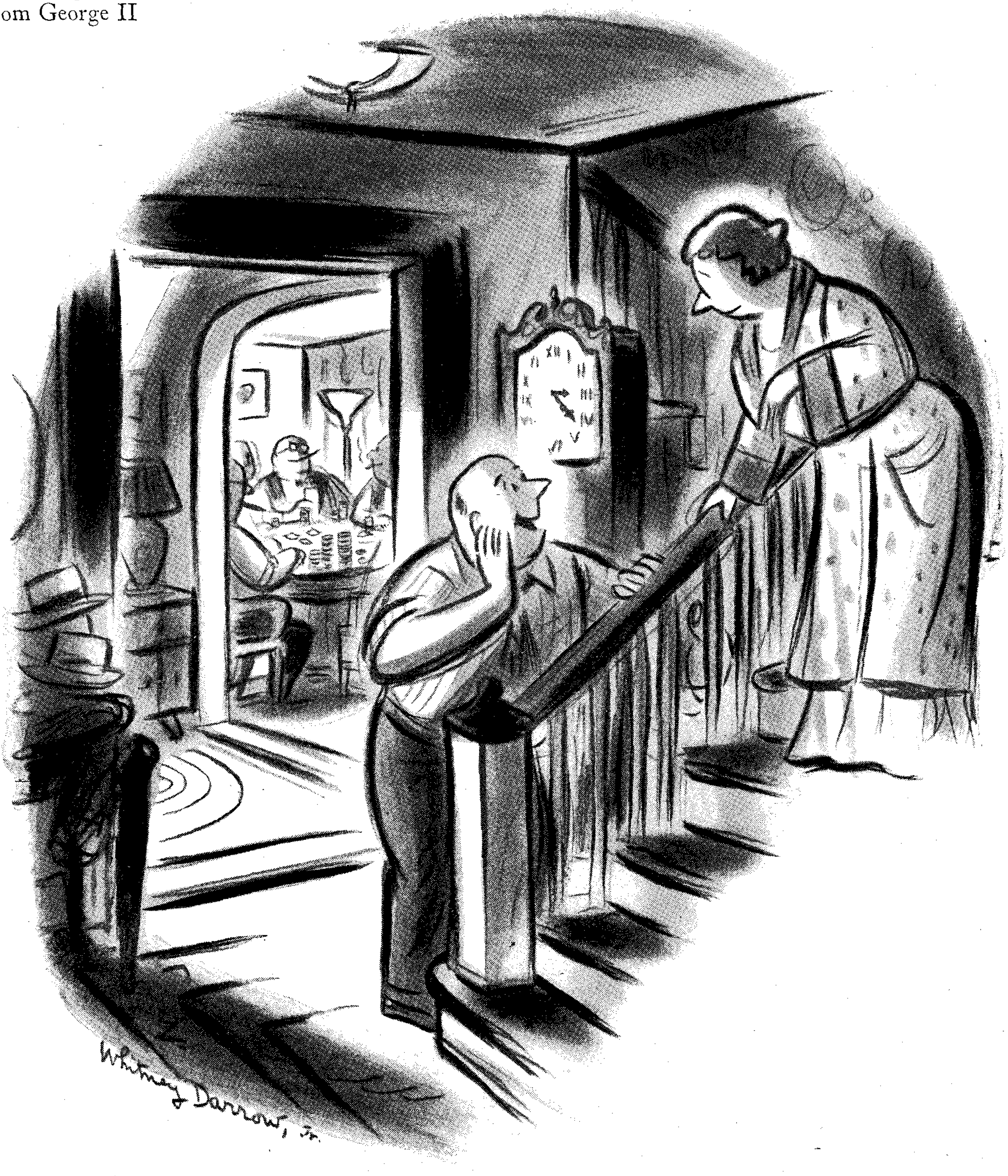
Stimulated by this footnote, we continued our chat, and learned that Mr.

Humphreys, who is an athletic sixty-nine, is the son of a Surrey bootmaker whose customers in the eighteen-seventies included such royal fugitives from France as the Duke of Orléans. "We were near Richmond Park, where the Duke of Windsor was born," Mr. H. said, "and I remember seeing Queen Victoria when she came to visit him. I served as an apprentice to my father when I was a boy, and by the time I was seventeen I was so tired of bootmaking that I volunteered for the Yeomanry in the Boer War." Returning home refreshed from this conflict, Mr. H. went back to the boot business, in London, and in 1913 joined Maxwell's, bootmakers and spurriers, of which he is now general manager. This firm was founded in 1750, and has booted and spurred every British monarch from George II on. It offers only custom-made footgear: riding boots, seventy dollars; regular shoes, fifty; sports and dress shoes, fifty. The firm also sells whips. On its behalf, Mr. Humphreys has come here nearly every year, and sometimes twice a year, since 1920. He has crossed the Atlantic more than seventy times, and has travelled some two hundred thousand miles in this country. He used to visit West Point, Fort Myer, and other Army centers, but since the abolition of the cavalry he has omitted these calls. Maxwell's American riding-boot trade today is chiefly with the Meadow Brook, Middleburg, and Rose Tree sets. Mr. Humphreys told us that one of the best times he ever had was in Vienna, where he booted Emperor Franz Josef's bodyguard. "There was a curfew in Vienna before the First World War," he said. "If you came back to your hotel after ten, you had to pay a fine to get in, so I'd just stay out all night and economize."

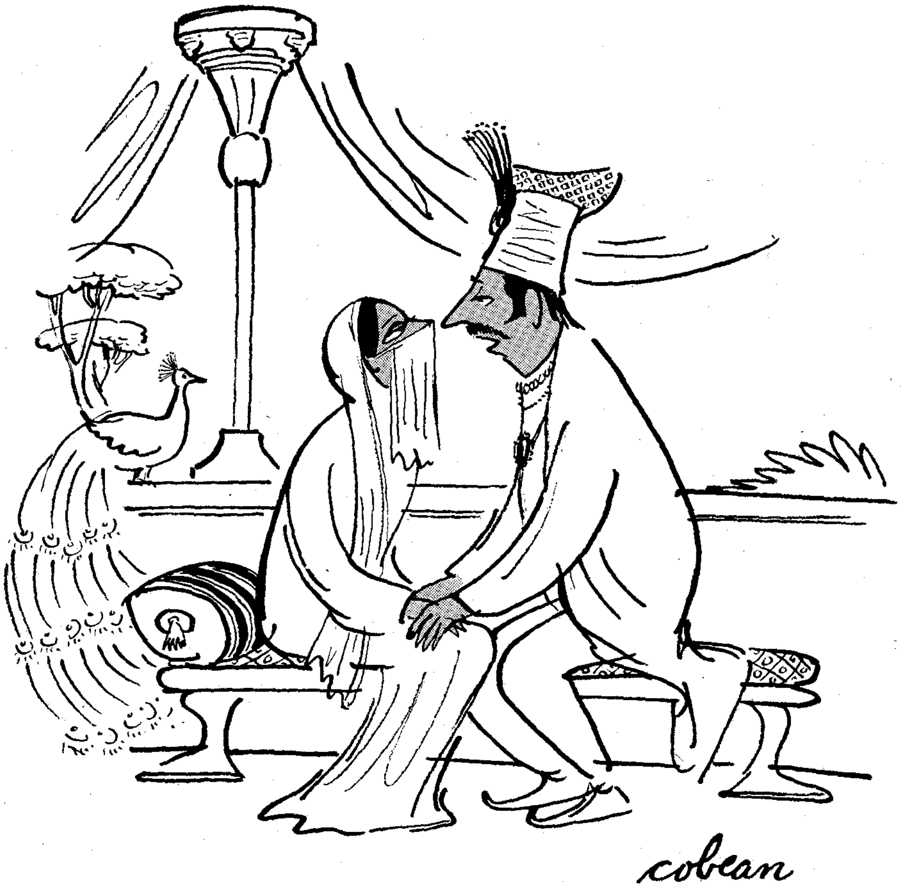
Mr. H. glanced, without comment, at our shoes and went on, "This'll amuse you. I was in a West Coast town around 1930—I won't say which one—and a man called me on the phone, said he was at a country club and wanted me to make some riding boots for him. He told me that to get there I would have to take an interurban train, a streetcar, and a jitney. I asked whether his club could send a car for me, and he said no. Well, I agreed to go out, and I arrived, after a gruelling trip, with some samples. The man looked at them, and said he wanted to know what my qualifications were." Mr. Humphreys glowed with an indignation that two decades haven't dimmed as he continued. " 'First of all,' I said, 'the owners of my firm have decided that it is worth their while to pay my fare for a six-thousand-mile trip. Second, I have booted most of the landed gentry and crowned heads of Europe.' This man then asked me to make him a riding boot with a cowboy heel—a high Cuban heel, you know. 'I'm extremely sorry,' I said, 'but that's not the sort of thing we do on Maxwell boots.' Some people want careful educating, I'm afraid."

Home Away from Home

A GENTLEMAN tells us of seeing on Fifth Avenue a new Cadillac bearing Texas license plates, its rear-seat center armrest pulled down to make


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Break it up. I'm eighty bucks to the good."



"The whites of your eyes are like alabaster, your pupils are like onyx, your irises like topaz, your lashes like webs of the finest gossamer . . ."

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two armchairs, each of them embellished with a lace antimacassar.

Copper

THE National Production Authority having issued an order forbidding the use of copper in some three hundred products, ranging from paper clips to screen doors and refrigerators, we were prompted to gather a few facts about this versatile metal. Copper occurs widely in nature, not only in great beds of ore but, in detectable quantities, in soil, hay, seaweed, meat, eggs, and the blood of man and beast. In ore, it is red in color, but a freshly fractured surface of the pure metal has a pinkish or yellowish tinge. Only iron surpasses copper in tensile strength. Unlike iron, copper doesn't rust, and it is so ductile that it can be drawn finer than a human hair. It is used in many alloys, among them brass, bronze, and German silver. It is the first metal known to have been worked by man. Its usefulness was realized independently by primitive peoples in Asia Minor, China, Europe, Peru, and North America. Early explorers of this country noted that the Indians wore copper earrings and used fishhooks and needles of copper. The Indians told both Champlain and Cartier of the vast copper deposits around Lake Superior. The island of Cyprus supplied Mediterranean cultures with copper long before recorded history. The word "copper" is, in fact, derived from the Latin *"aes cyprium,"* or "metal of Cyprus." The Romans were the last ancients to work the Cyprian mines. They gave them up about two thousand years ago in favor of the Rio Tinto mines, in Spain, which have been worked continuously since around 600 B.C. The Cyprian mines remained all but forgotten until 1913, when an American engineer, D. A. Gunther, got them back into commercial operation. Mining copper was no cinch in the days before explosives. The Romans sundered copper-bearing rock by alternately playing fire and water on it, and by filling its fissures with moist lime, which expands as it dries. Slaves carried bags of the ore up as much as a thousand feet of ladders. No modern engineers or geologists have been able to find any bodies of ore in the Rio Tinto region that the Romans weren't aware of, and how they located them all is a mystery that still stumps everyone who has thought about it. One unreliable theory is that they found the ore by dowsing.

Copper is currently being mined on a large scale in Canada, Chile, the Belgian Congo, Mexico, Northern Rhodesia, the United States, and, no doubt, Russia. No figures are available from the last-named country, but there are copper mines in Siberia, and presumably they are, in the best Soviet tradition, exceeding their quota. The United States produces two-fifths of the copper mined in the non-Iron Curtain world. Most of our copper is produced in Arizona, Utah, Montana, New Mexico, Nevada, and Michigan. In output, by the latest available figures, the states rank in that order. Arizona produces as much copper as the five other states put together. In the eighteenth century, there was a flourishing copper mine in Granby, Connecticut, and its tunnels were used as a prison during the Revolution. From shortly after the Civil War until fairly recent times, Butte, Montana, produced a third of the country's copper, thanks to a single immense bed of ore, five superficial miles square and a mile deep. Butte gloried in the title of the Richest Hill on Earth, and the mines thereabouts bore solemn and poetic names like Wake Up Jim, Moonlight, Orphan Girl, Smokehouse, and Neversweat, called Sweat for short. Butte also rather gloried in its irresponsibility, and the corruption there around the beginning of the century is storied. Judges, juries, and legislators were bought in job lots, and everybody lived in a state of recklessness and high excitement. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company, a large and powerful outfit, now owns nearly all the mines in Montana, and things are quiet out there.

In 1949, the United States mined 761,904 tons of copper and used 1,031,600 tons, the difference being made up by scrap and by imports, notably from Chile. The electrical industry uses more copper than all other industries combined. The automobile industry comes next. The average car contains forty-five pounds of copper, mostly in the radiator. A Pullman car contains about two thousand pounds of copper and copper-base alloys. There are fifty thousand pounds of copper in the Statue of Liberty and three million in the Queen Mary. The U.S.S. Constitution, known as Old Ironsides, was really sheathed in copper, not iron. With one exception, all American coins now in circulation contain copper—pennies ninety-five per cent, nickels seventy-five per cent, dimes and on up ten per cent. The exception is wartime pennies, still numerous, which are of steel, plated with zinc, and very unpopular.

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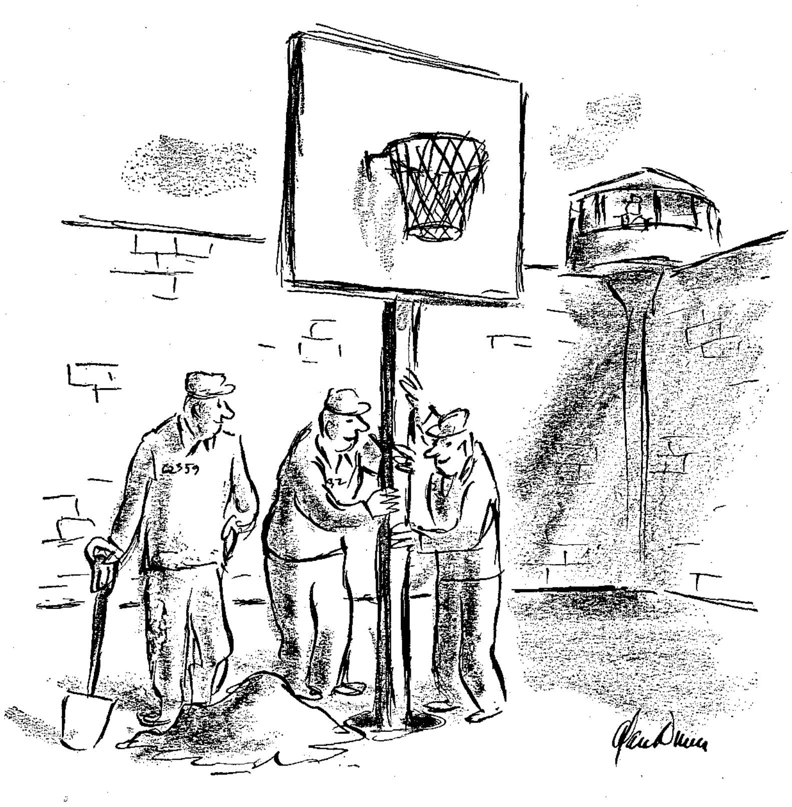
OVERHEARD on a Macy escalator (feminine voice): "Oh, Walter just *sells* skis—you know, like a bartender who doesn't drink."

Busy Woman

WE hopped over to the Strand Theatre one afternoon last week, on the representation that we were to have a talk with Josephine Baker, the St. Louis girl who has had Paris by the ears for a quarter of a century. At the stage door, we were taken in tow by a gentleman connected with the establishment, who told us to call him Windy. "Miss Baker has just gone on," he said. "Come up to her dressing room and I'll show you some of her dresses." We followed him to a door bearing the inscription "California." "That means this is the star's quarters," said Windy. "After all, we're a movie house." Inside California, Windy indicated a rackful of highly elaborate gowns. "Dior, Balenciaga, Rochas, Jacques Griffe—she's got costumes by everybody," he said. "She wears a total of thirteen dresses in her four shows a day. She's got forty-three right here in the theatre. Every day, those Seventh Avenue guys sit around out front with sketch pads. She's so good she has them forgetting to steal the designs. She's real—plenty of heart. Why, yesterday I saw her in here crying as if she'd busted her leg, because her little monkey, Binki, burned his hands on some hot-water pipes at the Park Sheraton, where she's staying." Windy drew an impressive scroll from his inside pocket. "Get a load of this," he said. "It's really fancy fan mail." The scroll was headed "La Belle Baker," and read, "I defy words of mere eloquence to try expressing my most sincere felicitations to an artist as grand as you because there is no joy too splendid or true for a person as grand as you. *A Toi une Vie Florissante.* Baron Lindsey." "I'm not too sure of that 'Baron' business," said Windy. "The return address on the envelope mentioned West 174th Street."

We were joined in the dressing room by Miss Shirley Wolf, a lawyer who is helping handle Miss Baker's affairs in this country. She pressed a volume entitled "La Guerre Secrète de Joséphine Baker" upon us. "Jo was in the French Resistance movement," she said. "She was shot down in the Mediterranean," put in Windy. "No, she wasn't," said Miss Wolf. "I told somebody else she was shot down," said Windy. "It's easy to get your facts mixed up." "Let's go down and watch Jo from the wings," Miss Wolf suggested. The three of us descended to the stage and peered from the sidelines as Miss Baker did an Arabian number, in the course of which she crouched to the floor and went through some lively maneuvers with her legs. "Over forty-five, and still she gets around like a seventeen-year-old," said Miss Wolf admiringly. "I'd like to show you the temporary dressing room we've put up backstage so that Miss Baker can change in a hurry between numbers," said Windy. We went along with him to an area demarcated by red curtaining and occupied by a dressing table and a quick little French girl named Ginette, Miss Baker's maid. "*Les chaussures, les chaussures,*" Ginette muttered, gazing about in some agitation. "She seems to be talking about a hunter," said Windy thoughtfully. "*Allez,*" said Ginette. "*Bon soir,*" said Windy. We moved out of the enclosure just as Miss Baker was coming in. "How do you do?" she said. Outside the stage dressing room, Windy introduced us to Curt Weinberg, Miss Baker's publicity agent. "We've got to rush Jo to the *Daily News* for some color shots," he told us. "Maybe you can talk to her on the way over. Meanwhile, how about giving me a hand with some of her dresses? Going to take a dozen over to the News Building." For the next ten minutes, Mr. Weinberg kept us busy transporting masterpieces by Dior, Balenciaga, Rochas, and Griffe to a truck he'd hired for the occasion. Our chores done, we proposed a word with Miss Baker. "She's talking to Jo Bouillon now," said Mr. Weinberg. "He's her husband. You can ride over with them in the cab when we get started."

When Miss Baker arrived, she was accompanied by Mr. Bouillon, a slight man wearing a blue suit and a worried frown. We joined them in a cab and succeeded in asking Miss Baker how things have been going with her. "I'm getting stronger, but my voice is getting weaker," she said. Mr. Bouillon broke in to inquire, in French, if he could get back to Paris without having to stop anywhere en route. Miss Baker advised him that this was difficult to do on a steamship. Passing the Public Library, Miss Baker looked out and asked us what street we were on. We told her. In a photographic studio at the *News*, Miss Baker demonstrated, to our amazement, that it is possible for a woman, assisted by a maid, to make ten changes of costume, including shoes and stockings, in a total elapsed time of nineteen minutes. When the picture-taking was over, the *News* photographer told Miss Baker she was a wonderful kid, and Miss Baker said she'd have made her changes in fifteen minutes if some of her zippers hadn't stuck. The photographer wanted to know if we'd accompany the gowns back to the Strand, but we said we'd have to be dusting along.



Gracious Living

LADY informs us that her five-year-old daughter recently built a birdhouse, complete except for a floor. "I'm going to hang it in a tree," she explained, "and then watch the birds walk in and be surprised when they fall out of the bottom."

BY ANY OTHER NAME

AT the Anglo-Indian day school in Zorinabad to which my sister and I were sent when she was eight and I was five and a half, they changed our names. On the first day of school, a hot, windless morning of a north Indian September, we stood in the headmistress's study and she said, "Now, you're the *new* girls. What are your names?"

My sister answered for us. "I am Premila, and she"—nodding in my direction—"is Santha."

The headmistress had been in India, I suppose, fifteen years or so, but she still smiled her helpless inability to cope with Indian names. Her rimless half glasses glittered, and the precarious bun on the top of her head trembled as she shook her head. "Oh, my dears, those are much too hard for me. Suppose we give you pretty English names. Wouldn't that be more jolly? Let's see, now—Pamela for you, I think." She shrugged in a baffled way at my sister. "That's as close as I can get. And for *you*," she said to me, "how about Cynthia? Isn't that nice?"

My sister was always less easily intimidated than I was, and while she kept a stubborn silence, I said, "Thank you," in a very tiny voice.

We had been sent to that school because my father, among his responsibilities as an officer of the civil service, had a tour of duty to perform in the villages around that steamy little provincial town, where he had his headquarters at that time. He used to make his shorter inspection tours on horseback, and a week before, in the stale heat of a typically post-monsoon day, we had waved goodbye to him and a little procession—an assistant, a secretary, two bearers, and the man to look after the bedding rolls and luggage. They rode away through our large garden, still bright green from the rains, and we turned back into the twilight of the house and the sound of fans whispering in every room.

Up to then, my mother had refused to send Premila to school in the British-run establishments of that time, because, she used to say, "you can bury a dog's tail for seven years and it still comes out curly, and you can take a Britisher away from his home for a lifetime and he still remains insular." The examinations and degrees from entirely Indian schools were not, in those days, considered valid. In my case, the question had never come up, and probably never would have come up if Mother's extraordinary good health had not broken down. For the first time in my life, she was not able to continue the lessons she had been giving us every morning. So our Hindi books were put away, the stories of the Lord Krishna as a little boy were left in mid-air, and we were sent to the Anglo-Indian school.

THAT first day at school is still, when I think of it, a remarkable one. At that age, if one's name is changed, one develops a curious form of dual personality. I remember having a certain detached and disbelieving concern in the actions of "Cynthia," but certainly no responsibility. Accordingly, I followed the thin, erect back of the headmistress down the veranda to my classroom feeling, at most, a passing interest in what was going to happen to me in this strange, new atmosphere of School.

The building was Indian in design, with wide verandas opening onto a central courtyard, but Indian verandas are usually whitewashed, with stone floors. These, in the tradition of British schools, were painted dark brown and had matting on the floors. It gave a feeling of extra intensity to the heat.

I suppose there were about a dozen Indian children in the school—which contained perhaps forty children in all—and four of them were in my class. They were all sitting at the back of the room, and I went to join them. I sat next to a small, solemn girl who didn't smile at me. She had long, glossy-black braids and wore a cotton dress, but she still kept on her Indian jewelry—a gold chain around her neck, thin gold bracelets, and tiny ruby studs in her ears. Like most Indian children, she had a rim of black kohl around her eyes. The cotton dress should have looked strange, but all I could think of was that I should ask my mother if I couldn't wear a dress to school, too, instead of my Indian clothes.

I can't remember too much about the proceedings in class that day, except for the beginning. The teacher pointed to me and asked me to stand up. "Now, dear, tell the class your name."

I said nothing.

"Come along," she said, frowning slightly. "What's your name, dear?"

"I don't know," I said, finally.

The English children in the front of the class—there were about eight or ten of them—giggled and twisted around in their chairs to look at me. I sat down quickly and opened my eyes very wide, hoping in that way to dry them off. The little girl with the braids put out her hand and very lightly touched my arm. She still didn't smile.

Most of that morning, I was rather bored. I looked briefly at the children's drawings pinned to the wall, and then concentrated on a lizard clinging to the ledge of the high, barred window behind the teacher's head. Occasionally it would shoot out its long yellow tongue for a fly, and then it would rest, with its eyes closed and its belly palpitating, as though it were swallowing several times quickly. The lessons were mostly concerned with reading and writing and simple numbers—things that my mother had already taught me—and I paid very little attention. The teacher wrote on the easel blackboard words like "bat" and "cat," which seemed babyish to me; only "apple" was new and incomprehensible.

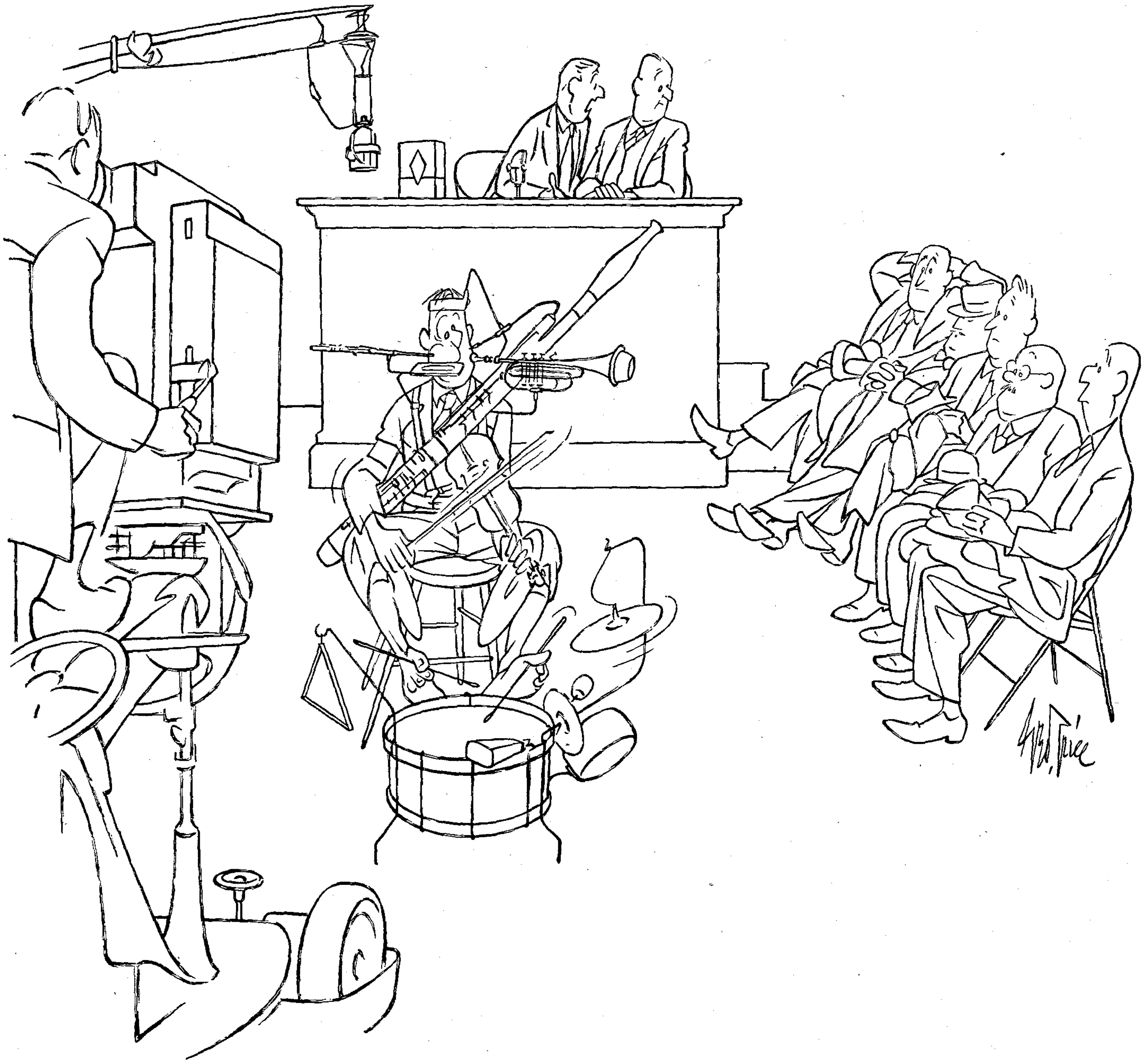
When it was time for the lunch recess, I followed the girl with braids out onto the veranda. There the children from the other classes were assembled. I saw Premila at once and ran over to her, as she had charge of our lunchbox. The children were all opening packages and sitting down to eat sandwiches. Premila and I were the only ones who had Indian food—thin wheat chapatties, some vegetable curry, and a bottle of buttermilk. Premila thrust half of it into my hand and whispered fiercely that I should go and sit with my class, because that was what the others seemed to be doing.

The enormous black eyes of the little Indian girl from my class looked at my food longingly, so I offered her some. But she only shook her head and plowed her way solemnly through her sandwiches.

I was very sleepy after lunch, because at home we always took a siesta. It was usually a pleasant time of day, with the bedroom darkened against the harsh afternoon sun, the drifting off into sleep with the sound of Mother's voice reading a story in one's mind, and, finally, the shrill, fussy voice of the ayah waking one for tea.

At school, we rested for a short time on low, folding cots on the veranda, and then we were expected to play games. During the hot part of the afternoon, we played indoors, and after the shadows had begun to lengthen and the slight breeze of the evening had come up, we moved outside to the wide courtyard.

I had never really grasped the system



"We had a cozy little package here until the union demanded stand-ins."

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of competitive games. At home, whenever we played tag or guessing games, I was always allowed to "win"—"because," Mother used to tell Premila, "she is the youngest, and we have to allow for that." I had often heard her say it, and it seemed quite reasonable to me, but the result was that I had no clear idea of what "winning" meant.

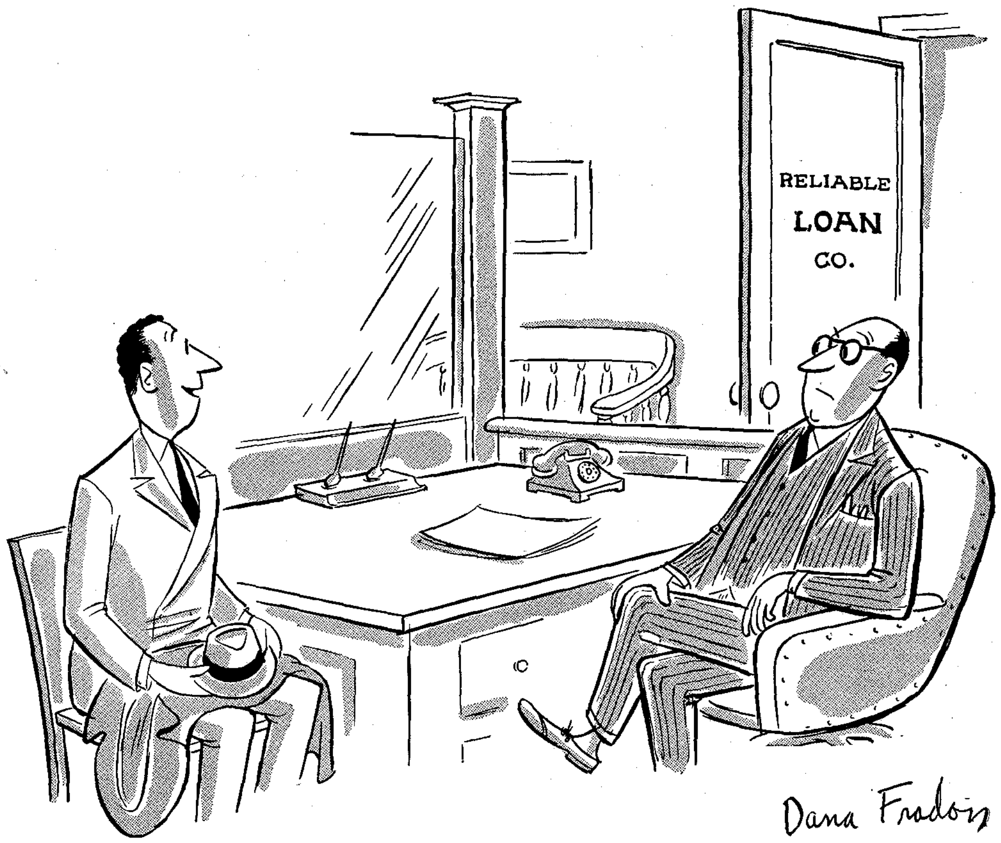
When we played twos-and-threes that afternoon at school, in accordance with my training, I let one of the small English boys catch me, but was naturally rather puzzled when the other children did not return the courtesy. I ran about for what seemed like hours without ever catching anyone, until it was time for school to close. Much later, I learned that my attitude was called "not being a good sport," and I stopped allowing myself to be caught, but it was not for years that I really learned the spirit of the thing.

When I saw our car come up to the school gate, I broke away from my classmates and rushed toward it yelling, "Ayah! Ayah!" It seemed like an eternity since I had seen her that morning—a wizened, affectionate figure in her white cotton sari, giving me dozens of urgent and useless instructions on how to be a good girl at school. Premila followed more sedately, and she told me on the way home never to do that again in front of the other children.

WHEN we got home, we went straight to Mother's high, white room to have tea with her, and I immediately climbed onto the bed and bounced gently up and down on the springs. Mother asked how we had liked our first day in school. I was so pleased to be home and to have left that peculiar Cynthia behind that I had nothing whatever to say about school, except to ask what "apple" meant. But Premila told Mother about the classes, and added that in her class they had weekly tests to see if they had learned their lessons well.

I asked, "What's a test?"

Premila said, "You're too small to have them. You won't have them in your class for donkey's years." She had learned the expression that day and was using it for the first time. We all laughed enormously at her wit. She also told Mother, in an aside, that we should take sandwiches to school the next day. Not, she said, that *she* minded. But



"Well, the fact is, I'm thinking of starting a little loan business of my own."

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they would be simpler for me to handle.

That whole lovely evening I didn't think about school at all. I sprinted barefoot across the lawns with my favorite playmate, the cook's son, to the stream at the end of the garden. We quarrelled in our usual way, waded in the tepid water under the lime trees, and waited for the night to bring out the smell of the jasmine. I listened with fascination to his stories of ghosts and demons, until I was too frightened to cross the garden alone in the semi-darkness. The ayah found me, shouted at the cook's son, scolded me, hurried me in to supper—it was an entirely usual, wonderful evening.

It was a week later, the day of Premila's first test, that our lives changed rather abruptly. I was sitting at the back of my class, in my usual inattentive way, only half listening to the teacher. I had started a rather guarded friendship with the girl with braids, whose name turned out to be Nalini (Nancy, in school). The three other Indian children were already fast friends. Even at that age it was apparent to all of us that friendship with the English or Anglo-Indian children was out of the question. Occasionally, during the class, my new friend and I would draw pictures and show them to each other secretly.

The door opened sharply and Premila marched in. At first, the teacher smiled at her in a kindly and encouraging way and said, "Now, you're little Cynthia's sister?"

Premila didn't even look at her. She stood with her feet planted firmly apart and her shoulders rigid, and addressed herself directly to me. "Get up," she said. "We're going home."

I didn't know what had happened, but I was aware that it was a crisis of some sort. I rose obediently and started to walk toward my sister.

"Bring your pencils and your notebook," she said.

I went back for them, and together we left the room. The teacher started to say something just as Premila closed the door, but we didn't wait to hear what it was.

In complete silence, we left the school grounds and started to walk home. Then I asked Premila what the matter was. All she would say was, "We're going home for good."

It was a very tiring walk for a child of five and a half, and I dragged along behind Premila with my pencils growing sticky in my hand. I can still remember looking at the dusty hedges, and the tangles of thorns in the ditches by the side of the road, smelling the faint fragrance from the eucalyptus trees, and wondering whether we would ever reach home. Occasionally, a horse-drawn tonga passed us, and the women, in their pink or green silks, stared at Premila and me trudging along on the side of the road. A few coolies and a line of women carrying baskets of vegetables on their heads smiled at us. But it was nearing the hottest time of day, and the road was almost deserted. I walked more and more slowly, and shouted to Premila, from time to time, "Wait for me!," with increasing peevishness. She spoke to me only once, and that was to tell me to carry my notebook on my head, because of the sun.

When we got to our house, the ayah was just taking a tray of lunch into Mother's room. She immediately started a long, worried questioning about what are you children doing back here at this hour of the day.

Mother looked very startled and very concerned, and asked Premila what had happened.

Premila said, "We had our test today, and She made me and the other Indians sit at the back of the room, with a desk between each one."

Mother said, "Why was that, darling?"

"She said it was because Indians cheat," Premila added. "So I don't think we should go back to that school."

Mother looked very distant, and was silent a long time. At last, she said, "Of course not, darling." She sounded displeased.

We all shared the curry she was having for lunch, and afterward I was sent off to the beautifully familiar bedroom for my siesta. I could hear Mother and Premila talking through the open door.

Mother said, "Do you suppose she understood all that?"

Premila said, "I shouldn't think so. She's a baby."

Mother said, "Well, I hope it won't bother her."

Of course, they were both wrong. I understood it perfectly, and I remember it all very clearly. But I put it happily away, because it had all happened to a girl called Cynthia, and I never was really particularly interested in her.

—Santha Rama Rau

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The Orange County Society of New York will hold its annual dinner in the Jaded Rooms of the Waldorf Astoria.—*Goshen (N.Y.) Independent Republican.*

Makes you tired just to think of it.

THE SNOWS OF CHILDHOOD

HARDLY a day passed, after the arrival at Tillingsford of Eleanor Emery Hawkins and her seven-year-old daughter Rose, that Eleanor did not repine bitterly at the fate that had made it seem expedient for her to come back to her mother's in Connecticut. She was in constant rebellion against the inactivity, the placidity, the tiny, quiet round into which her mother's way had slipped since Eleanor's marriage to a North Carolinian and her father's death.

It was really not awfully polite of her daughter, Mrs. Emery sometimes thought fleetingly, considering that this house provided the haven that had seemed necessary from a world too potentially dangerous for little girls. It was not polite of Eleanor to criticize quite so much. But she realized that to her daughter, although she was a grown woman in her thirties, this was still home and, as such, the natural butt of impatience and rebellion. And it was very familiar, coming from Eleanor; it was like old times. Mrs. Emery would sigh, and brighten, and remind herself how wonderful it was to have her daughter and her little granddaughter living with her, and for an indefinite length of time. One could never have anticipated that it would happen.

When Peter Hawkins had been called back into the Navy, he and Eleanor had gone over everything and decided that there was no use in their taking a house in Washington, where Peter's kind of work would keep him for whatever "duration" was involved. The place was too naturally dangerous. Any bombs would drop there first, and when they were discussing it, it had seemed a foregone conclusion that bombs would fall. There was no use setting up housekeeping and getting Rose established in a school only to have to break it all up some day in a hurry. Even then, people were moving out of Washington in droves, into Maryland and Virginia, where they would doubtless catch the dumped bombs intended for the capital. Peter and Eleanor had thought it very bright to get their war settled before it began. Tillingsford, in the Litchfield Hills, was at a distance that made it secure and yet was not too far for Peter to get up for occasional weekends. The local public school was excellent—reorganized since Eleanor's day. "Mother will swoon with joy at having Rose," Eleanor had said. And so it was arranged.

But now, daily, Eleanor rebelled against the existing state of affairs. She thought, and spoke, of the important work in Washington she could be doing instead of moldering here. She spoke often of the duty of doing all one could in an emergency. Here there was nothing to do. Mrs. Emery suggested timidly that if Eleanor felt so strongly, she should go to Washington and leave the child with her. "Oh, Mother!" Eleanor cried. "It would be psychologically damaging for Rose to live with someone so much older! She needs her mother." Mrs. Emery said nothing.

Since all rebellion was futile, since here nothing could be changed or budged, it seemed as though Eleanor's energy had turned into an attempt to reform her mother. She was horrified at the padded rut into which her mother's life had slipped. A visit to the village to market, a friend or two to tea, early bedtimes with a book, and ceaseless puttering about the old house made up the entire showing for a week. And caution! Since Eleanor had left home, an infinite number of little precautions had come into being. There was a ritual of locking the front door (which in Eleanor's childhood had never been locked, even at night), another of dousing the fire on the hearth; everything was suspected, tested, for its safety.

This Eleanor could not accept. If she could not be beside her husband, she could perhaps make her mother snap out of this hole she had dug for herself. Eleanor drove the car at sixty while her mother cringed. "Mother! Actually, it's just as dangerous to go slow. You block traffic," Eleanor would say. "I *like* to go slow," Mrs. Emery would reply.

"Have you locked the front door, dear?" Mrs. Emery would call from her bed when Eleanor came in after an evening call or a game of bridge at a

"Is this the one?"

neighbor's. "No," Eleanor would call back firmly. "Who is there to break in? Go to sleep." Later, in the midnight hours, Mrs. Emery would steal downstairs in her slippers and warm dressing gown and lock the door herself. One morning, Eleanor's lips tightened when the postman tried to open the front door and it was still locked. She jerked the bolt open. "It does seem silly to take chances," Mrs. Emery said softly. "Chances! *Chances!*" Eleanor said, and all of the danger and emergency of the modern world was in her eyes.

Eleanor organized trips in the car, partly to show Rose instructive sights—the Mission House at Stockbridge, the college at Williamstown—and partly to break her mother's cozy, escapist habit of never leaving Tillingsford. They drove to Bantam Lake, to Litchfield, even as far as New Haven in a day. Mrs. Emery was frequently exhausted. Eleanor said, "You don't seem to realize how essential it is to keep your strength up. If you do nothing, you won't be *able* to do anything when the demand comes, when you have to be strong."

"Suppose no demand comes?" her mother said feebly. "I don't expect one to, for me."

"Mother! With all hell just waiting to break loose?"

ONE Thursday, they had driven to Pittsfield to see the Natural History Museum there. During the hours while they had walked the marble floors within, the day had grown dark, and when they started home, the sky was gray and heavy. It was very cold.

"That's a snow sky," Eleanor said suddenly.

"What's a snow sky, Mommy?"

"It looks that way when snow is coming, darling."

"I hope I remembered to close the outer back door," Mrs. Emery said.

But now, for some reason, the atmosphere in the moving car was kinder, more united, than it generally was on the return trips from far-off sightseeing. Eleanor settled down more comfortably behind the wheel, and let her speed drop to forty. Rose kept peering out and singing, under her breath, "A snow sky . . . a *snow* sky . . ." Then she demanded, "*When* is it going to snow, Grandma?" "Very soon, I think," Mrs. Emery said.

It was evening when they got home, and as they entered the house, an occasional snowflake, languid, tentative, was coming down. They closed the door behind them with a snap, shutting out the promise of storm. The house was warm; Eleanor had not been able to persuade her mother to keep it at a temperature lower than seventy. When her mother went to get supper, Eleanor lit a fire in the living room. "Have you put the screen around the fire?" Mrs. Emery called.

Eleanor shrugged and put the screen up.

Supper was eaten with a sort of conspiratorial air; something immense was about to happen, and here they sat, safe, warm, snug, eating fish chowder and baked beans. The little girl looked from her mother's face to her grandmother's, realizing that something was different, nicer; something was big and exciting but also welcome. They washed the dishes in a hurry and went back to the blazing fire and pulled chairs up close to it.

Mrs. Emery started, as though listening to voices, and then said, "I've got some marshmallows in the pantry. They're all dried up, but that doesn't hurt."

"You've never toasted marshmallows, have you?" Eleanor said, smiling at Rose, when Mrs. Emery had left the room. "Do you see that fork, hanging beside the poker? That's the marshmallow-toasting fork. The very one that was there when I was a little girl." She lifted a glowing face as her mother returned.

Together they instructed Rose in the mystique of the marshmallow—not charred, not allowed to blaze, turned on the fork until it was golden brown. At length all the marshmallows in the box were eaten.

"I wonder how hard it's coming down," Mrs. Emery said.

Eleanor went to the window and looked out. Rose crowded in front of her, her head coming just above Eleanor's waist. "Look, darling," Eleanor

THE PRODIGAL

The brown enormous odor he lived by
was too close, with its breathing and thick hair,
for him to judge. The floor was rotten; the sty
was plastered halfway up with glass-smooth dung.
Light-lashed, self-righteous, above moving snouts,
the pigs' eyes followed him, a cheerful stare—
even to the sow that always ate her young—
till, sickening, he leaned to scratch her head.
But sometimes mornings after drinking bouts
(he hid the pints behind a two-by-four),
the sunrise glazed the barnyard mud with red;
the burning puddles seemed to reassure.
And then he thought he almost might endure
his exile yet another year or more.

But evenings the first star came to warn.
The farmer whom he worked for came at dark
to shut the cows and horses in the barn
beneath their overhanging clouds of hay,
with pitchforks, faint forked lightnings, catching light,
safe and companionable as in the Ark.
The pigs stuck out their little feet and snored.
The lantern—like the sun, going away—
laid on the mud a pacing aureole.
Carrying a bucket along a slimy board,
he felt the bats' uncertain staggering flight,
his shuddering insights, beyond his control,
touching him. But it took him a long time
finally to make his mind up to go home.

—ELIZABETH BISHOP

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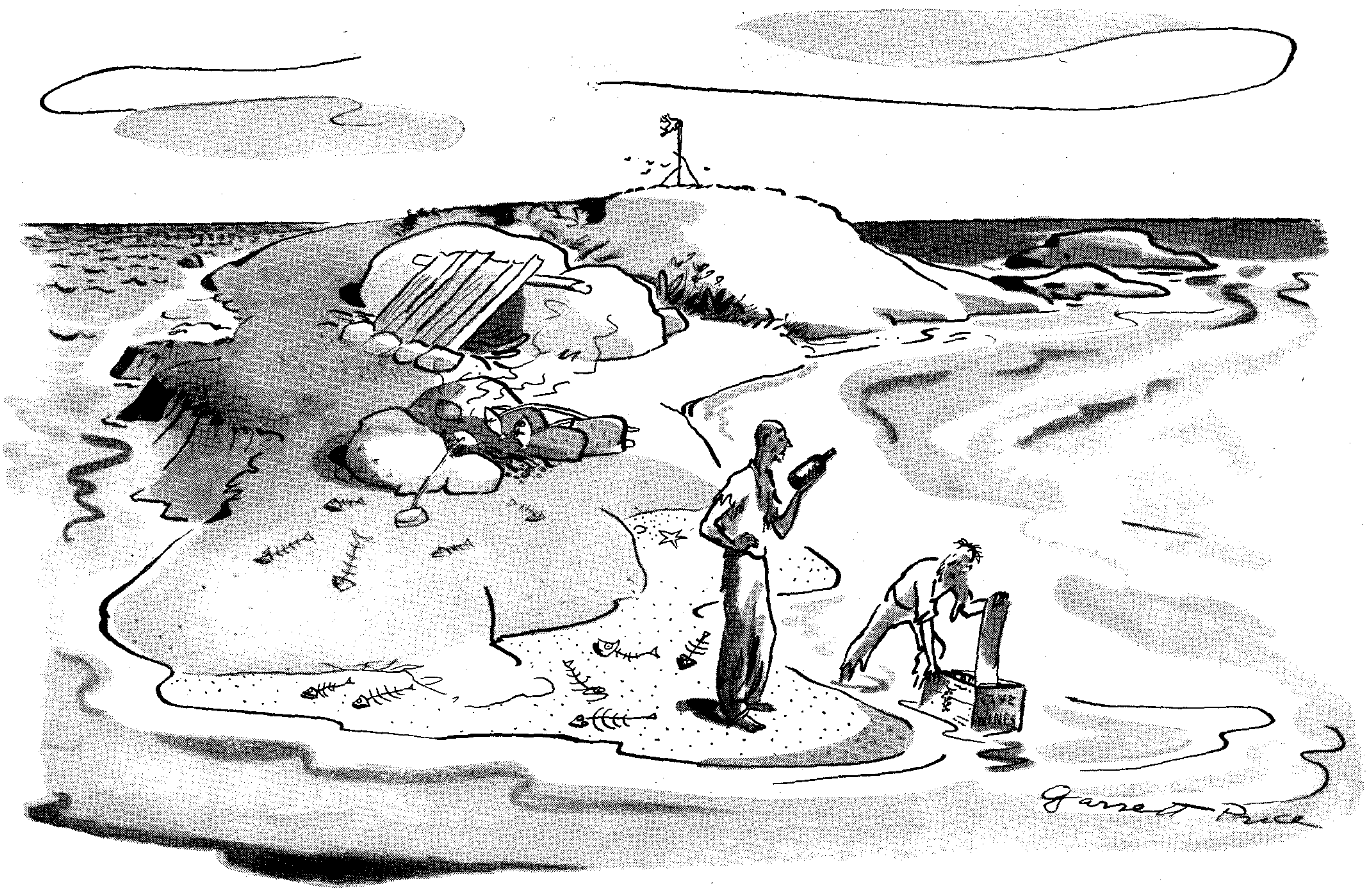

"I was hoping for a nice dry white wine."

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said. "Look at the street light, with all the snow whirling around it. Can you see how it makes a cross of light?"

"I see it! I see the cross!"

"It's coming right down. Small flakes, too," Eleanor said, returning to the fire. She held out her hands to the blaze, though they were not cold.

"Did it snow like this, Mommy, when you were a little girl?"

"Oh, more. Much more." Eleanor looked into her mother's eyes dreamily. "Do you remember the big storms, Mother, when the delivery carts couldn't get up our hill and I used to walk down to get the things we had to have?"

"We didn't really have to have anything," her mother said, laughing. "We were always well stocked for storms. But you, you cunning little thing, you used to make reasons why you had to go down on your snowshoes and save the family from starvation."

Eleanor laughed, too, after a moment. "I can remember," she said, "when the snow was so deep that I could walk right over the Perkinses' fence, without knowing it was there—on my snowshoes."

"I want snowshoes," Rose said.

"Your mother's old ones are still hanging up in the shed," Mrs. Emery said. "In the morning, when the snow is deep, you can go out on them, and perhaps sometime you can walk to school on them, if you get the knack."

Rose sighed, and closed her eyes.

"Do you remember," Eleanor said, "how the snow was so deep that in the village the boys would dig tunnels through the banks beside the road—real tunnels you could crawl through?"

"Imagine your remembering that," Mrs. Emery said. "Those boys were the bane of your poor little life. I can remember how unmercifully they would tease you, and how you would cry when you got home, as though your heart would break. Your little feelings were so easily hurt."

Mrs. Emery rather expected her daughter to pick her up sharply, but this time Eleanor only gazed back at her mother quite gently. "I loved snowstorms," she said. "I loved it when it snowed all night, and all the next day, and the whistles blew for us not to go to school, and everything was so *quiet*, and we stayed in the house and ate canned food."

"We have plenty now, if this is going to be a blizzard," Mrs. Emery said. "We have enough to last a month—Goodness!"

"Grandma, is it going to last a *month*?"

"No, darling, I just meant we had enough food for a month." Mrs. Emery got up and went to the window. "It's coming right down, though. You can see it against the street light, whirling. It's really coming on to storm."

She went back to her chair. "Eleanor, if this keeps up, we'll have to telephone the Lawfords in the morning that we can't come to lunch. It would take too long to shovel the drive. And we won't be able to drive Rose to Hartford in the afternoon, as you'd planned. The roads won't be safe."

For once that danger word, "safe," did not touch off an explosion in her daughter. "Rose needn't go to school if it's deep," she said.

"Oh, boy!" Rose cried, but she was very sleepy and her head drooped.

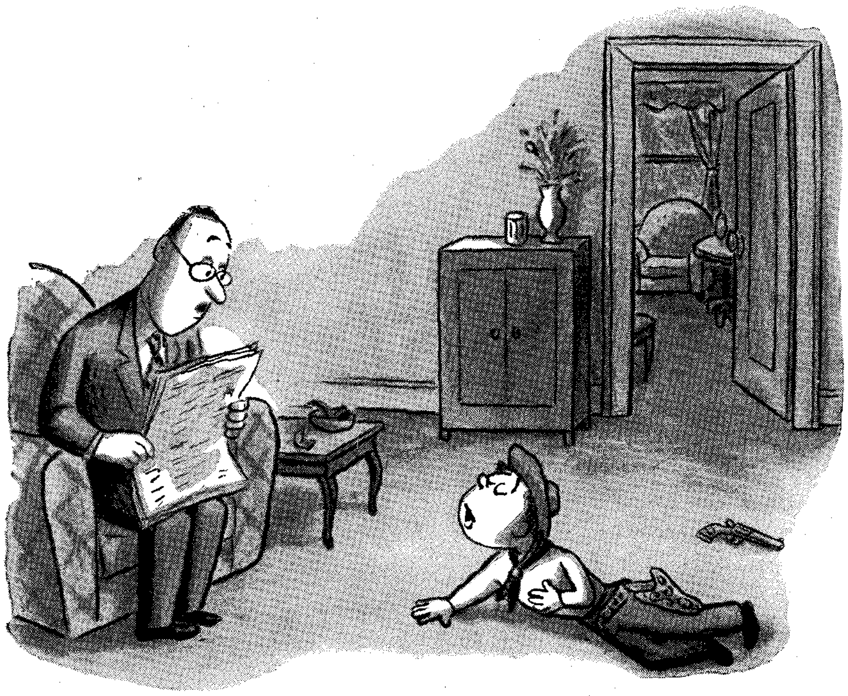
"This child has to go to bed," Eleanor said, smiling.

"I'm going, too," Mrs. Emery said promptly. "*Can* I count on you to douse the fire? It doesn't matter about locking up tonight."

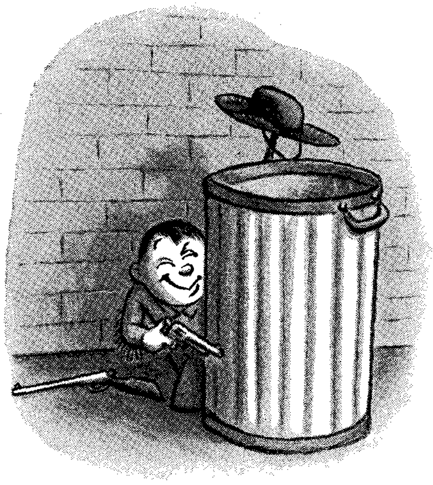
Eleanor generally sat up till eleven or twelve, but she said, "I think I'll

SMALL FRY

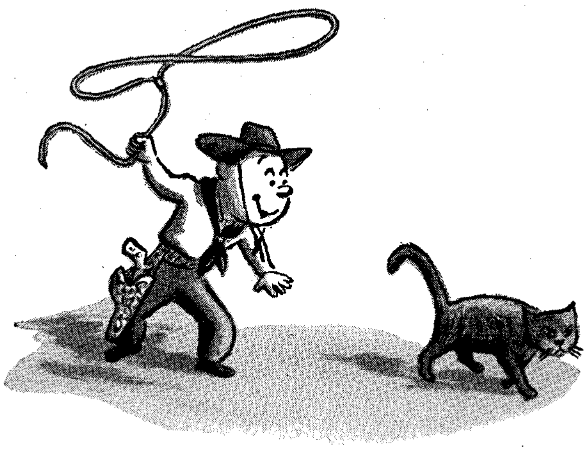
THE WILD WEST



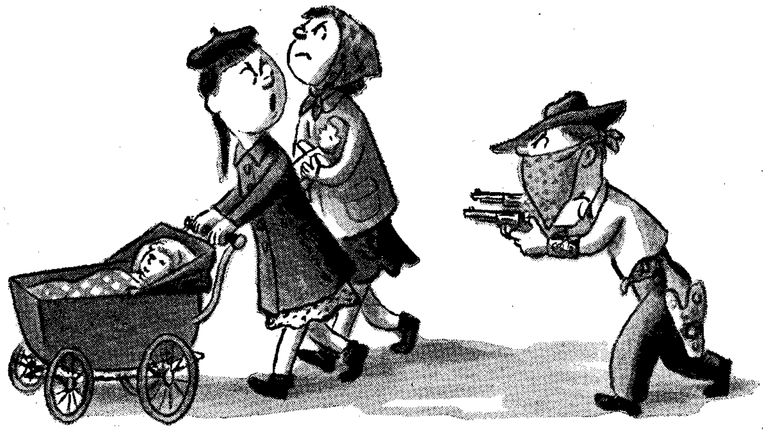
"They pumped me full o' lead."



Drawing fire



Roping the maverick



"Pest!"

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go to bed, too. The snow makes me sleepy."

And so they went to bed.

Mrs. Emery and Eleanor lay in their beds, half dreaming; the child had already fallen asleep. Her elders lay on their backs, or turned over; they stared into the darkness of their rooms, or shut their eyes softly, and their minds were sleepily filled with the snow, forever falling outside.

The snow was falling, falling, in their half dreams, and lying deeper, heavier, upon the ground. Everywhere the snow fell, soft, hidden, hushed. Tomorrow it would be impossible to go to the Lawfords', or anywhere else. Tomorrow would be lived within the snug house, looking out at the snow as it fell. There would be no call to move. School would not keep, trains would not run, cars would not drive, everything would be stopped in its tracks, in the falling snow.

Everywhere the snow was falling, on the cold, dark fields and into the woods, falling on the roads in their loneliness. Ceaseless and gentle, the snow was falling and covering all that was dark, was hard, was troubled, with a puffy blanket of deep white.

Did it fall in the cities, was it falling on the centers, was it falling, stifling, covering?

In the night, in the snow, they fell asleep.

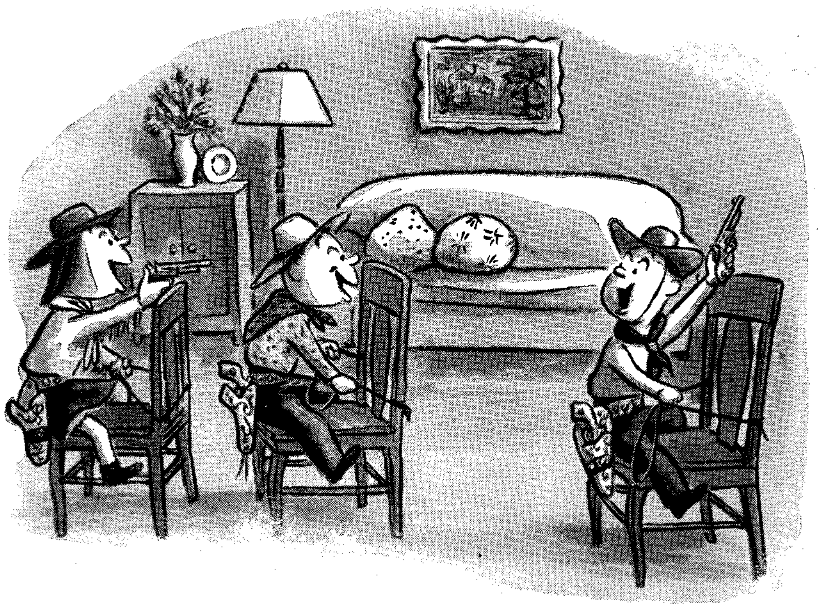
IN the morning, when Eleanor opened her eyes, the sun was shining brightly, as hard as a golden coin. About an inch of snow had fallen and it now lay glittering in the morning light. The air was cold and crisp and invigorating—a day for action.

Eleanor woke the child for school and went with her into Mrs. Emery's room. The old woman was awake, but still in bed, and she stared up from her pillow with piteous eyes.

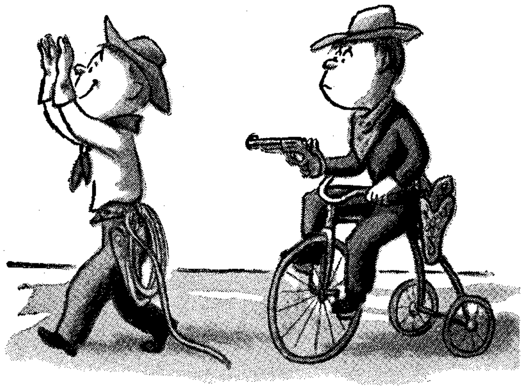
"Mother! Are you ill?" Eleanor exclaimed.

"No, I'm not ill. I'm just disappointed that it didn't snow." Mrs. Emery began to get up.

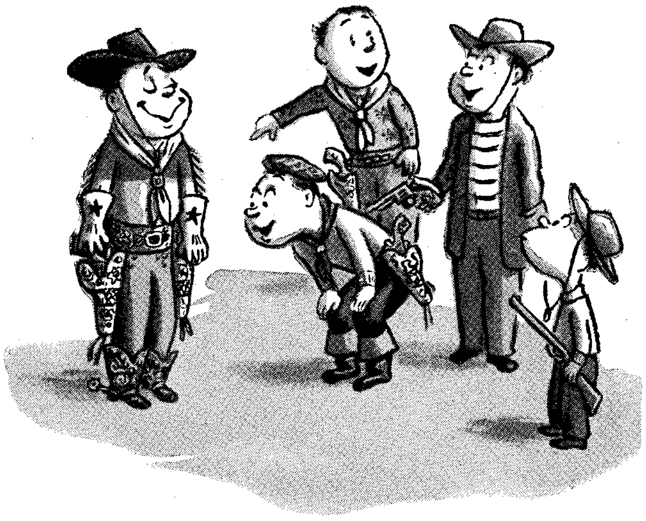
"Do you mean to say you haven't had your window open all night? Mother, it's so self-indulgent. So *softening*. And three blankets. How are you ever going to harden yourself that way?"



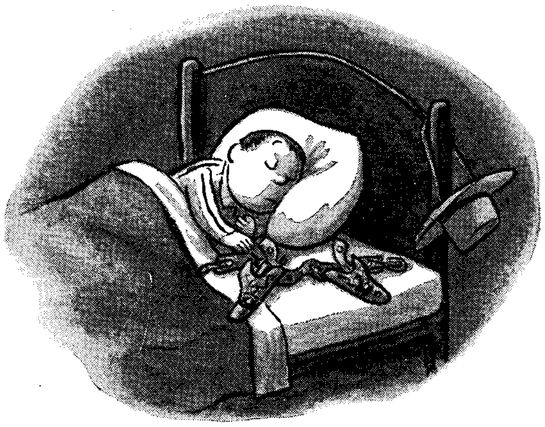
Posse



Bad hombre



Complete new outfit



Shootin' irons handy

"I don't want to harden myself!" Mrs. Emery cried.

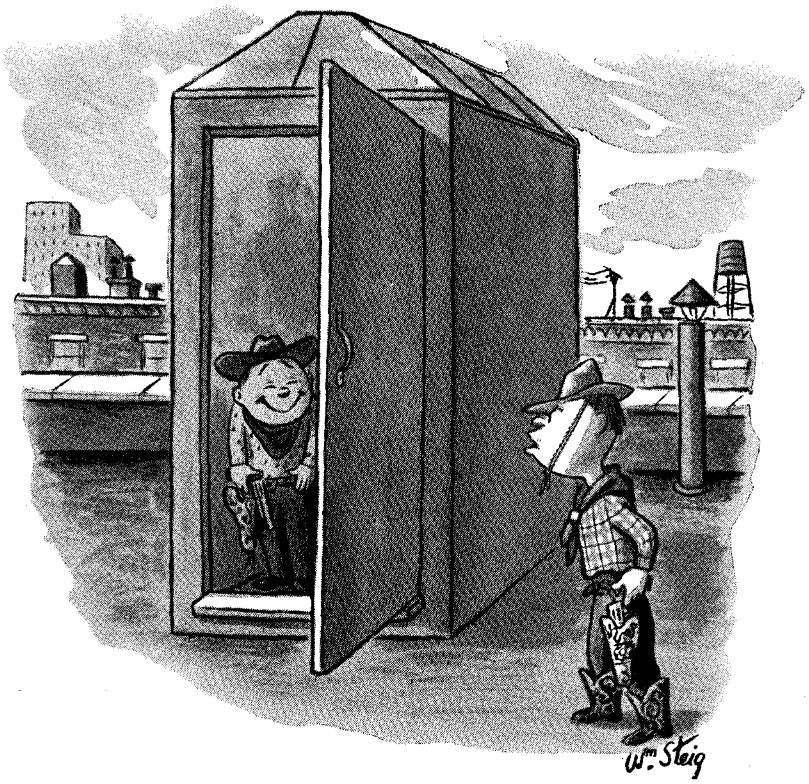
"Mommy, do I *have* to go to school?" asked Rose.

"There's no reason not to," her mother replied.

They stood, all three of them, in front of Mrs. Emery's big window, staring out at the ruination of their hope. Several cars sped easily along the already black road. The birds were pecking in the garden beds, where black loam still poked up out of the snow. A man walked whistling down the road in the sunshine.

"I don't know what I expected, but I feel so disappointed," Mrs. Emery said.

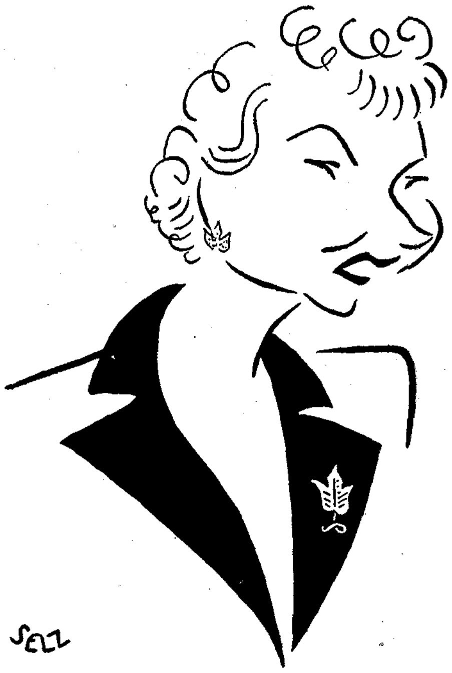
But it was not the old woman, or the child, but Eleanor who began all at once to cry. —NANCY HALE



"I'm comin' in a-shootin', Black Pete!"

PROFILES

HOBOKEN MUST GO!



FOR the past four years, Mrs. Wilma Soss, a highly attractive, fearsomely energetic blond lady in her forties, who for most of her previous adult life was a successful public-relations counsellor charged with seeing to it that the names of certain well-heeled individuals and corporations got mentioned—respectfully, if possible—in the press, has been persuaded that a mysterious hand of destiny has put the finger on her to save the American capitalist system from itself. As founder and president of the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, Inc., she is convinced that the best way to preserve the well-being of American enterprise is to badger the principal executives of all major corporations into electing women to their boards of directors. This conviction of Mrs. Soss's and the frequently incendiary activity that accompanies it are perplexing to her old friends, who are aware that during her progression from press agent to publicity woman to the stately eminence of public-relations counsellor she devoted a large part of her time to building up as trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, thrifty, brave, clean, and reverent the very sort of American businessmen she now spends much of her time reviling as unenlightened, obstructionist, and archaic. Her friends are also aware that Mrs. Soss, who is today perfectly capable of tying up a wordy antagonist at a stockholders' meeting with such a sophisticated parliamentary tactic as moving the previous question, had not even heard of Robert's "Rules of Order" up to a couple of years ago.

Mrs. Soss herself sees nothing odd about any of this. "The only thing that really ought to surprise anybody," she told a young lady who dropped into her office in New York not long ago to inquire about membership in the Federation, "is that I reached such an advanced age before I tumbled to the obvious fact that women are the only hope American business has left. What's wrong with the people running American corporations today? They're terrified of the government and they're scared to death of any kind of change. Just like U.S. Steel, when I brought a resolution to move their stockholders' meetings to New York City from Hoboken, so that a lot of their stockholders, men *and* women, who consider Hoboken a mental hazard and the end of the line—which it is, of course—would attend and vote for some worth-while alterations around the place. Putting women on the board, for instance. Well, U.S. Steel's reply to that was that they meant to keep right on meeting in Hoboken because they'd always met in Hoboken. Imagine! We women have more sense about that. Who is it that switches the furniture around in the living room every season? Moreover, women have a *right* to be represented on the boards of large corporations, you know. In a lot of them, we own a majority of the shares held by individuals. Fifty-six per cent of the stockholders in General Motors are women, forty-five per cent in General Electric, sixty-six per cent in American Tel & Tel, fifty-seven per cent in du Pont, forty-seven per cent in all railroad companies—in fact, nowadays we own seventy per cent of all private American wealth. Why, two years ago I even wore a costume with a bustle to the U.S. Steel meeting to show them how antiquated their thinking is."

THERE are undoubtedly a number of captains of American industry who wouldn't care what Mrs. Soss wore if she would just stay away. The operations by which she endeavors to correct the errant ways of big business are anything but deskbound. Although she does write several dozen letters a month to board chairmen, pointing out their generally retarded development, during the past year she also travelled thousands of miles, in and out of costume, by train, automobile, subway, bus, and Hudson Tube, to pass along her thoughts on her favorite subject to the annual stockholders' meetings of such companies as American Tobacco and Republic Steel, which convene in Flemington, New Jersey; U.S. Steel, in Hoboken; General Motors, in Wilmington; New York Central, in Albany; and Standard Oil of New Jersey, in Linden, as well as to the meetings of such enterprises as the Alexander Smith & Sons Carpet Company, American Radiator & Standard Sanitary, American Telephone & Telegraph, Best Foods, the Corn Exchange Bank, J. P. Morgan & Co., National Dairy Products, the Radio Corporation of America, and Western Union, all of which follow a practice, for which Mrs. Soss invariably commends them, of calling their stockholders to order in psychologically flawless Manhattan. In addition to making these personal appearances, she has dispatched Soss-counselled emissaries, recruited from among her sisters in the Federation, to spread the word among the stockholders of some thirty other companies, including Bayuk Cigars, General Foods, Johns-Manville, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Pepsi-Cola, National Biscuit, Socony-Vacuum, Union Carbide & Carbon, United Fruit, F. W. Woolworth, and Consolidated Edison.

Mrs. Soss never fails to speak at the sessions she attends, and sometimes finds it necessary to leap to her feet a dozen times during one meeting. She is likely to mention first of all the appropriateness of installing a lady member on the board of directors, and then, after the incumbent board has received her suggestion without noticeable enthusiasm, to challenge the order of the agenda; question accounting figures in the annual report; demand to know the whereabouts of absent directors; rise to points of order, procedure, or information; and, finally, at critical junctures in implacably misogynous meetings, to inquire slyly whether there is anything in the company's bylaws to prevent her from introducing a little resolution to put a ceiling on the recalcitrant executives' salaries, stock bonuses, and non-contributory pensions. "The truth is, we shareholders own the corporations," she often reminds fainthearted ladies in the Federation. "All those Prussian-faced directors are just our employees—laboring people, you might say—and there are more women than men among their bosses. Naturally, we owners have a right to give the hired help a few constructive suggestions from time to time, and I am always astonished that they aren't more appreciative of what we women are doing for their own good. After all, Mother knows best."

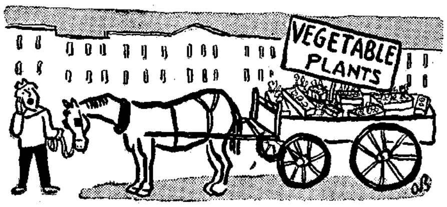
Mrs. Soss, who has no children, is married to Joseph Soss, a tall, quiet, gray-haired man in his late fifties, who is the head of a small outdoor-advertising agency in Brooklyn. Her personal stake in the American free-enterprise system consists of about a hundred scattered shares of steel, railroad, and oil stock. She achieves her extensive circulation among stockholders' meetings by voting not only her own stock but also any proxies her sister members in the Federation entrust to her, as well as the proxies of quite a number of male stockholders who have seen her in action and admire either her principles or simply her spirit. "I've been coming to these meetings for years," one of the latter group, a Connecticut hardware dealer, remarked to a fellow-shareholder at the last American Telephone & Telegraph meeting, while standing in line for the lunch that A. T. & T., like most other major companies, finds it necessary to provide now that some of their stockholders are apt to become aggressively long-winded. "They used to be cut-and-dried affairs, lasting maybe half an hour—read last year's minutes, elect a package block of directors, commend the officers on the statesmanlike way they doubled their salaries during the year, and that was that. Then, a few years ago, a couple of brothers named Gilbert began making some interesting trouble, and now Mrs. Soss is around to turn things into a really cracking good show. I'm even thinking of giving her the proxies for my hundred shares of U.S. Steel for the meeting this May." People like the hardware dealer, and other sympathetic parties, browbeaten or apostolic, have made it possible for Mrs. Soss's voting strength at, for example, the United States Steel meetings to grow from one share—her own—which she represented in 1946, to five shares in 1947, six in 1948, seven hundred in 1949, 7,135 at a special convocation of shareholders in February, 1950, and, at the most recent regular meeting in hazardous Hoboken, last May, to 10,034 shares. It can be added that Big Steel gave no indication of being intimidated even by this last show of strength, which represents approximately .00033 per cent of the corporation's outstanding shares.

THOUGH Mrs. Soss is ready to smite the enemy wherever he stands, her interest in the reform and enlightenment of United States Steel is particularly acute, because it was the Big Steel stockholders' meeting of 1947 that committed her to formal war with American corporate tradition. The previous year's meeting was the first she had ever attended, and it seems to her, as she looks back on it now, that she was shamefully unaggressive. "All I did was give them some friendly talk about how the woman's slant is important even to a steel company," she says. "Why, if you can imagine it, the directors even gave me a hand when I was through." It was on May 5, 1947, that she received, out of the smoke-blue atmosphere of the crowded meeting room U.S. Steel had rented from the Hudson Trust Company, on Hoboken's Newark Street, the call to her present colors. "No one could have been more surprised than I was when I got to my feet that morning and said what I did," she insists. "*I* didn't choose to be the head of the woman's economic-suffrage movement; I was just sitting quietly in my seat, brooding over my one share of stock, when the woman's economic-suffrage movement chose *me*." The call she heard that May morning caused her to jump to her feet and make a speech to the now familiar effect that since women owned almost half the U.S. Steel shares held by individuals (forty-four per cent, as against forty-eight per cent for men that year), women would not long consent to remain stockholders in name only, and that surely there must be a place on the board for a woman and a woman's point of view. The directors, apparently operating on the theory that it is always safe to applaud any reference to womanhood, produced

"*I had to look all over town for those gloves you wanted.*"

a gentlemanly spatter of hand-clapping. This only drove Mrs. Soss on. "It may interest the gentlemen on this board to know," she continued, "that there is being born in this room today the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business. And they will call upon the steel industry and ask for representation in the business they own. It is my hope that you will not wait for the steel industry to be called upon, but that the United States Steel Corporation will take some leadership in this matter." By the time the 1948 meeting came along, U.S. Steel hadn't taken any leadership in this matter, but Mrs. Soss had; in September, 1947, the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, Inc., had been chartered as a nonprofit corporation with the approval of Justice Ferdinand Pecora. Mrs. Soss, accompanied by several newly recruited members of the Federation, sternly caught the Tube back across the river. On this occasion, she not only repeated her feminist complaints but enlarged her list of grievances. "I had by then made three trips over there, always in the rain, on that terrible, complicated Hudson Tube, and I began to wonder why," she says. "You know, a lot of people think these big corporations hold their meetings in godforsaken places to maintain some kind of tax advantage. Well, of course, a lot of them were incorporated in towns like Hoboken and Flemington for tax purposes, but ever since 1926, when the New Jersey law was changed, they haven't had to hold their meetings in their town of incorporation. Therefore, I decided Hoboken must go, and I told them so. It was at that meeting that I stopped getting the sort of tender applause big, strong men like to hand out to dear little women flushed with pretty anger."

It was in May, 1949—there being still no woman director on the board of U.S. Steel, or even under consideration—that Mrs. Soss took to fancy dress. From the Brooks Costume Company, an old trunk of her mother's, and the attics of several ladies of the Federation, she put together an outfit she considered would have been appropriate for the Steel meeting of 1902, and wore it over to Hoboken. It consisted of a Quaker-gray wool dress with leg-of-mutton sleeves and a bustle, a lace fichu, a mauve velvet hat with a plume, a pair of checked spats, a mink stole, a lorgnette, a fan, and a bunch of violets from which protruded a small American flag. If Irving S. Olds, chairman of the board, and the other directors on the dais were under the misapprehension that the getup merely represented a postgraduate version of the New Look, the crackle of news photographers' bulbs disabused them. Mrs. Soss swept down front toward the dais with her arms dramatically extended and said, "Gentlemen, my case. I have suited my costume to management's ideas of stockholder relations." Nevertheless, Mr. Olds and the other stockholders present in person or by proxy did not elect her or any other lady to the board of directors; moreover, the Federation's resolution to move the U.S. Steel meeting across the river was defeated by 8,889,042 shares to 558,802. The discussion preceding the balloting was unusually spirited. Several stockholders rose to describe



ESSAY ON BATHTUBS

From other shores, and from our own sometimes,
Our country's critics shout our country's crimes:
Commercial-minded, fond of jazz and gin,
We're famed for chewing gum and general sin.
Our women run us (so the story goes);
We chase the dollar and ignore the rose;
Our buildings scrape the sky; our vulgar pride
Only betrays our lowbred selves, inside.
In sum we're called—I'm quoting, mind—obscene,
A Plumbing Culture, morbidly too clean,
And while the whole wide world is rent with wrath,
Americans prolong their daily bath.
Here I protest! Say, critics, what you will,
But leave in peace one purgatorial thrill.
What though we *are* a trifle overwashed?
This charge against the bathtub must be quashed!
With all sensations life has offered us
(The amatory ones we shan't discuss),
With any other quickening of the blood,
Compare the moment flesh meets that warm flood:
The toes investigate the genial heat,
Closely pursued by both intrepid feet,
And then the body (easy does it!) nears
The rippling object of our critics' sneers,
Until at last the slowly lowered rump
Touches the bottom with the tiniest bump.
Stretched horizontal underneath that swell,
One almost might wish unwashed critics well.
Consider (as we lounge) the baths of old,
Mosaic wonders wrought of bronze and gold.
We have among us still those wonders' proof—
See Pennsylvania Station's vaulted roof:
Under the Roman likeness of that shell
Both gents and ladies bathed, *au naturel.*
Commuters on the Pennsylvania line
Must daily mourn the modern tub's decline,
Yet our own porcelain product, cramped and small,
And thrust into some six-by-eight-foot stall,
Chilly and sexless as the plain white tile,
Lacking even the railroad-Roman style,
Remains our refuge and must have our praise—
The only place that's left a man to laze.
The Plumbing Culture, then, has got to stay!
No more from malcontents who try to say
That overcleanliness is somehow Foul.
Hail, Bathtub Civilization! Where's my towel?

—WALKER GIBSON

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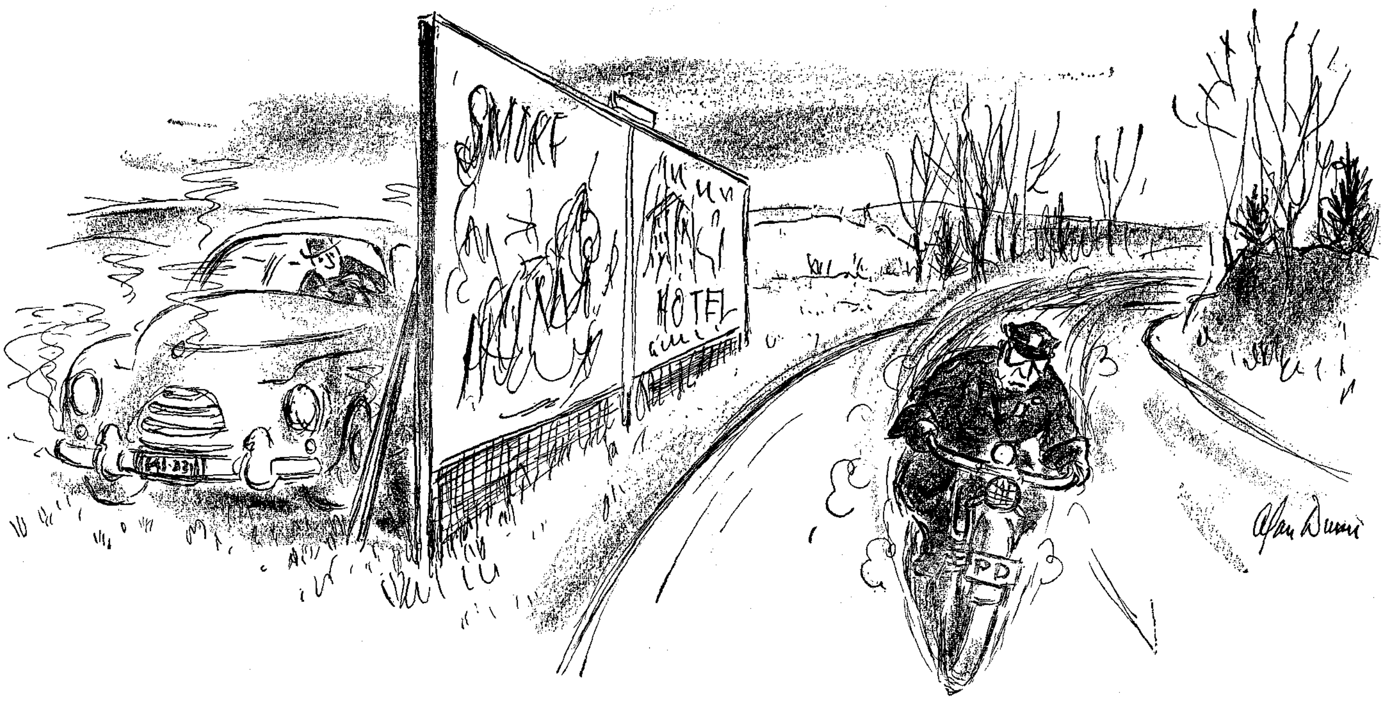


the cramped meeting room, in which about a quarter of the two hundred and fifty stockholders present had to stand, as a disgrace to American capitalism; a Mr. J. Newcomb Blackman, of Brightwaters, Long Island, denounced Mrs. Soss, whom he referred to as "Mrs. Apple Soss," for her circus tactics, which led Mr. Neal Grootegood, of Mineola, to reply that, for his part, he was in favor of costumes, and looked forward to the next annual meeting, when he trusted Mrs. Soss would appear in a bathing suit. As the result of this quotable repartee and the news photographs that went with it, Mrs. Soss's campaign created some little stir. The New York *Times* had already printed an editorial entitled "Stockholders on the Job," which dealt with the Federation and its work and which was inserted into the *Congressional Record* by Representative Katharine St. George, of New York, a Federation member. Now an article in *Time* quoted B. C. Forbes, the financial savant, as sputtering, "The time is past when companies can get away with holding their meetings in damned inaccessible places like Squeedunkus or Hohokus," and an editorial turned up in the *Wall Street Journal*, headed "Steel Corporation Slips," which recalled that only the previous week U.S. Steel, on its radio program, "Theatre Guild on the Air," had referred to its stockholders' meetings in terms that indicated—to the *Journal*, anyhow—that they were "feasts of reason and flows of soul."

Mrs. Soss's determination to polish up the corporate manners of U.S. Steel continued unabated through 1950. At a special February convocation of stockholders called to ratify the management's settlement of a recently concluded steel strike, she detected a hopeful glimmer; the corporation had quietly conceded the shortcomings of its quarters in the Hudson Trust Company building and had rented the Hoboken Union Club, which had twice the capacity, to accommodate its owner-guests. "Hoboken may not have known it, but that was *really* the beginning of the end for Hoboken," Mrs. Soss said firmly to a fellow-member of the Federation on the way back to New York. Then, in May, for the regular stockholders' meeting in the doomed city (again held in the Union Club), Mrs. Soss once more decided to employ costume tactics. For this booking, she chose a cloche hat and a loose-fitting, low-belted wool dress that ended just above her knees. "This is to remind you that you have made some progress but that you are still twenty-five years behind the times in your stockholder relations," she said to Chairman Olds with her most captivating smile. Mr. Olds, ordinarily an amiable and patient gentleman, was not amused, sympathetic, or even resigned, and irritably ruled her out of order at almost every opportunity. Indeed, many Federation ladies have noted that Mr. Olds' manner of handling U.S. Steel's annual meeting is often at variance with the classic procedure suffered through by most big-time presiding chairmen, who are, at whatever cost to their blood pressure, sweetly reasonable, terribly helpful to any stockholder with something on his mind, and ready to respond to any attack from the floor with a manful smile and a sidestepping inquiry as to whether there are any further questions. Thus, Frank W. Abrams, of Standard Oil, last year referred unctuously to that corporation's stockholders as "our bosses;" David Sarnoff, at the R.C.A. get-together, managed to look suavely attentive while a lady stockholder explained to him exactly what was wrong with the aerial on her television set; and Leroy A. Wilson, of American Telephone & Telegraph, kept his temper while a stockholder demanded a list of the things he had done to deserve a raise of $38,088 the previous year. The common opinion of the eight members of the Federation who attended the 1950 U.S. Steel meeting, however, is that Mr. Olds is made of sterner stuff. "You'd think he was Captain Bligh, putting down a mutiny," one member complained tearfully afterward.

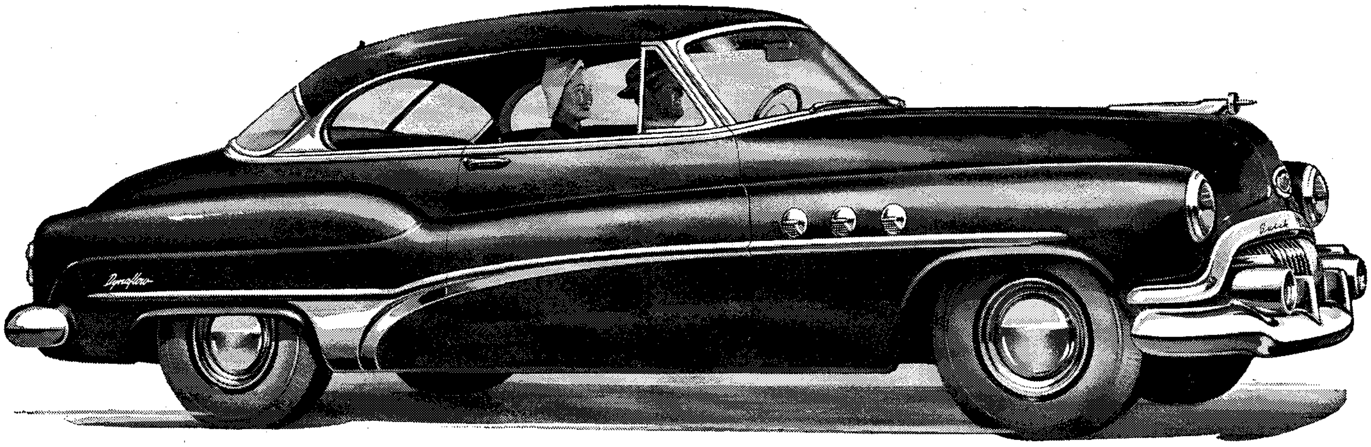
Because of Mr. Olds' ferocious use of the gavel at any sign of opposition during that meeting, and because of his announcement early in the session that he was not going to be interrogated by troublemaking stockholders, Mrs. Soss and her almost equally articulate colleagues were only able to demand that the company's annual report be discussed before the election of directors, on the ground that the directors should be chosen on their records (refused); to request that the stockholders in the

"We decided we'd try separate vacations and he's never come back from his."

• •

room be separated from the non-stockholders, most of whom were company employees (refused); to demand, therefore, that no voice votes be taken (four voice votes were taken); to question the nomination of Mr. Sewell Avery as a director (overruled); to reveal, in reply to a speech by another stockholder, who implied that the ladies were a pretty subversive crew, that Mrs. Soss is in fact a Republican (applause); and to ask for what sinister purpose U.S. Steel is a contributor, according to a Congressional-committee report, to organizations presumably devoted solely to the interests of small businessmen (motion for adjournment). All these contributions to the 1950 feast of reason, put into the record in spite of metronomic gavel cracks, supplemented Mrs. Soss's standard remarks about the advantages of having a lady on the board of directors, the disadvantages of meeting in Hoboken, and the attractions of cumulative voting, a system of balloting by which the owner of, say, ten shares of stock, voting for seven directors, can cast seventy votes for one candidate, rather than ten votes apiece for seven candidates. (This procedure, just incidentally, might someday allow a lady stockholder, nominated from the floor, to be elected by a sufficiently well-endowed group of her disciples.) The Federation's resolutions underwent their usual crushing defeat, receiving slightly less than five per cent of the total vote. Since, however, the Securities and Exchange Commission permits any resolution supported by three per cent of the vote to be reintroduced the following year, Mrs. Soss was able, before sweeping off to the Tube in her finery of the twenties, to comfort Mr. Olds with the knowledge that she and her resolutions would be with him again this May.

AT a tea given recently for the Federation by Jacob Ruppert's sister-in-law, Mrs. George Ruppert, who is a member, the ladies were discussing their campaign against U.S. Steel. "I'm sure it would give Mr. Olds and the other uncoöperative board chairmen a lot of pleasure to think of us as anarchists or part of the lunatic fringe," said one member, gathering her stole about her, "but, unfortunately for all their plans, we are nothing of the sort." Certainly Mrs. Soss is nothing of the sort, if one accepts the premises that no Republican is an anarchist and that no woman who has earned a salary of thirty thousand dollars a year is a lunatic. Born in San Francisco, sometime before the earthquake of 1906 ("I don't believe in age," she says. "I believe, like the Christian Scientists or somebody, that one is reborn every day"), she was brought by her mother to New York, her mother's original home, after the disaster, which handily destroyed her birth certificate. By this time, her mother had been divorced from her father, George Edison Porter, a New England photographer who had set up trade in San Francisco. A few months after arriving in New York, Mrs. Porter married a Hungarian neckwear manufacturer, and not much later the couple moved back to the West Coast. Wilma was left with her grandmother and grandfather, the latter a well-off retired insurance man, and spent most of her childhood in their house on Second Street, in the Park Slope section of Brooklyn. "We had not just a brownstone but a brownstone with bays," she says. She went to P.S. 77 and later to Manual Training High School. The class prophecy when she graduated, in 1919, was that she would be a teacher, a reformer, or a "keeper of a boarding house for ex-monarchs." After deciding to withdraw from a postgraduate business course because she could not keep from writing poetry in the ledgers and was informed by her teachers that she had no head for figures, she enrolled at Columbia for a four-year course in journalism. She completed three and a half years of the course, during the last six months of which she worked for eight dollars a week as a night reporter on the Brooklyn *Times*, then a competitor of the *Eagle*, which bought it up fifteen years later. In 1923, she left college and the newspaper business to get married, but she returned to the *Times* two years afterward, as its movie reviewer, a low rung on the ladder of any newspaper in the early twenties. Eventually, she also took on a weekly column, signed "Matinée Girl," which required her to interview leading theatrical personalities. In the course of her rounds, she met David Belasco, who told her that she ought to go on the stage. "As you know," she says, "the suburbs are lousy with women Belasco wanted to star on Broadway. Nothing came of it." One



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Now that the 1951 offerings of the motorcar industry have had a chance to strut their stuff, we ask you—can there be any doubt which is the really smart buy?

If you want a "new look"—Buick has it. That sturdy push-bar forefront says "1951" to all who see it—and provides unsurpassed front-end protection to boot.

If you want power that you can live with through many moons to come—Buick has that too. Years of expert engineering have made Buick's thrill-packed Fireball engine just about as dependable as a power plant can be.

If you want features that combine present pleasure with long-time durability, consider this:

Buick's level-going ride stems from coil springs on all four wheels which are virtually breakproof and never need servicing.

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If you want room and comfort and handling that make any trip a breeze—there's no simpler way to find them than to take over a '51 Buick SPECIAL, SUPER or ROADMASTER—relax and enjoy yourself.

And if you want all this at a minimum outlay of dollars—one look at Buick prices will settle this point.

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DYNAFLOW DRIVE* • FIREBALL POWER
4-WHEEL COIL SPRINGING • DUAL VENTILATION
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**Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on other Series.*

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Your Key to Greater Value

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

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Where
to buy
MACINTOSH

The original English Macintosh illustrated on the opposite page can be bought at the following stores:

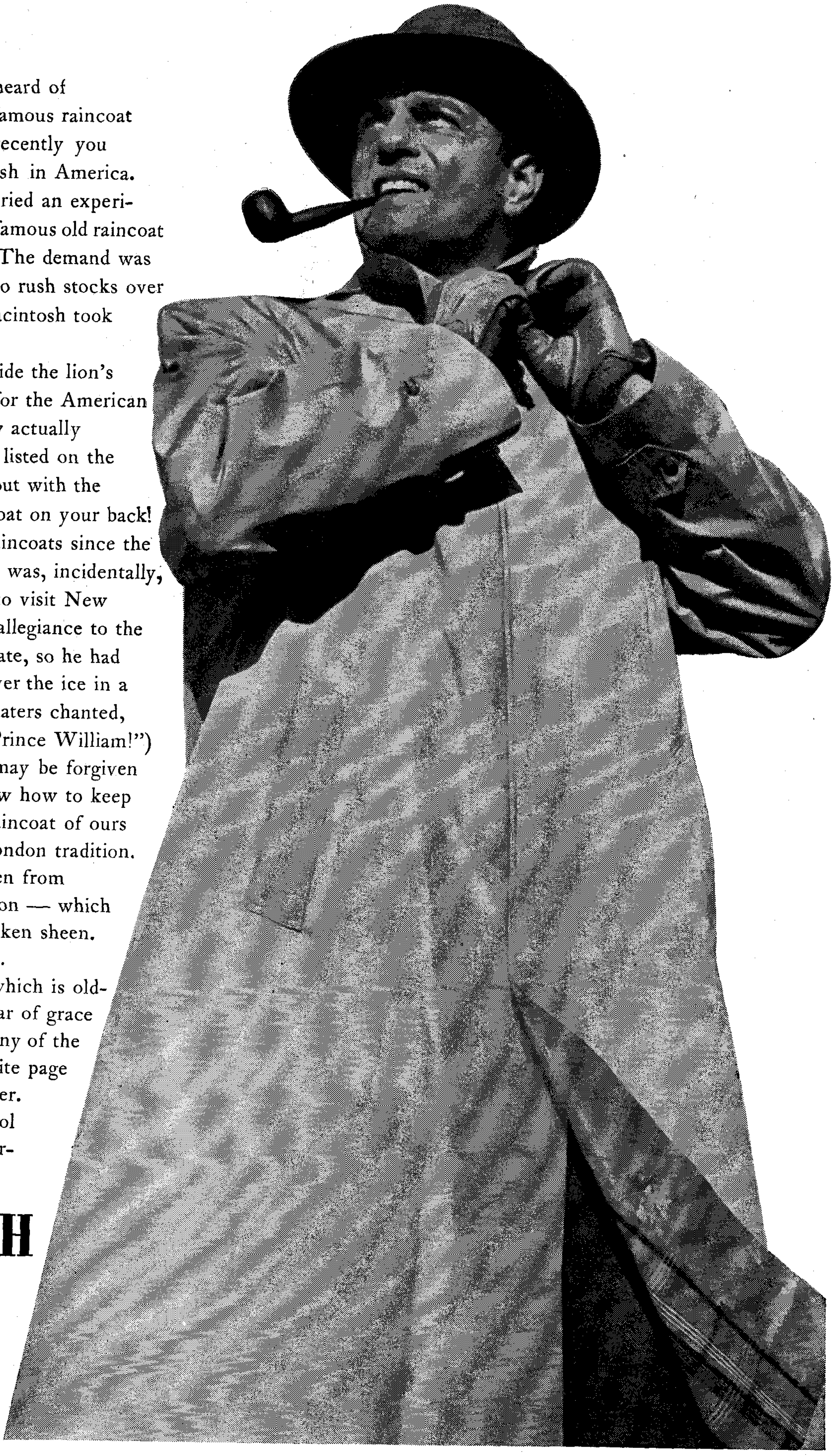
Albany	W. E. Walsh & Sons
Atlanta, Ga.	John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore	Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.	George J. Good
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Pesterre & May
Boston	Jordan Marsh
“	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Buffalo	Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif.	Robert W. Gates
Cambridge, Mass.	Sills & Company
Carmel, Calif.	Mahar's
Chatham, Mass.	The Sail Loft
Chicago	Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland	The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs	MacNeil & Moore
Columbus, Ohio	John H. Pumphrey Co.
Dallas	Neiman-Marcus Company
Dayton, Ohio	Walker's
Denver	The Gano-Downs Company
Detroit	Capper & Capper
“	Scholnick's
Greenwich, Conn.	Outdoor Traders Inc.
Hartford, Conn.	G. Fox & Co. Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.	Sidney's Ltd.
Hopkinsville, Ky.	Frank Cayce Company
Houston	Sakowitz Bros.
Hutchinson, Kansas	Watson's
Indianapolis	L. Strauss & Co. Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Los Angeles	J. W. Robinson Co.
“	Phelps-Terkel
Louisville	Roche & Roche Inc.
Lynchburg, Va.	J. R. Millner Co.
Memphis	Julius Lewis Inc.
Miami	Eddie Stephens
Milwaukee	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis,	Maurice L. Rothschild-Young Quinlan Co.
“	Nicolas Inc.
Newark	L. Bamberger & Co.
New Haven	Gentree Ltd.
New Orleans	Godchaux's
Newport, R. I.	Thompson-Forbes Inc.
New York	Abercrombie & Fitch
Oakland, Calif.	Larry Cunningham
Oklahoma City	Connolly's
“	Rothschild's
Palo Alto, Calif.	Fox Ltd.
Pasadena, Calif.	Harry FitzGerald Inc.
Philadelphia	Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh	Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon	Mathis
Providence	Elsbree Valleau Co. Inc.
Richmond, Va.	Berry-Burk & Co.
Rochester	Whillock Bros.
St. Louis	Boyd's
St. Paul	Maurice L. Rothschild & Co.
Salt Lake City	Maurice Anderson
San Francisco	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
“	Bullock & Jones
Santa-Monica, Calif.	Jackson-Tilner
Seattle	Littler
Spokane	Davenport Sports Shop
Syracuse	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Toledo	Damschroder Berry Inc.
Trenton, N. J.	Holland Bros.
Tulsa, Okla.	Clarke's
Vineyard Haven, Mass.	David's
Washington, D. C.	Lewis & Thos. Saltz, Inc.
Willimantic, Conn.	The Church-Reed Co.
Worcester, Mass.	Mark, Inc.

NOTE TO RETAILERS: ROBERT APPLEBY & Co., INC., of 22 West 48th Street, N. Y., carry stocks of this Macintosh weathercoat at their New York warehouse and will fill your orders within twenty-four hours.

of the Matinée Girl's interview subjects in 1927 was Jane Cowl, whose husband, Adolph Klauber, former theatre critic for the New York *Times*, approved of the resulting article to the extent of getting its writer a job as press agent for a new John van Druten play, "Diversion," at a salary considerably more diverting than the twenty-five dollars a week she was by that time making in Brooklyn. When the play closed, after sixty-two performances, she moved on to the publicity office of Florenz Ziegfeld. Ziegfeld, however, soon decided that no woman could extol a chorus line with the proper fervor, and traded her to Harry Reichenbach, probably the most flamboyant press agent around then, for a man he wanted. As Reichenbach's assistant for five years, until his death in 1931, Mrs. Soss arranged to have a satisfactory number of column inches in the New York papers devoted to an Austrian archduke who wanted to get into the movies, a lady endurance flier, the Atlantic Beach Club, the dancer Argentinita, Betty Compton, and Bernard K. Marcus, who later went to jail for some doubtful maneuverings as president of the Bank of United States. After Reichenbach's death, Mrs. Soss came to the conclusion that a lady press agent who was successful on Broadway could do even better a couple of blocks to the east, in the fashion field. During the next three years, she became, she believes, the highest-paid publicity woman on Fifth Avenue, making as much as seven hundred and fifty dollars a week on individual assignments for such clients as Saks Fifth Avenue, Tailored Woman, and Shoecraft. The Alfred Dunhill people in 1932 offered her the job of publicity director, which she accepted. Shortly after she took over, Mike Romanoff, who had dropped in to buy some Dunhill's Royal Yacht Tobacco, was arrested by the immigration authorities at the door of the shop. This piece of advertising was not engineered by Mrs. Soss, but she supplemented it by arranging to have Romanoff send over from Ellis Island for the brand. During this period, she occasionally took on special commissions for Universal Pictures, whose advertising director later described her as "one of the ablest publicity women I ever met," and represented Gladys Swarthout from 1931 to 1938.

In 1934, holding on to the Swarthout assignment and a couple of others, Mrs. Soss settled down as publicity director for the International Silk Guild, an association sponsored by an industry then capitalized at half a billion dollars. The Guild was subsidized by the Japanese and dedicated to the proposition that all the forces of evil were clothed in rayon. "I still get an uncomfortable feeling whenever I even see that word in the paper," says Mrs. Soss, who in her seven years with the Guild wore nothing but silk indoors. During her silk-bearing period, one of her outstanding accomplishments was helping to prevail upon the Federal Trade Commission to require that all articles made of silk or its synthetic substitutes be labelled for what they are, a regulation that had just been triumphantly inscribed on the books when the super-synthetic, nylon, came along. It soon became clear that women were grateful for the labels, but that the label they wanted most to see was "Nylon." When, in March, 1941, the Japanese cut off their financial support of the Guild, Mrs. Soss was well enough persuaded of the inevitability of war to take a job in Detroit with the Evans Products Company, which makes railroad-loading equipment and devices for lashing down freight on flatcars, and whose importance in case of war was not hard to foresee. The company's founder and president, Colonel Edward S. Evans, paid her twenty thousand dollars a year as director of publicity, a position she held for four years. When Evans died, in the fall of 1945, Mrs. Soss transferred her talents to Philadelphia and the Budd Company, manufacturers of streamlined railroad cars, whose owner, Edward G. Budd, boosted her annual take to thirty thousand dollars. Budd died in 1946, and Mrs. Soss was just winding up her work and getting ready to turn in the stainless-steel calling cards she had affected during her employment by the Budd Company when the idea of the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business claimed her, heart, soul,

Here is the original Macintosh—imported from London



All your life you have heard of Macintosh — the most famous raincoat in the world. But until recently you could not buy a Macintosh in America. Last year, however, we tried an experiment. We advertised our famous old raincoat in THE NEW YORKER. The demand was overwhelming. We had to rush stocks over from London by air. Macintosh took America by storm.

This year we have set aside the lion's share of our production for the American market, and you can now actually go into any of the stores listed on the opposite page and walk out with the original Macintosh raincoat on your back!

We have been making raincoats since the days of William IV, who was, incidentally, the only English Prince to visit New York while it still owed allegiance to the Crown. (He couldn't skate, so he had himself pushed around over the ice in a special chair while the skaters chanted, "Huzzah! Huzzah! for Prince William!")

After all these years we may be forgiven for thinking that we know how to keep men *dry*. This famous raincoat of ours is tailored in the great London tradition. The cloth is *poplin*, woven from long-staple Egyptian cotton — which gives it a distinguished silken sheen. It weighs only 32 ounces.

Price? About $29.50 — which is old-fashioned value in this year of grace 1951. You can buy it at any of the stores listed on the opposite page — by visit or by mail order.

(We also make an all-wool worsted-gabardine weather-coat at about $70.)

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

CHAS. MACINTOSH & CO. LTD. MANUFACTURERS
TRADE MARK
ESTABLISHED 1824 ®

OPENS THURS. EVE. APR. 5TH
HARRY RIGBY and JULE STYNE
with ALEXANDER H. COHEN present
Nanette Fabray
in a NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
"Make a Wish"
Book by PRESTON STURGES
Music & Lyrics by HUGH MARTIN
Based on "THE GOOD FAIRY" by
FERENC MOLNAR
Dances & Musical Ensembles by
GOWER CHAMPION
Settings & Costumes by
RAOUL PENE DU BOIS
Featuring
STEPHEN DOUGLASS • HELEN GALLAGHER
FRANKLIN PANGBORN • MARIE BRYANT
SYLVIA MANON TRIO
with HAROLD LANG
and
MELVILLE COOPER
Musical Direction by MILTON ROSENSTOCK
Vocal Arrangements by MR. MARTIN
Orchestrations by PHIL LANG—ALLAN SMALL
Vocal Direction BUSTER DAVIS
Dance Music Arranged by RICHARD PRIBOR
ENTIRE PRODUCTION STAGED BY JOHN C. WILSON
PRICES (Tax Included): Opening Night, Orch. & Loge sold out; Mezz. $6.00, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Evgs. thereafter: Orch. $6.60; Loge $6.00; Mezz. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday: Orch. $3.60; Loge $3.60; Mezz. $3.00, 2.40, 1.80.
MAIL ORDERS WILL DEFINITELY BE FILLED IN ORDER OF RECEIPT
To insure prompt delivery of tickets, please give at least two alternate dates. When requesting specific locations, please ask for first available date.
Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope and make checks or money orders payable to Winter Garden Theatre. Address to "Make A Wish," Winter Garden Theatre.
MAIL ORDERS NOW
WINTER GARDEN THEA.
1638 Broadway, N. Y. 19

and pocketbook. Her income declined almost to zero (the Federation charter specifically prohibits the officers from accepting any money for their services), but her crusading spirit was on the rise. She has held no other job since.

"As you can see," Mrs. Soss told an interested visitor the other day, "my career up to that time had hardly been that of a woman frustrated at every turn, who had no choice but to go out and be a raving federation-founder. As a matter of fact, being a woman was almost always a help, as I look back on my business career. I dressed the part, you know—always good hats with beige veils—and God knows, I thought the men were wonderful to me. I played the hundred-men-and-a-girl act like the original Deanna Durbin. But in New York, of course, I had always worked in the theatre and fashion fields, where women are important people to begin with. When I got out to Detroit, I found out what most men really think of most women. You should have seen those male faces out there whenever I'd suggest that while they were redoing their offices in morocco leather they put one full-length mirror in the washroom for the girls. 'Oh, *them*' was the general idea. Then, when I came back to New York after the war, I went around to several men I'd known through Colonel Evans and the Budd people and offered my services to help them work things out with labor. I wanted them to present their side of the picture by becoming human beings in the public eye—just as much as Walter Reuther is, for instance. 'Oh, I couldn't stick my neck out *that* way!' one of them said to me, and a couple of others reminded me that, after all, it was only a few years until they would be retiring. It was right then that I knew for certain the men of this country aren't what they used to be, and that it was up to the women to take over."

MRS. Soss's first step toward what she hoped would be a bloodless revolution was to ascertain how much truth there was in some talk she had heard to the effect that women really own the major portion of American industry. When she found that their holdings are indeed more substantial than those of individual men stockholders, her second step was to buy a share of U.S. Steel, for seventy-eight dollars—her first piece of fighting stock. Although the historic consequence, the Federation, was chartered in 1947, it didn't start holding regular meetings

"THE BIG, WARM-HEARTED, FUNNY HIT!"
—*Walter Winchell*
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present
The Happy Time
A New Comedy by SAMUEL TAYLOR
Based on the Book by Robert Fontaine
Directed by ROBERT LEWIS
PLYMOUTH THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

PULITZER PRIZE and CRITICS' AWARD
RICHARD RODGERS & OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
present in association with
LELAND HAYWARD & JOSHUA LOGAN
MARY MARTIN
RAY MIDDLETON
IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
Adapted from JAMES A. MICHENER'S Pulitzer Prize Winning "TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC"
Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN
Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
with MYRON McCORMICK
MAJESTIC THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Evenings 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30.

"A LUSTY COMEDY"—ATKINSON, Times
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
The Rose Tattoo
A new play by
Tennessee Williams
Directed by DANIEL MANN
with MAUREEN STAPLETON ELI WALLACH
Setting designed by BORIS ARONSON • Costumes designed by ROSE BOGDANOFF
Incidental Music by DAVID DIAMOND
Lighting by CHARLES ELSON
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
MARTIN BECK, W. 45 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

COLE PORTER'S New Musical
"OUT OF THIS WORLD"
Starring CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
Book by DWIGHT TAYLOR & REGINALD LAWRENCE
Entire Prod. Staged by AGNES deMILLE
CENTURY THEA. 7th Ave. & 59 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

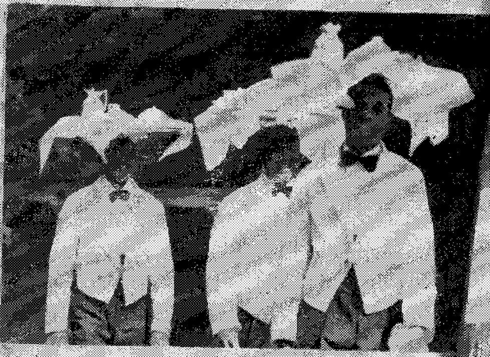
ANNE JEFFREYS in
"KISS ME, KATE"
Music and Lyrics by COLE PORTER
Book by SAM & BELLA SPEWACK
SAM S. SHUBERT W. 44 Evg. incl. Sun. Mat. Sat. & Sun.

SPRINGTIME AT THE

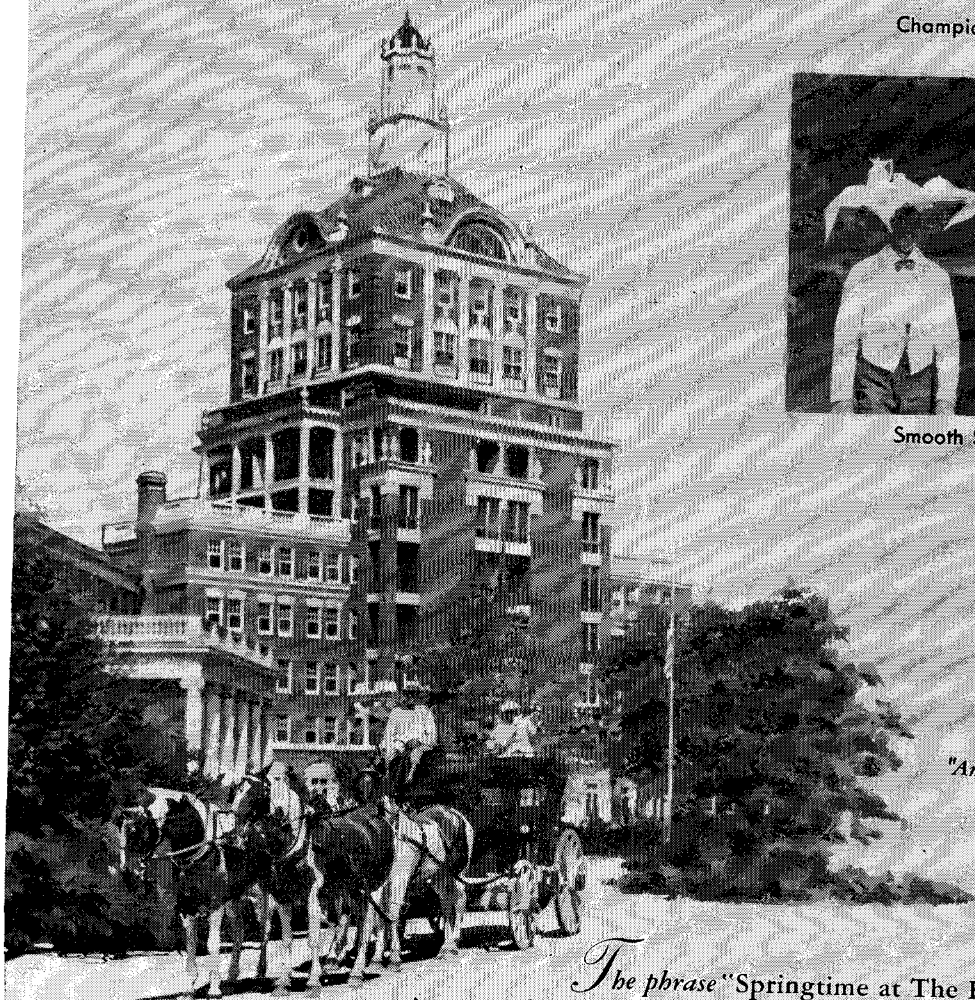
Homestead

...HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

Championship Golf courses



Smooth Southern Service



"America's Most Distinguished Country Hotel"

The phrase "Springtime at The Homestead" is partly descriptive... and partly magic. ★ The descriptive facts, experienced resorters will tell you, are The Homestead's supremely comfortable accommodations... the unequalled sports facilities on our 17,000-acre estate... the ease with which you can reach our charming, peaceful valley. The magic, you will learn yourself, is in the incomparable Homestead service... in the early flowers and greenery on the Alleghany mountain-sides... in the delightful social scene at this famous hotel. Plan now to enjoy it all this Spring. Our illustrated folder and rate information will be sent at your request.

The HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

FAY INGALLS, *President*... FRANK H. BRIGGS, *Gen'l. Mgr.* N. Y. Office — The Chatham — *Plaza 8-2490*

"A vastly enjoyable song-and-dance antic put on with humorous perfection."
— BROOKS ATKINSON, Times

CAROL CHANNING
In The Musical Comedy Smash
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
ZIEGFELD THEA., 54 St. & 6 Ave.
Mats. Wednesday and Saturday

Bell, Book and Candle
BARRYMORE THEA., 47 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"a Fine play... and I recommend it to you heartily."
—WOLCOTT GIBBS, THE NEW YORKER
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S Brilliant Play
CLAUDE RAINS in
DARKNESS AT NOON
Based on the Novel by ARTHUR KOESTLER
ALVIN THEATRE, 250 W. 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

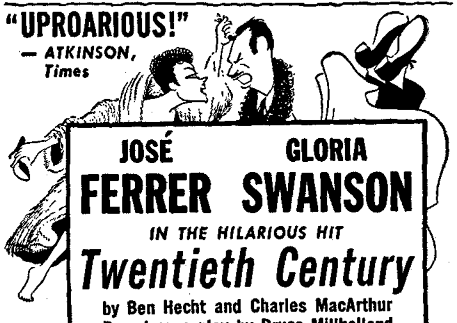
"A COMEDY SMASH!"
—Garland, Jour.-Amer.
RICHARD W. KRAKEUR & FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE present
CELESTE HOLM
in "Affairs of State"
by LOUIS VERNEUIL
with REGINALD OWEN BARBARA O'NEIL and SHEPPERD STRUDWICK
Evgs. $4.80, 4.20, 3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80. Mats. Wed. & Sat. $3.60, 3., 2.40, 1.80, 1.20. (Tax Included).
MUSIC BOX, 45 W. of Bway, CI 6-4636

"A VIVID AND STINGING PLAY"
-ATKINSON, TIMES
Dwight Deere Wiman & Co. presents
THE STRASBERG & ODETS production
PAUL KELLY in UTA HAGEN
"The Country Girl"
A New play by CLIFFORD ODETS with STEVEN HILL
Staged by Mr. Odets
LYCEUM THEATRE
West 45th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

until the fall of 1948. Its first officers included Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde, as vice-president, and Hortense Odlum, as a trustee. Today, its membership list contains representatives from twenty-nine states and Mexico; Katharine Cornell is enrolled, and honorary memberships are held by Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of the United States Mint, and Mrs. Georgia Neese Clark, Treasurer of the United States. The exact total enrollment is Mrs. Soss's secret, but it is probably about fifteen hundred. "We keep quiet about it for our own protection, so nobody can jeer at us for being too small to sneeze at," she says. Most of the members joined up after reading about Mrs. Soss in the paper or hearing about her from somebody who had seen her perform at a stockholders' meeting. They appear to be divided fairly equally into three groups: feminist businesswomen who have saved enough money to make some modest investments, elderly widows who want to be told what to do about those deadly proxy forms that keep filling up their mailboxes, and reasonably well-fixed younger women who know what the proxies are for but want to know where to go from there.

A meeting of all the members is called once a year, and Mrs. Soss periodically assembles the two hundred Federation members in the New York area, usually in the meeting room of an enlightened downtown bank. Occasionally, a speaker, such as Justice Pecora or Harrison Smith, the gratifyingly pro-feminist associate editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, comes around to reassure the ladies about the importance of women to the future of American business, and last winter two courses of ten lectures each were given on parliamentary procedure by a Federation member, Lillian A. Lilly, former president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, so that members are now less likely than ever to be wrested out of their possession of the floor by intransigent board chairmen. Of the several hundred women who turn up for the annual full-membership meeting, no more than two dozen are real front-line troops who regularly take part in the excursions to stockholders' meetings that the Federation began organizing in the spring of 1949. One of the most active of these is Mrs. Jessie Adler, a Lynbrook, Long Island, lady of seventy-three, who arrived in Mrs. Soss's office the day after the epochal 1947 U.S. Steel meeting with unopened proxies from twenty-eight corporations. During 1950, she was in sharp-eyed

KERMIT BLOOMGARDEN presents
LILLIAN HELLMAN'S New Play
starring
FREDRIC MARCH FLORENCE ELDRIDGE JANE WYATT
ETHEL GRIFFIES KENT SMITH
the Autumn Garden
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
CORONET Theatre, W. 49th St.
EVES. 8:40, MATS. WED. & SAT.



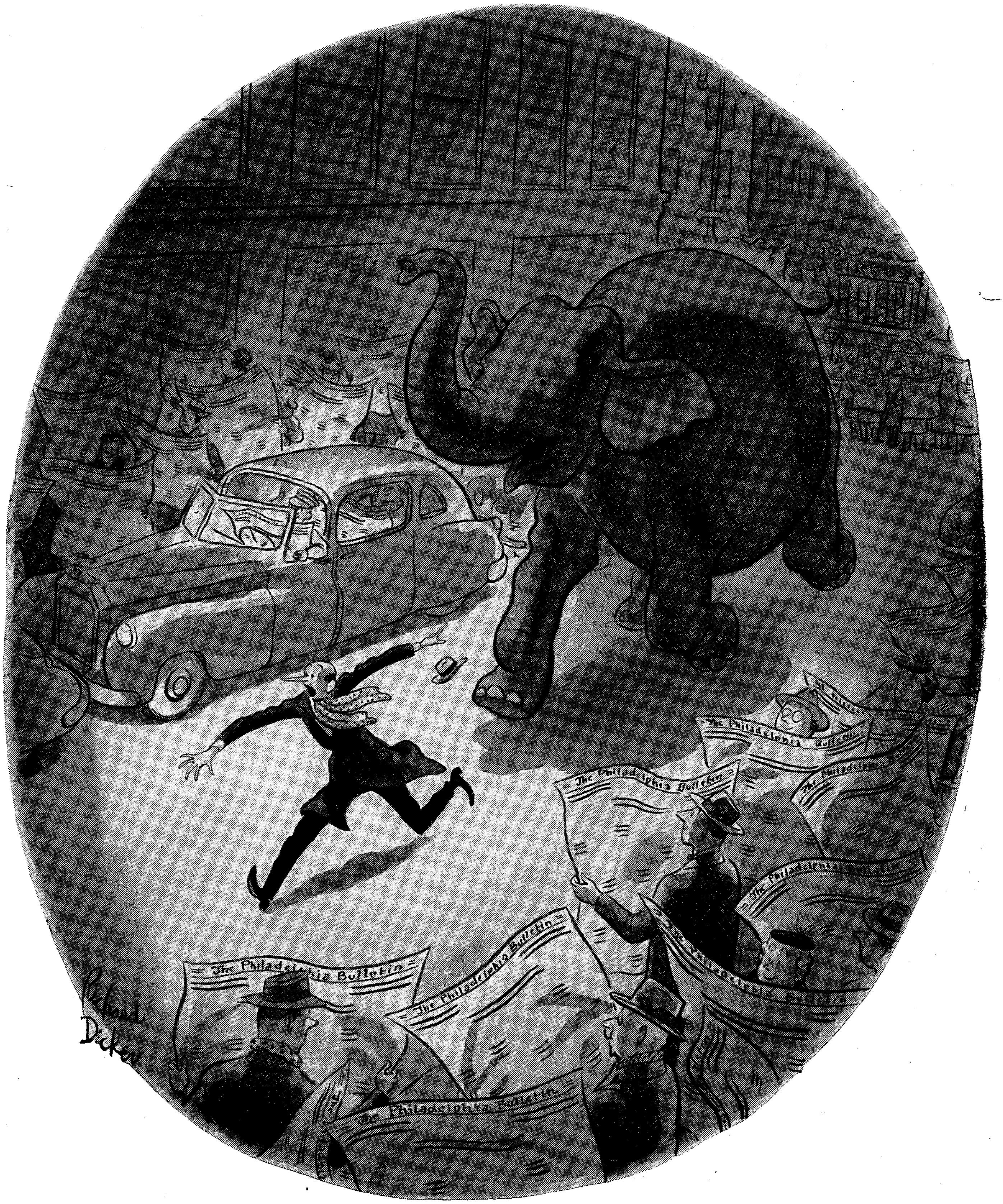
"UPROARIOUS!"
— ATKINSON, Times
JOSÉ FERRER GLORIA SWANSON
IN THE HILARIOUS HIT
Twentieth Century
by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur
Based on a play by Bruce Millholland
FULTON, West 46 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward presents
Ethel Merman in
"Call Me Madam"
with PAUL LUKAS
ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
Book by HOWARD LINDSAY & RUSSEL CROUSE
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
Dances & Musical Numbers by JEROME ROBBINS
IMPERIAL Thea. 255 W. 45th St., N. Y. 19
Evgs. at 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. at 2:30

"UPROARIOUS ROMP"—Robert Coleman, Mirror
COURTNEY BURR and MALCOLM PEARSON present
RICHARD WHORF • NANCY KELLY
in WOLCOTT GIBBS' New Comedy
"Season in the Sun"
Directed by BURGESS MEREDITH
Anthony ROSS King CALDER Paula LAURENCE
CORT THEATRE
137 W. 48th St., Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ALFRED de LIAGRE, JR. presents
Clive Brook
in SECOND THRESHOLD
with Margaret Phillips
and HUGH REILLY
by PHILIP BARRY
revisions by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD
MOROSCO, W. 45 St., Eves 8:40, Mats., Wed. & Sat. 2:40

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
FRED ASTAIRE • JANE POWELL
"ROYAL WEDDING"
Color by TECHNICOLOR
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
plus THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW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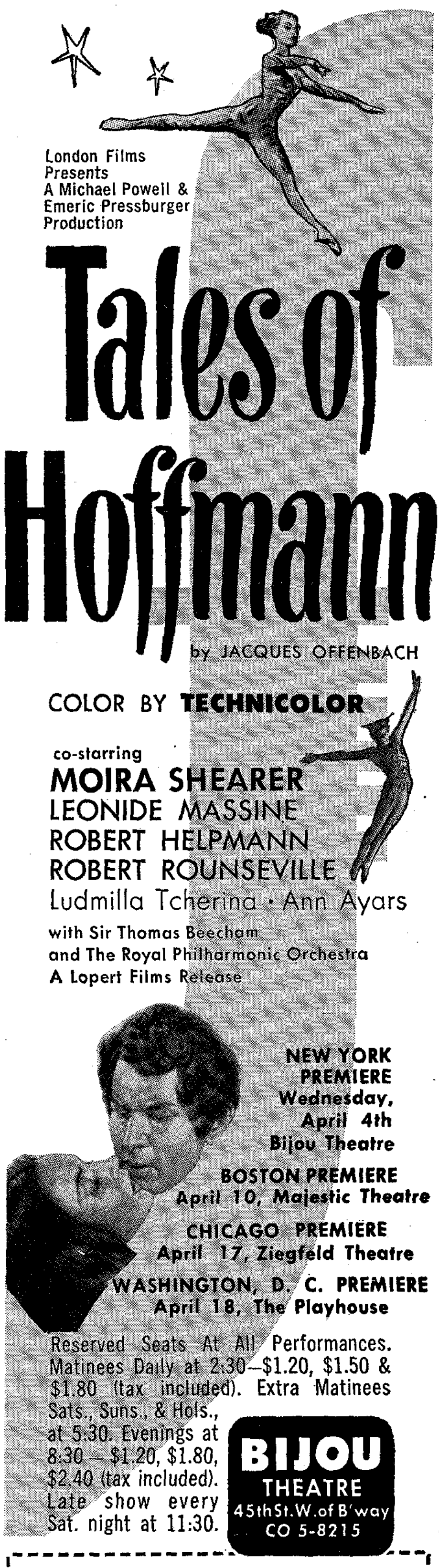

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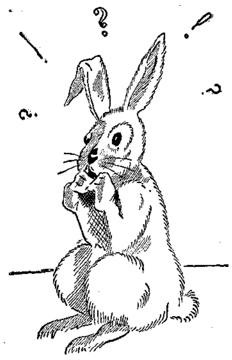
attendance at the meetings of fifteen of them. For the benefit of noncombatant members, a summary of activities in the trenches is sent annually to the entire Federation roster, listing (with sideline commentary by Mrs. Soss) stockholders' meetings attended, triumphs achieved, causes temporarily lost, and grades meted out to corporations and individual directors on the basis of their treatment of lady stockholders. The marks sent out in the 1950 report card go from a double A for Fowler McCormick, of International Harvester ("most stockholder-minded chairman"), and for R.C.A.'s David Sarnoff ("most democratic chairman") to D for the terrible-tempered Mr. Olds ("most autocratic chairman") and for Alfred Sloan, of General Motors. Mr. Sloan was held in especially low esteem for a remark that he would rather have his directors out playing golf than racketing around the country attending regional stockholders' meetings, as Mrs. Soss had suggested. "This statement ranks in history with 'The public be damned,' " the report says indignantly. Also, according to Mrs. Soss's asides, Carl Black, in his first gavel-wielding performance for the American Can Company, was "a promising débutant, pronounced ready for the Big Time," and Paul M. Hahn, of the American Tobacco Company, was "the Charles Boyer of chairmen." In addition, the 1950 summary includes a list of the resolutions with which the Federation will assault eight major corporations this year. These call, variously, for the immediate abandonment of out-of-town meeting sites and for the election of lady board members. In the case of the Borden Company, Mrs. Soss has thought up a particularly persuasive argument in favor of installing a woman director. "After all," the resolution, quoted in the report, states, "it was Elsie the cow, not Elmer the bull, who built Borden's sales."

This informative publication and several others that go to Federation women during the year are paid for out of membership fees, which range from five dollars, for a general membership, to a thousand dollars, for an endowing membership. The fact that Mrs. Soss gets no money from the Federation puts her in a position without precedent in her previous career. Some of her friends recall being asked their opinion of the first draft of an article about her, written some years ago but never published, which declared that "above all things Wilma Soss loves money," a comment that the subject of the piece



Easter 1951.

A family day, really.
Lucy has a new outfit. Green.
Jimmy in long pants. First time.
A white bunny, spring flowers, and
Eggs in colored shells.
Mother has a new hat.
Daddy took a haircut.
A family day, really.

Easter in New York.
Day for rejoicing and
Children's laughter.
Hearts sing. Voices pray.
Special dinner. In all,
A family day, really.

Family day? Mostly—
Except for children with no family.
Father deserted, perhaps.
Mother died. Suddenly.
Easter—yet no family day.

To keep families together,
To prevent hardship and
Alleviate suffering—
That's the job of CSS
This Easter of 1951
And the year round.

To help us stand by families,
And children with no families—
The lonely, unhappy and
Conflicted families—
So that they may be helped
To help themselves
This Easter of 1951—

We ask your support.

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arranged to have changed to "Wilma Soss is an apostle of profit." Today, she has sufficiently revised her credo to be able to remark, without quivering perceptibly, that the job of converting stubborn heathens to a better way of life isn't likely ever to become a paying proposition. On occasion, the question arises as to whether the comparative penury of the missionary life will eventually weaken her crusading fervor. She has been known to concede that the time may come when she will want to take over a publicity account on the side. "Now, just which one of the boys whose lives I've been making so miserable these last years will be bidding for me first?" she rhetorically asked a lieutenant while discussing the matter recently.

In acknowledgment of her new and dedicated existence, Mrs. Soss, in the fall of 1947, gave up the three-thousand-dollar-a-year office suite with leopard-upholstered décor, at 8 West Fortieth Street, that she had occupied since the beginning of 1945. At the moment, the headquarters of the Federation are in Mrs. Soss's own apartment, in a small residential hotel on lower Park Avenue, to which she moved from far more elaborate quarters on midtown Park Avenue in the winter of 1942. The Sosses' four-room suite is crammed with filing cases, proxy forms, unfiled clippings, typewriters, membership lists, and stacks of booklets containing the Federation's bylaws. All this crowding is taken in moderately good spirit by the other individuals living in the apartment—her husband and her seventy-year-old mother. (When Mrs. Soss is asked how so aggressive a lady has been able to remain married to one man for so long, she says, "Well, I love my husband, and at home I don't talk so much.") During the summer, the situation is considerably eased; stockholders' meetings are out of season, and the family retires to Freeport, Long Island, where they have been going for the last eight years. There Mrs. Soss passes most of her days fishing with her husband, who commutes, and her evenings dining on their catch. "Cleaning fish is pure poetry, you know," she is apt to say, without flickering an eyelash. In the fall, she reverts to prose, writing indignant letters to offending industrialists; she also organizes and directs panel discussions on the natural rights of females, stockholders, or both, for such sponsors as Town Hall and the Brooklyn Woman's Club, occasionally represents aroused womanhood on television programs, and so on. Her primary

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cold-weather activity, however, is presiding over Federation meetings and preparing herself and other members for the big push in the late winter and spring. Most of the bank meetings are in January. This year, during the lull between then and March, Mrs. Soss spent her time rounding up proxies, wheedling favorable opinions out of the S.E.C., berating assistant general counsels over the phone, and preparing those hopeful resolutions, which are now being sent out as part of the proxy statements of such corporations as General Motors, U.S. Steel, American Telephone & Telegraph, and the Pennsylvania Railroad. Some million and a half stockholders will eventually vote on them either by mail or, beginning in a week or so, when the big meeting season starts, in person. In these crucial field-work months, scarcely a day will go by that Mrs. Soss isn't holding a briefing conference with other meeting-going ladies or charging into the fight herself, clutching in her right hand three pounds of bylaws, proxy forms, S.E.C. regulations, and lists of the shares she represents at the day's meeting, and with her left hand holding on to a new and becoming hat she has borrowed or bought from Mr. John for the occasion.

Although the Federation has not been very successful in domesticating Mrs. Soss's chief antagonist, United States Steel, it has found several other corporations less headstrong. The Federation members consider that they were instrumental in getting four women appointed directors of American corporations in the last year: Mrs. Mary Burnett Horton, of Greenwich, is now a director of Sheffield Farms, a National Dairy Products subsidiary; Mrs. Madeleine Edison Sloane, Thomas Edison's daughter, is a member of the board of Western Union; Miss Alice E. Crawford is on the board of the Corn Exchange Bank; and Mrs. Mildred McAfee Horton has been elevated to the peerage of the National Broadcasting Company. "We've broken the lockout! They're coming thick and fast now," Mrs. Soss exulted the other day, although her own particular candidates, Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen Rohde, whom she proposed for the board of N.B.C.'s parent body, the Radio Corporation of America, and Mrs. O. A. Beech, president of the Beech Aircraft Corporation, whom she nominated for the board of General Motors, were defeated by margins of 11,504,984 and 33,384,366 votes, respectively. The Federation's head-on attack against out-of-town

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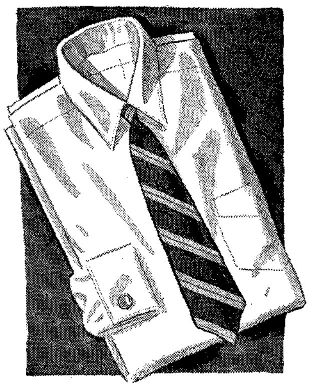

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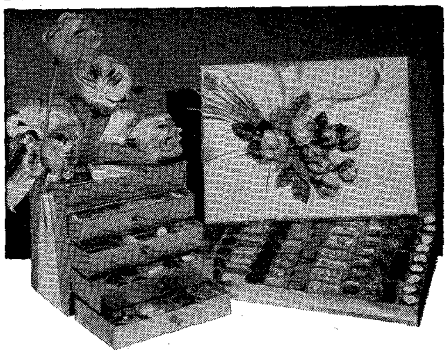

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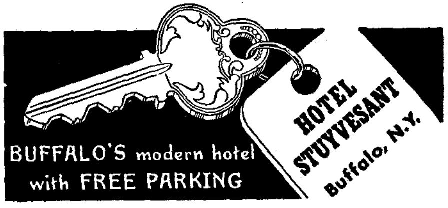

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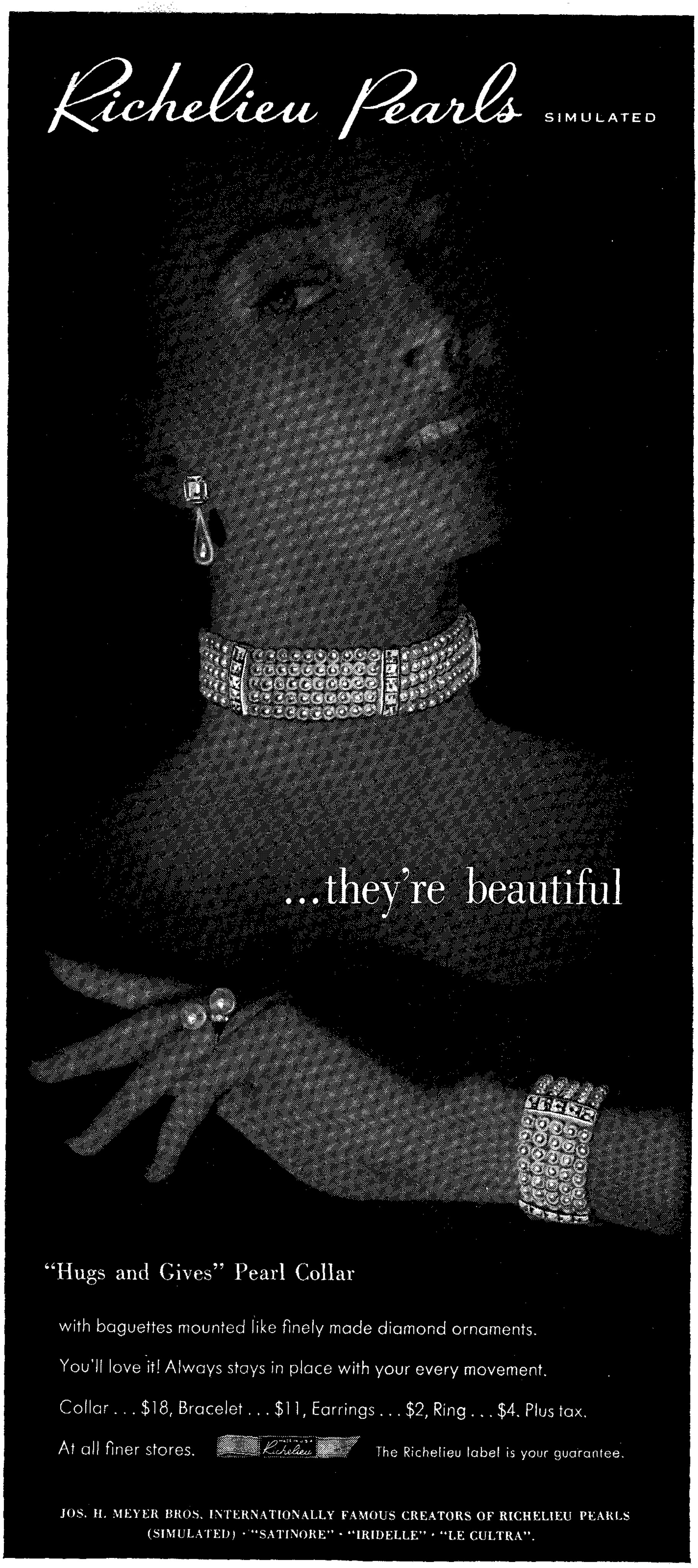
stockholders' meetings has also been productive. At its urging, the Continental Can Company agreed to move its annual meeting to New York from Millbrook; the stockholders of the American Can Company amended the company's bylaws to permit quitting Jersey City for Manhattan; and Fowler McCormick, who has referred to Mrs. Soss as "a charming woman with very interesting ideas" (which is what probably earned him his double A in the Federation's 1950 summary), asked her to second a motion to shift International Harvester's annual meeting from Hoboken to Chicago, the most convenient gathering place for the largest number of the corporation's shareholders. The ladies also take full credit for the fact that after Mrs. Soss, in 1949, spent thirty-eight minutes listing the shortcomings of Flemington as a place of rendezvous for Standard Oil's stockholders, the corporation assembled its 1950 congregation in Linden, thirty-five miles closer to New York. In addition, after Mrs. Soss travelled to the New York Central stockholders' meeting in Albany in 1949 and told the board that by convening there they were discriminating against their largest concentration of stockholders, in New York City (only one other New Yorker made the trip), the management arranged to run a special train between the two cities for the 1950 meeting. In that year, they upped their metropolitan representation to three hundred and ten, and so overwhelmed their guests by this unusual attention that only one visitor got around to bringing up the fact that the company had skipped its dividend. "That's what's so wonderful about the work I'm doing," Mrs. Soss has said of these triumphs. "After these companies do what I want them to, they're always happy about it. Not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Maybe a lot, maybe a little. The amount doesn't matter at all.

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Would *you* know how to go about it?

Would you know, for instance, that the best place to go for help and information on buying stocks and bonds is a broker's office? That it's a broker's business to serve investors, that no card of admission is needed, and that whether you buy stocks or not, he'll give you all the help he can?

Here at Merrill Lynch, for example, you'd talk to an account executive, a man we pay to know all he can about securities, a man who uses all his knowledge and experience to serve our customers.

You'll find him competent, conscientious, and concerned about your welfare. Concerned even to the point of advising you *not* to buy securities if your funds aren't adequate to the risks involved.

Because in the final analysis, he's not paid to *sell* you—he's paid to help you *buy!*

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that *I* stop being anything but 'that woman,' of course."

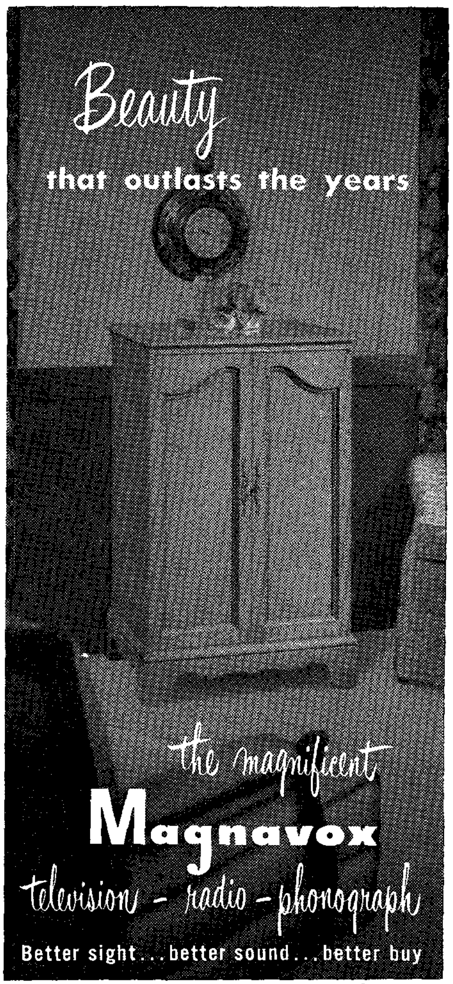
INEVITABLY, Mrs. Soss's sorties against the Olympian citadels of American private enterprise have brought her into association with other articulate minority owners, whom most industrialists refer to as "professional stockholders" but who themselves prefer the adjective "independent." The best known and liveliest of these is Lewis D. Gilbert, the forty-three-year-old New York bachelor who, with his brother John, owns four thousand shares of stock in a hundred and ten corporations, and who for the past eighteen years has devoted his full time to defending the rights of downtrodden shareholders and coupon-croppers. Lewis Gilbert and Mrs. Soss first met the day after the history-making 1947 Steel meeting. "Lewis came striding into my office, shook a roll of papers in my face, and shouted at me, 'If you don't abide by the S.E.C. proxy rules, I'll not have a thing to do with you!' " Mrs. Soss recalled recently. "Naturally, we have been fast friends ever since."

Lewis Gilbert's holdings do not include any interest in U.S. Steel, New York Central, or several other corporations on Mrs. Soss's circuit, but for the meetings they both do attend they have developed an exuberant team spirit. On expeditions to such faraway places as Flemington and Wilmington, they and their respective entourages usually travel together, in order to rehearse the attack. The party boarding a train for the 1950 General Motors meeting in Wilmington included the two platoon leaders; John Campbell Henry, a Gilbert man; and three Federation ladies—Miss Irene O'Crowley, a New York lawyer; Mrs. Georgiana Fedden, a Brooklyn housewife; and Miss Elsa M. Paul, a retired teacher of subnormal children. "Now, remember," said Gilbert as the train reached the outskirts of Wilmington. "Take your places in the first three rows at the meeting—*never* farther back. I'll inquire about the auditing procedures and denounce the salaries, and then, Wilma, you or Miss O'Crowley can swing into the demand for regional meetings."

"I mean to mention the fact that the Morgan partner on the board has so little interest in the company that he doesn't own a single share of its stock," said Mrs. Fedden.

"Disgraceful!" said Gilbert. "You nominating anybody from the floor today, Wilma?"

"I most certainly am," said Mrs.



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"and in Philadelphia

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Soss. "After all, the du Pont interests alone have *four* directors on the board, whereas we women, who make up fifty-six per cent of the stockholders, haven't got anybody. Isn't that a crime?"

"Definitely," said Gilbert. "You can count on me for a second."

"Now, girls, don't forget," said Mrs. Soss as the train pulled into the station. "Be very charming and *very* feminine today. After all, the men do have Mom complexes, you know. All we have to prove is that we're not trollops and they're putty in our hands."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

FRIENDLY FAMILY ROW

Have you noticed what the have been doing on "Friendly Family" row? Well if you have not then you get down to Ernies well kept corner just turn south and notice that nice up to dae house of Bill Myers and also observe the change that Arvilla made in her beautifull place to live in and then step on down and look at what Don Coil is able to present to you out of that made over house. Now pass on a little farther and admire the new up to date place of Mr. Francis and again start back and see the nice little place Dana built for the kiddies but do not miss seeing that Mrs. Didrick started something in the way of whiting up her house with a new coat of paint and then followed that the church fell in line and had the parsonage painted and then look across the street and see that the Olivers proceeded to do the same thing. Now go back down to Miss Shively's and you will see that she done the same thing and then on your way back observe that the Grimes put a new covering on thier house and have new window also for your observation. Now do not stop there because the Busicks invite you to take a look at what they have done to thier buildings in way of shine up. Yes, also another very special one notice how nice the church looks on its exterior with its new coat of white on the wood finish and also it is rumored that the Gilberts are about ready to make a change in the outward apperance of thier home and now one more if you will look a little farther down you will find that Bruce Elliot has dug a big hole in ground and he says he is expecting to build a house over it and we hope so. And now once more if you have been alert in your observation you would see the lawns in very good keeping. Now walk on down to where Mrs. Coil's property is and give it a good looking over and I am sure you will see a presentation that will mean a grat deal to you. Now look closely and see if there has beenanyone missed by this observer.

Who said our town was dead or even dying. AN OBSERVER

—*Grover Hill (Ohio) News.*

If it's dying, it's from overexertion.

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CLUB SODA
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EXCLUSIVE FORMULA
Sparkling
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Always ask for it at your favorite bar
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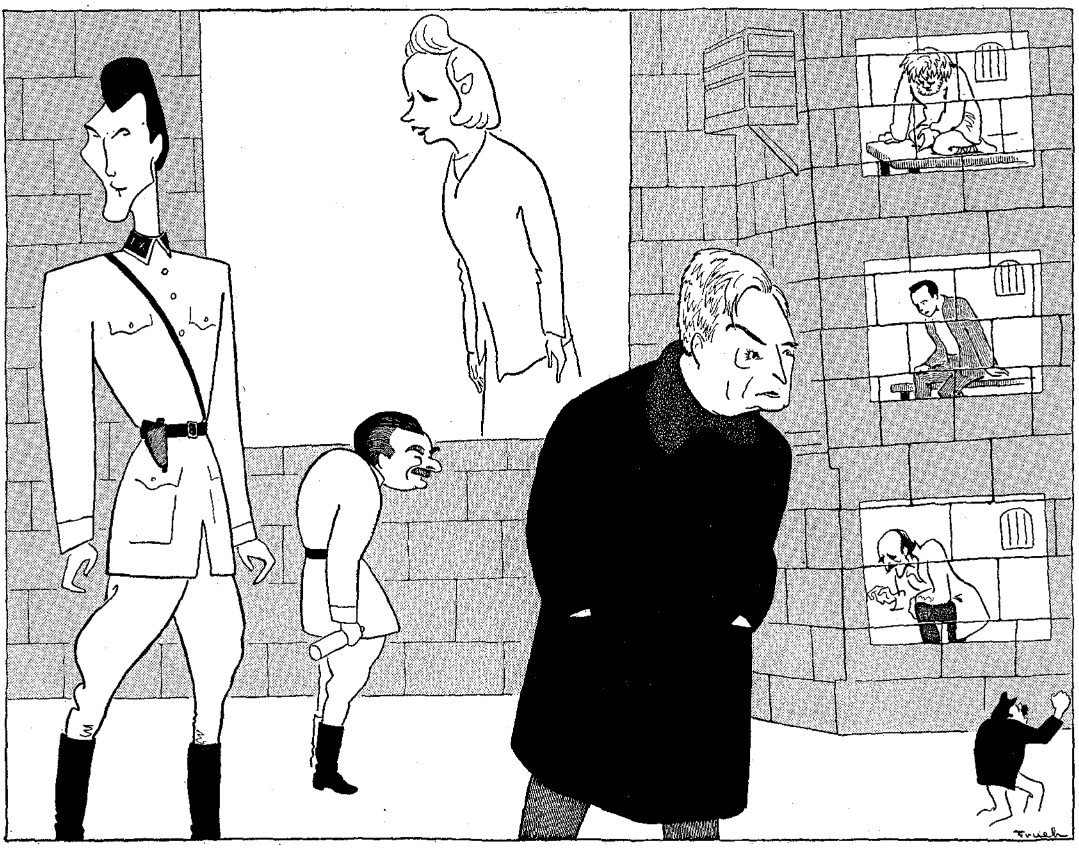
THE THEATRE

THE FIRST TEAM TAKES OVER

THERE was an outbreak of adult thinking, orderly writing, and good acting on Broadway last week. It was a sign of real resiliency, coming as soon as it did after the "Springtime Folly" episode of the week before, when the forces of reason were ambushed and rocked back on their heels. Four professional playwrights (I mean "professional" in the sense in which the word is sometimes used on the sports pages, to describe a performer with a steady, thoroughgoing mastery of his tools, who can be depended on in a pinch) did the most to turn the tide. Two of them were Shakespeare and Sir James M. Barrie. Another was Lillian Hellman. Since Barrie and Shakespeare, through no fault of their own, have ceased to be creatively active, theirs are what might be called canned talents. The stuff is always available for emergencies. Somehow, it does not have the same hopeful, cheering effect that a fresh reinforcement, such as a new play by Miss Hellman, has. The fourth playwright on last week's list was F. Hugh Herbert. His contribution met the standards of professional coolness and competence mentioned above, but it did so in a way that calls for a modifying footnote, which I will try to supply later.

Miss Hellman, whose "The Autumn Garden" opened at the Coronet Wednesday, has up till now been best known for plays that were designed to hit the audience between the eyes with one clean, crisp punch. They were well-planned and admirably constructed plays, but the anger that went into their writing and the force with which the author catapulted her message were probably the most notable things about them. Admirers of "The Children's Hour," "The Little Foxes," and "Watch on the Rhine" may find that they miss the violence of the author's earlier, crusading mood, even if it bruised their nerves and raised lumps on their foreheads, when they see "The Autumn Garden." In her new piece, Miss Hellman comes to the point slowly and gently. By the time she makes it, though her record as an undefeated and untied misanthrope is still more or less intact, there have been distinct symptoms of mellowness and pity in her attitude toward the species of man. This does not interfere, fortunately, with the quality of her dialogue, which is, as usual, sharp and accurate, or with her gift for organization, on which, by the way, she has imposed a very stiff test. The first two acts of "The Autumn Garden" abound in seemingly unrelated problems and relationships. At the end, with two or three quick movements, Miss Hellman braids them all together. She remains, in short, one of the most expert reporters and technicians in the theatre business. What has been lost in the shift of her attention from certain special diseases of the soul to the shortcomings of mankind in general is a degree of something that drug-takers, I have been told, call "charge," or "gauge." "The Autumn Garden" lacks the emotional zing of the earlier Hellman plays and, perhaps for that reason, some of their interest as well.



"DARKNESS AT NOON"

Claude Rains, in the black coat, here represents a member of the Party who has outlived his usefulness. The two representatives of the new regime, on the left, are Walter J. Palance and Alexander Scourby; the lady is Kim Hunter; and the small, tormented men, from top to bottom, are Allan Rich, Richard Seff, Philip Coolidge, and Will Kuluva. Sidney Kingsley's adaptation of the Koestler novel is at the Alvin.

The scene of the play is a mansion on the Gulf Coast. The lady owner takes summer boarders, most of whom are, like herself, middle-aged. Their common flaw, as Miss Hellman demonstrates, after a quantity of colorful and entertaining but leisurely conversation, is that they have spent a large part of their existence lying to themselves, pretending to be something they are not or to want something they really do not want. Among the guests are a retired Army general who believes that he can escape into a life of

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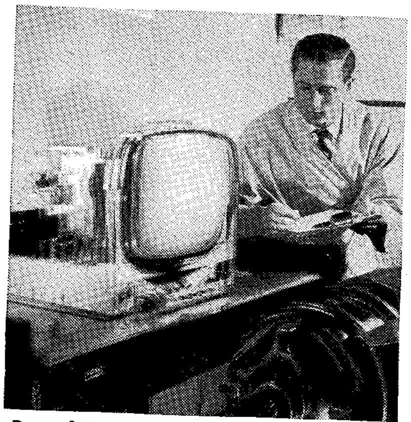

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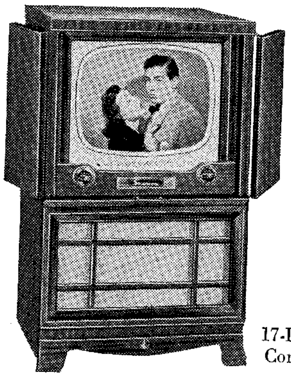

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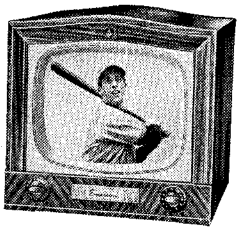

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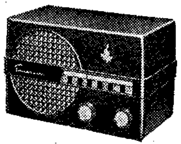

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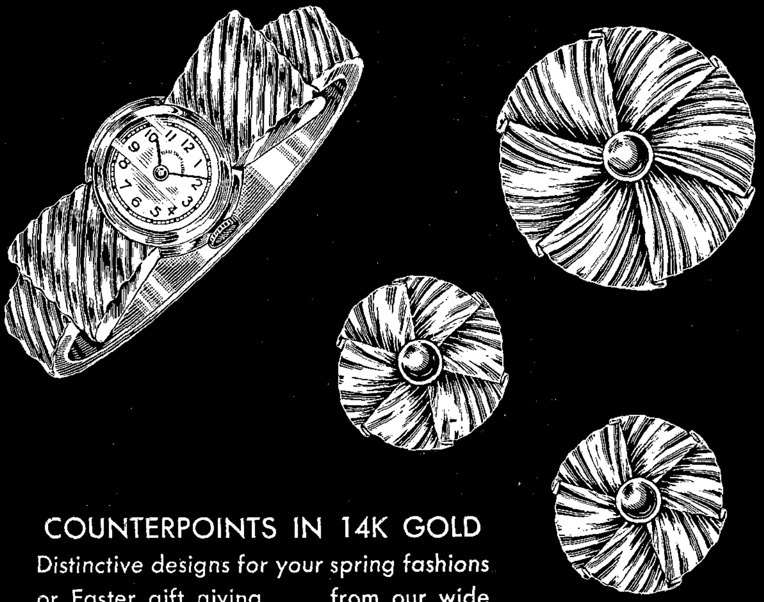

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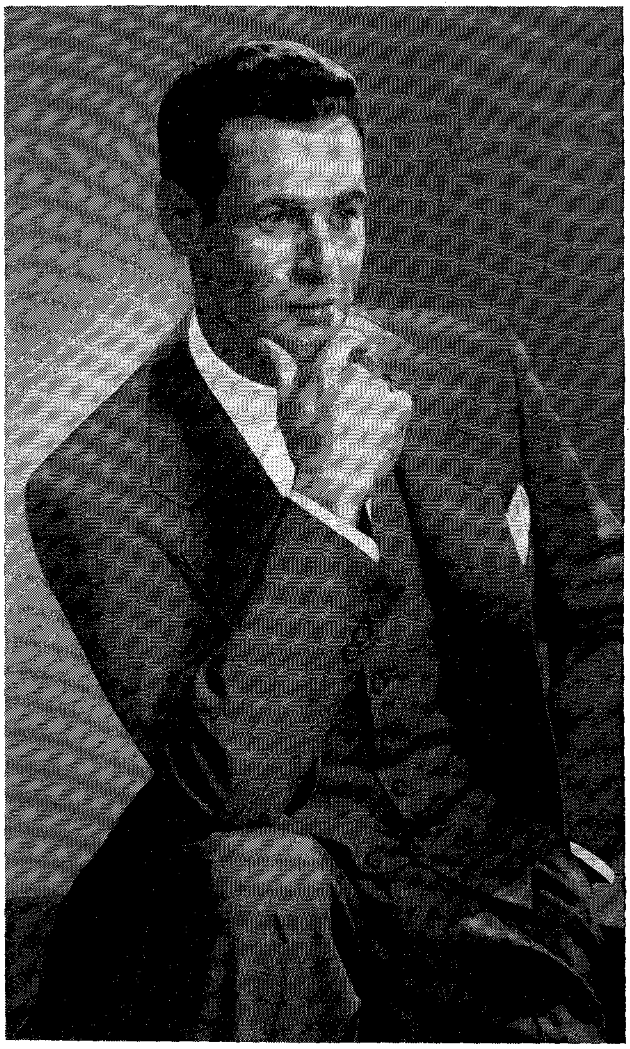
intellectual adventure by divorcing his wife; his wife, who refuses to face any sort of fact, including the fact that her husband wishes to leave her; a rumpot who has persuaded himself that his life has been ruined by unrequited love; a painter with delusions of youth and talent, and his wife, who supports her own self-esteem with the knowledge that he is a heel; and a mother who thinks she is strong but turns out to be weak, in her attachment to her effeminate son. Even the mistress of the house has been crippled by self-deception. The only realists in Miss Hellman's story are two women, one old, one young, against whose relatively level heads the fancies of the other characters sometimes bump and splinter. There is a theatrical exaggeration in the drawing of all the people in the play. The old lady is too witty, the artist too objectionable, the drunk too wise, and the general too tired and spiritual to be completely convincing. Also, in wrapping up her message in the third act, the author has permitted her lifelong suckers a sort of fireworks display of self-analysis that seems to come too suddenly and brilliantly from men and women in whom the truth has rusted and moldered for so many years. But these are quibbles; the important thing is that Miss Hellman, writing without the cold fury of former times, continues to show more intelligence and craftsmanship than almost any other present-day playwright.

"The Autumn Garden" has been directed by Harold Clurman, with what I think is a thoughtful understanding of Miss Hellman's mood and purpose. The actors are all fine. They include Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Jane Wyatt, Ethel Griffies, Kent Smith, Colin Keith-Johnston, and Joan Lorring, as scenic and vigorous a group as any producer (the producer in this case is Kermit Bloomgarden) could hope to collect. The queen among them, for my money, is Miss Eldridge, who in her playing of the general's frightened but volatile wife never comes close to striking a wrong note. I doubt whether she could if she tried.

HELEN HAYES, whom this reviewer first saw and—it ought to go without saying—admired in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," brought the same playful Scotsman's "Mary Rose" into the American National Theatre Academy Playhouse a week ago last Sunday, as her first production for the A.N.T.A. The engagement is limited to two weeks, which means that it will end this Friday. I have an idea that more people might like to see it than will have a chance to. Maybe I feel that way because "Mary Rose" was the first play that came my way after "Springtime Folly." Miss Hayes could not have timed it better. All she needed on her side was a literate helper, and Sir James is, or was, all of that. He was also the kind of man who could build up a pleasantly comic little scene with a few easy strokes of his pen. (I guess he used a pen.) "Mary Rose" has at least two such scenes, played beautifully by Patricia Collinge, Leo G. Carroll, and Daniel Reed. For the most part, the play, which had its first New York run in 1920 and 1921, is not, and is not meant to be, funny. The core of it is one of those youth fantasies that Barrie, in the smug and self-consciously dreamy way that has made many people lose sight of the fact that he was a good writer, used to conjure up. The young heroine, Mary Rose, is susceptible to a certain Scottish island. The island makes her disappear whenever she visits it; when she turns up again, after twenty days or twenty-five years, she looks the same as she did when she vanished, and is unaware of the passing of time, which is most inconvenient for everybody. That's about all there is to it. Bethel Leslie, as the heroine, and Ray Boyle and Oliver Thorndike, as a couple of young men, give nice performances in Miss Hayes' production, though nothing to compare with those of the experts, Miss Collinge, Mr. Carroll, and Mr. Reed.

I DON'T think it's necessary to review the merits of "Romeo and Juliet" at this time. To go further, I don't think it's necessary to analyze the performance of Olivia de Havilland as Juliet, or her reasons for taking the part. Miss de Havilland is a good actress and she has good lines, in the production that opened at the Broadhurst Saturday, so she does all right. What a lot of people seem to want to know about any Juliet is how she looks. Well, Miss de Havilland is a radiant, dark-haired lady with round cheeks. She is over fourteen, and looks it, but the same thing could be said of almost everyone who has played the role. The Juliet of the story probably could not have played it on the stage herself, being too young, though nubile. The latest "Romeo and Juliet" is a Dwight Deere Wiman production, directed by Peter Glenville. The settings and costumes, by Oliver Messel, are about what you would expect. The Romeo of Douglas Watson is adequate,



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or thereabouts. Jack Hawkins does a good job in the good part of Mercutio.

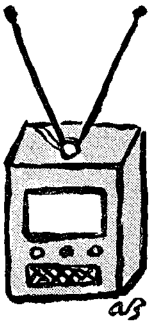
F. Hugh Herbert's new comedy, "The Moon Is Blue," which was launched at Henry Miller's Theatre last Thursday, seems likely to run for a long time, for Mr. Herbert is not only a "professional" playwright of the kind I tried to describe earlier but a professional playwright who tends to write hits. It's easy to see why his plays (two of them were "Kiss and Tell" and "For Love or Money") should be successful, but not quite so easy, of course, to tell how he does it. It strikes me, and I say this with the deepest respect for him, that Mr. Herbert's technique has something in common with the technique of the pool virtuoso, or shark. The pool shark specializes in long runs. Mr. Herbert specializes in long runs, of gags as well as performances. In pool, the expert, while sinking balls, is constantly setting up other balls for other shots. Mr. Herbert sets up the Empire State Building early, then ricochets several gags off its sides. "I haven't kissed him since the Empire State Building," says a young lady in "The Moon Is Blue," of a young man she met there. "You mean since the Empire State Building was built?" says somebody else. Only slightly later, we find: A—"I wish Al Smith had stayed in politics." B—"Why?" A—"Because he built the Empire State Building." At one point, a television set having been called attention to, A (or it may be C) speaks of the roller derby, and immediately afterward B (or possibly D) tells a hopeful television actress that she may be able to make her way on roller skates. I quote loosely. Mr. Herbert is never loose. He guides the flow so smartly that it seems to sparkle, and perhaps it does.

In "The Moon Is Blue," a self-confessed maiden (Barbara Bel Geddes) and a callow though personable young man (Barry Nelson) fall in love in the first scene, and are kept apart by a lush with a Southern accent (Donald Cook) and an old-fashioned cop (Ralph Dunn) just long enough to provide the play with three acts. Mr. Herbert improves his technique from time to time by larding the banter with touches of observation from life. Otto Preminger has staged the play smoothly. Miss Bel Geddes is beautiful—and attractive, what's more—and Mr. Nelson and Mr. Cook perform very nimbly. Mr. Dunn knocks a man unconscious with a punch in the eye, which is a hell of a trick. May they prosper.

—John Lardner

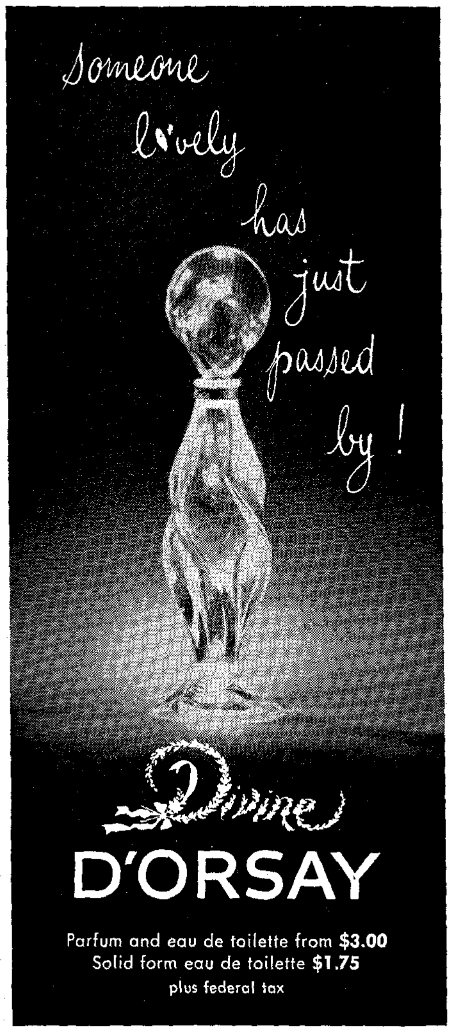
TELEVISION

Real Nice Clambake



WHAT is referred to in the theatre and in the cinema—and, I guess, in television, too—as a "galaxy of stars" turned up over N.B.C. the other evening for an hour-long tribute to Richard Rodgers. The occasion marked Mr. Rodgers' twenty-fifth year in show business, and was sponsored by the Red Cross Shoe Company. So many people were on hand for this production that before listing those who were present I think it might be helpful to put down the names of a few who, as far as I could make out, were not. Among the missing were Margaret Truman, Jack Benny, Perle Mesta, Barbara Hutton, Herbert Bayard Swope, Lord Dawson of Penn, Frank Costello, Oscar Hammerstein II, Samuel Johnson, Pete the Shoeshine Man, Oscar Hammerstein I, Faye Emerson, Ezio Pinza, Rosemary Williamson, and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. On hand were Mary Martin, Alfred Drake, Dorothy Maynor, Moss Hart, Theresa Helburn, Leland Hayward, Celeste Holm, Valerie Bettis, John Daly, Patrice Munsel, Lee Shubert, Otto Harbach, Aline Bernstein, Jo Mielziner, George Abbott, Kitty Carlisle, Robert Russell Bennett, Virgil Thomson, Deems Taylor, Max Gordon, Vera Zorina, Russel Crouse, Howard Lindsay, Sol Kilroy, Howard S. Cullman, Charles Kullman, Brian Sullivan, Vivienne Segal, Hugh Thompson, John Brownlee, Frank Chapman, and Richard Rodgers. Bing Crosby was partially present, his voice being piped in from Hollywood. Most of these good people made no active contribution to the festivities. They just sat around on chairs in a large studio, like mute participants in a minstrel show, and watched the proceedings. From time to time, the cameras took them in with a broad, sweeping motion, and the more alert members of the group, aware that they were under scrutiny, wriggled in their chairs, smiled, and otherwise demonstrated that where there is life there is hope.

The tribute was neither as imaginative nor as adroit as one would have liked, but on the whole, the active participants, or "talent," made out quite well with what they were given to do. One after another, they disengaged themselves from the waxworks and either sang one of Mr. Rodgers' happily familiar tunes or danced to one of them. The vocal aspects of the program were far more successful, I thought, than the dance aspects, since no matter how skillful a dancer may be, he, or she, on the tiny screen, looks like some strange leaping thing, alternately foreshortened and elongated. Miss Bettis prepared the dances, and she had obviously put a good deal of thought into the various jumps and plunges, but I had the impression that most of them were taking place in the Hall of Funny Mirrors at Coney Island. Moreover, in the ballet "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," what apparently was meant to be hunks of broken crockery scattered over the floor (the scene was tense and homicidal) looked, from where I was watching, like the result of some children's breaking into a corn-flakes factory. But the singing was fine, notably Alfred Drake's contribution—"People Will Say We're in Love"—a rousing "Bewitched, Bothered, and Bewildered," sung by Vivienne Segal, and Dorothy Maynor's affecting "You'll Never Walk Alone." Three numbers from the first and second "Garrick Gaieties"—"Mountain Greenery," "Sentimental Me," and "Manhattan"—although they didn't actually make me mourn for a dead past, did make me wish, as I've often wished before, that I had seen the shows. In fact, every song that I heard that evening reminded me quite forcibly of the unique spot Rodgers occupies, and how much a part of all our lives his music has become. Rodgers appeared at the close of the program for a brief, somewhat intramural exchange with Mary Martin, who was making her first television appearance. She presented him with a large crystal bowl, on behalf of the throng gathered in the background. "We would like for you to accept this crystal bowl," she said, Texas fashion, and then launched into a conversation with him that dealt with the first time she ever heard "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy"—in somebody or other's apartment. Just as I was wondering whether Miss Martin had not been wise to avoid television, she sat down at a piano alongside Rodgers, who began to play "I'm in Love with a Wonderful Guy." She began to sing the song, and within thirty seconds it was clear that if the television authorities want to breathe some life into their rickety little industry, they had better draft her into service. As far as I am concerned, when Miss Martin begins to



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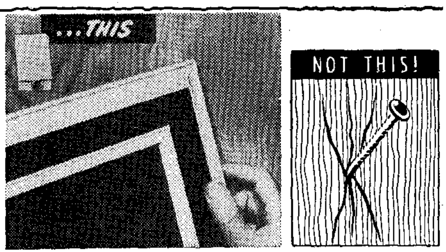

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sing, all other performers can take to the hills.

THE first interesting moment in a recent half-hour presentation, over C.B.S., of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" came when Dr. Jekyll (Basil Rathbone) poured himself a glassful of some sort of fizzy water and was transformed into Mr. Hyde (Basil Rathbone). The transformation took several minutes. We were not permitted to see Mr. Hyde's face (there are some things even a television director shrinks from), but we were granted an opportunity to watch the effects of the dreadful elixir upon Dr. Jekyll's hands. At the moment he took the drug, the Doctor was seated at a bench in his laboratory, a large room cluttered with Bunsen burners, beakers, retorts, and bubbling liquids. His hands, a second before as smooth as a baby's, suddenly became covered with masses of tangled fuzz. His fingers, once tapering and slender, became stubs, more like claws than fingers. The hands snatched desperately at the table and left large gashes in the wood. The expert Mr. Rathbone, who up to this point had spoken with remarkable elegance and refinement, added to the general disorder by turning his voice into a series of low, Cockney-accented grunts, to reveal Hyde's gross character. A little further along in the program, Dr. Jekyll (he had become Dr. Jekyll again) went through the process once more—fuzz on hands, claws on table, scratch, scratch, scratch. Clearly, the director knew that he had latched on to a good thing. Between and after these transformations, I am sorry to relate, nothing of consequence occurred. Actors, it is true, moved in and out, but matters drifted along until the end, when the mad Doctor, about to be apprehended, reached into a desk drawer (we saw only his hands), found a revolver, and killed himself by shooting directly into the camera. By that time, anyway, it was ten, and time to go to sleep. Perhaps to dream.

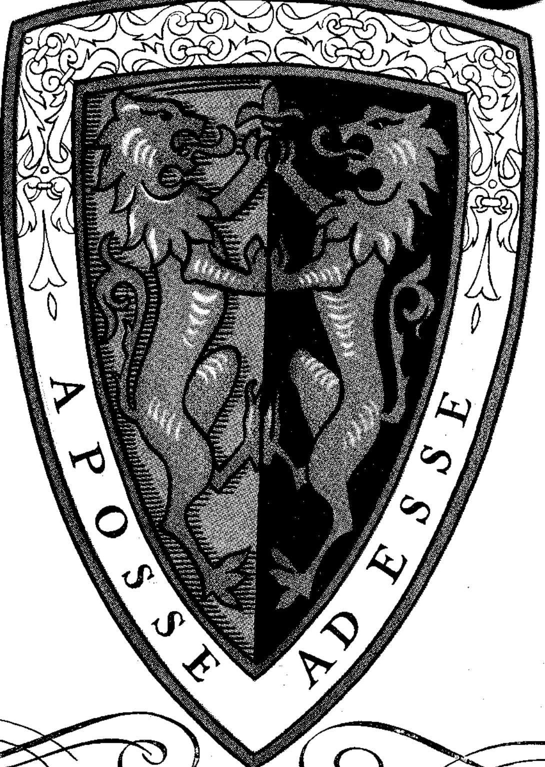
—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Whatever your height, big hips are a universal curse and the way to minimize them is by wearing gored skirts and, don't feel you have to be born with "charm." Like any good quality, it must be cultivated. Keep your mind open to new interests. Make a habit of reading as many newspapers and books as possible. Learn to enjoy music. Try a new hubby.—*Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) Independent.*

One that likes big hips, too.

Prestige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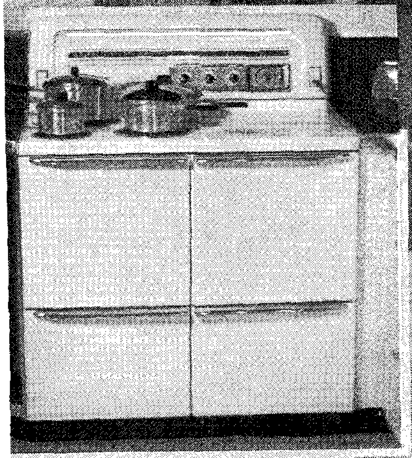

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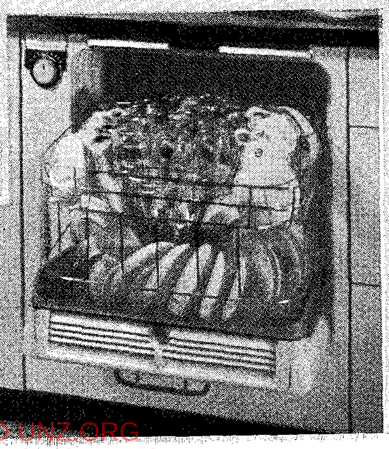

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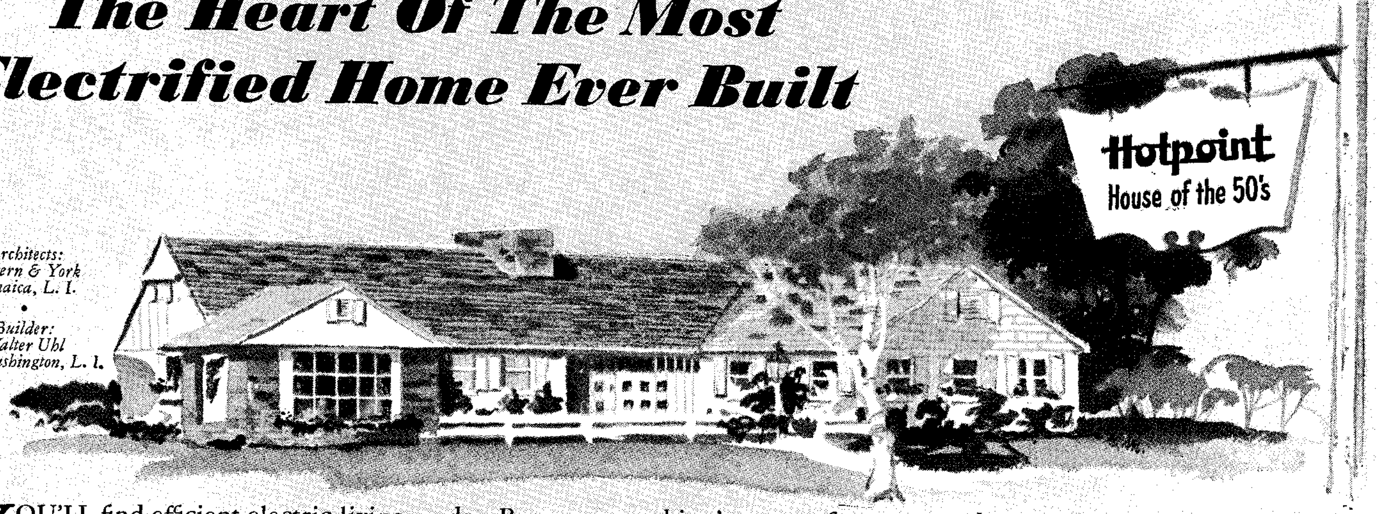

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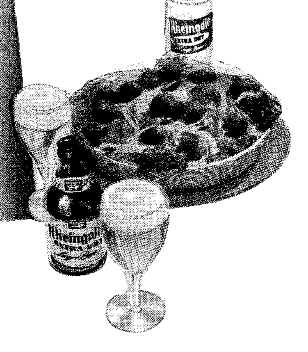

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THE RACE TRACK

New Deal

A DECISION by the New York State Court of Appeals last week settled the long argument about the Jockey Club's right to grant licenses to owners, trainers, and jockeys. It seems that the state legislature's delegation of this power to a club of sportsmen was quite unconstitutional. There's nothing to cry over, though; before Jamaica opens, a fortnight from now, the little job of licensing will no doubt be safe in the hands of the New York State Racing Commission. This brings up some interesting speculation about what's going to happen when Jule Fink, whose lawsuit upset the Jockey Club's applecart, makes his application for a license. Two years ago, Fink, a successful professional handicapper who had a small stable, applied for a renewal of his license as an owner and was told that he couldn't have one, for a number of reasons, some of which sounded just a trifle frivolous. Thereupon Fink took his case to the courts—three of them, before he made his point.

Because of all this, it's impossible just now to make more than a rough guess as to the sort of racing we'll have on Long Island this spring and summer. I'm assured, on the highest authority, that you won't notice any difference, but I can't help feeling that there's going to be a lot more political control—and you know what happens to anything the politicians can play with. Already, a joint legislative committee at Albany is planning an inquiry. I don't suppose anyone cares a great deal, but the Jockey Club is the only governing body of racing in this country that is recognized abroad. Which reminds me:

A few years ago a man I know went to England, and a member of the Racing Commission gave him a letter of introduction to Weatherby & Sons, Keepers of the Match Book, who have run things for the English Jockey Club since 1773, or thereabouts. On his arrival in London, my man presented his letter at the Weatherby offices, in Cavendish Square, and waited, it seemed to him, for hours. Finally, a dignified gentleman appeared, holding the letter as if with tongs. Coming straight to the point, he asked, "What is the New York State Racing Commission?" My man told him. "And how long, may I ask, has there been a New York State Racing Commission?"

"Since 1934," said my man.

"This is extraordinary," said the dignified gentleman to another dignified gentleman, who had suddenly appeared from nowhere. "There has been a New York State Racing Commission since 1934, and this is the first we've heard of it."

IT'S probably superfluous to say that the San Juan Capistrano, the last of the season's richer handicaps at Santa Anita, was an anticlimax. I was surprised that the racing secretary out there could round up as many as ten horses to go a mile and three-quarters. In case you didn't bother to look over the results from California last weekend, I'll tell you that one Be Fleet led all the way in the San Juan Capistrano, that Repeluz was second and Mocopo third, and that Be Fleet's share of the purse was $37,800, which is nice pickings for a colt who had won only half a dozen times before. Of course, the reason racing petered out at Santa Anita was that so many horses were used up galloping over the hard track. You know about Hill Prince, Bed o' Roses, and Your Host. Well, returning travellers report that a lot of other first-class racers went lame, but folks on the Coast don't like to talk about such things.

THE big news from Florida last week was that Battlefield, the best two-year-old of 1950—in my book, at least—had his first serious workout of the season. For the record, he did six furlongs in 1:15$\frac{3}{5}$, which was first-rate. He's expected at Belmont some day next week, and I'll have a good look at him then. And speaking of three-year-olds, a hundred and twenty-two of them have been nominated for the Kentucky Derby at Louisville on May 5th. I'm sorry that I can't tell you who the early favorite for the race is. Mr. James Carroll, a gentleman in St. Louis who used to send me a list of his odds, has let me down. I daresay he's been too busy with Senator Kefauver's television program.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Admiral E. L. Cochrane, head of the maritime agency, also disclosed today that launchings of the new ships are expected this year. Congress recently granted $350,000,000 for the program. Invitations for birds were issued Jan. 10.—*The Times.*

Those sea gulls come whether you invite them or not.

March is a Lamb

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THAT WAS PUGILISM

THE FINANCIER OF THE PAMPAS—I

THE name of Luis Angel Firpo lives in folklore mainly because of the four bloody minutes he fought Jack Dempsey, then heavyweight champion of the world, at the Polo Grounds on September 14, 1923. Dempsey knocked Firpo down seven times in the first round, and knocked him out in the second. Firpo, in the first round, hit Dempsey with a right-hand punch that drove the champion through the ropes, over the apron of the ring, and onto the lap of a press telegrapher (or a sportswriter, as another variation of the story has it, or a New York State boxing judge, according to a third version). Dempsey, righted and shoved upward by helpful hands, got back into the ring in time to avoid being counted out. Today, Dempsey describes this as the closest shave he ever had as champion. He acknowledges freely, as he does of several other fights, that he may have won illegally. He shares the common opinion that the Dempsey-Firpo bout was the most violent and exciting in the sixty years or so in which prizefighting in the United States has been conducted under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. He has a warm regard for Firpo, based in part, perhaps, on the fact that they are fellow-millionaires and co-beneficiaries of the golden age of boxing, when the prizes were not only rich but lightly taxed.

From time to time, Firpo, now the owner of five cattle ranches in his native Argentina, and worth twenty million pesos—or two and a half million dollars—by his own count, discovers a new South American heavyweight and sends him to the United States with a recommendation to Dempsey. Though none of these finds has amounted to much, Dempsey obligingly helps each of them meet the right people and get fights here. It does not surprise him, or anyone else in boxing circles, that Firpo's protégés have failed to match Firpo's success in this country. Firpo, boxing critics agree, was a man of limited ability in the ring but the most spectacular lone-wolf financial genius the sport has ever known. This fact, rather than the drama of his brawl with Dempsey, is what makes him memorable to people in the profession. He came to New York from Buenos Aires with a few dollars in his pocket, and a cardboard suitcase containing a single change of celluloid collar and a pair of boxing trunks. His boxing talent was mediocre compared to that of Dempsey or Gene Tunney. He spoke almost no English when he arrived here, and very little more by the time his American adventures ended, though he did, toward the end of his career here, carry a Spanish-English dictionary around with him, because, he said, he was "misunderstanding too much of what was going on," most of it in the nature of litigation against himself. He was confronted at one time by a reform movement, headed by the late Canon William S. Chase, of Brooklyn, so hotly bent on having him deported for moral turpitude—and thus discrediting the boxing industry—that an effort was made to involve the Coolidge administration, and a national election, in the crusade. Yet Firpo earned between eight hundred thousand and a million dollars from his activities in the United States. To the honest anguish of many American managers, including the late James J. Johnston and the late William A. Brady, he kept practically all of it, by managing himself. After his return to South America and his retirement from the ring, in the middle twenties, he improved his position to a point at which, by a recent estimate, his ranch property covers twenty thousand five hundred acres, and feeds forty-five hundred breeding cows, four thousand sheep, and fifteen hundred steers. He also owns real estate in Buenos Aires.

Parsimony on a heroic scale contributed greatly to Firpo's achievement. His reputation for frugality lives on in the minds of New York fight men. One day in 1945, in the Madison Square Garden office of Mike Jacobs, the boxing promoter, a secretary reported that Firpo was on the telephone from Buenos Aires. "Are the charges reversed?" asked a manager who was lounging in Jacobs' office. The secretary said it was a prepaid call. "Then it ain't Firpo," said the manager. It was Firpo, however. In a mellow, cattle owner's mood, he had called to inquire about the advance sale for a Garden match in which a discovery of his, Abel Cestac, was to appear. On the strength of the prepaid call, Garden habitués accepted for the first time the truth of a rumor, theretofore classified as wild, that Firpo had become a spender in his middle age. The advance sale for the Cestac bout was poor, as it happened—justifiably so, as it turned out. Cestac did win the decision, but only temporarily. The scoring of the referee, Lou Magnolia, as first announced, was seven rounds to

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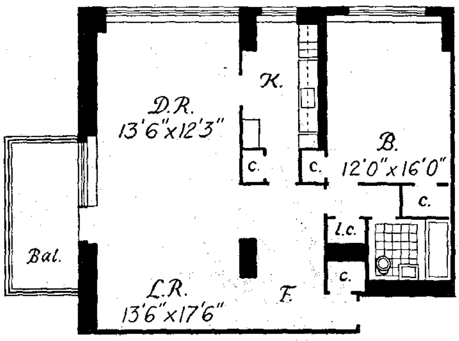

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three in Cestac's favor. One of the judges voted for Cestac, the other for Thomas. On hearing the crowd's reaction to the two Cestac votes, Magnolia recovered his score card, stared at it bleakly, and reported that he had confused the fighters. (Cestac was white; his opponent, John Thomas, was a Negro.) Dempsey seconded Cestac in this fight. Afterward, thinking back to the half million dollars he had made from his match with Firpo, and the shaky legality of his victory, he said, "Well, Looie still don't owe me anything."

In 1950, to work out a federal-income-tax debt amounting to a great many thousand dollars, Joe Louis had to return to the prize ring, from which he had hoped to stay comfortably and peaceably retired. His attitude in the emergency was resigned. Firpo fought at a time when income taxes were relatively negligible, but, under his airy burden, he heaved and strained like Atlas beneath the tall pillars that hold heaven and earth asunder. "I am in despair!" Firpo cried passionately, in Spanish, in 1924, when he was presented with a trifling assessment on the sum—$156,211—that he had just earned in a fight with Harry Wills. A year or so earlier, Jimmy De Forest, who ran a training camp in New Jersey, had taken a visitor on a tour of the premises one evening, pointing out, one by one, the various troglodytes of interest who were then boarding with him. As De Forest opened a certain bedroom door, the guest saw Firpo, naked and gleaming with sweat, seated on a cot, making scratches with a pencil on a piece of paper supported on one knee. Firpo did not look up. After closing the door, De Forest said, "He's trying to figure what his tax will be on his fight with Jack McAuliffe."

Firpo's sensitivity to taxes was an integral part of his financial talent. Louis is not, and never has been, gifted at economics. A present-day boxer more closely resembling Firpo, fiscally speaking, is Ray Robinson, the middleweight champion. Robinson is Firpoesque in the soundness of his investments and, more particularly, in his aloofness from outside management. These times of high taxes, along with the fact that his boxing brilliance has scared off potentially profitable opponents, have kept him from matching Firpo's score. Firpo was a clumsy boxer, and thus attractive to rival heavyweights—perhaps deceptively so. "He punches like a man throwing rocks," said Bill Brennan in 1923 as he eagerly signed for a match with Firpo in New York. Firpo knocked Brennan out in the twelfth round. It would be unfair to Firpo, however, to exaggerate his chance advantages over Robinson as a financier. Even without the breaks, he was better. He resisted profit-sharing more fiercely. Robinson, at one time or another, has been managed—"cut up," as the trade expression goes. Firpo had secretaries, at twenty-five dollars a week, instead of managers. His "business representatives" doubled as chauffeurs or chefs, his trainers and sparring partners as bedmakers or interpreters. Soon after Firpo's first major successes in this country, some of the most polished and plausible impresarios in the business broke their fingernails trying to stake out a piece of him. Brady, a theatrical producer who had also had an important hand in the affairs of James J. Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, and James J. Jeffries, called on Firpo one day and spread out his credentials like a line of Fuller brushes. He spoke of Corbett, Fitzsimmons, and Jeffries, and the success those champions had enjoyed under his care. Firpo, a student of boxing history as well as of money, though of almost nothing else, had summoned his secretary from the stove, where he was cooking beans, to interpret. After considering Brady's statement, Firpo said, "Fitzsimmons is dead. Jeffries has no money. Corbett is all through." The reply was translated for Brady, and the interview came to an end.

BOXING history shows a case, in nineteenth-century England, of a pugilist with a rags-to-riches record comparable to Firpo's. John Gully, a tavernkeeper's son, bailed out of debtors' prison to represent a wealthy sportsman in a prizefight, went on to become champion of England. He made a fortune investing his ring winnings at the race track, was twice elected to Parliament, and died in a state of high solvency and prestige. Firpo had no debts at the start of his career, but no money, either. He was born in October, 1896, in Junin, in Buenos Aires Province, of an Italian emigrant father and a mother of Spanish stock. During much of Firpo's youth, his father was an inmate of a mental hospital (from which he was discharged, as of sound mind, in 1924, after his son had become a national hero). Firpo worked as a butcher, a brickmaker, and a drugstore clerk when he was a young man. He turned boxer in 1919, the same year that Dempsey, one year older than he, won the world's championship and a purse of $27,500 by knocking out Jess Willard at Toledo, Ohio. Firpo took no boxing lessons. He was impressive to look at—wide-shouldered, heavy-handed, and six feet three inches tall, with a mop of black hair, and black whiskers, which he shaved when he felt like it—and had no trouble getting matches. For one of his first bouts, with Ignacio Sepulveda, in Santiago, Chile, he was paid eighty dollars. He beat everyone he met in the next two or three years, including such wandering journeymen from North America as Calvin Respress, William Daly, and Dave Mills.

By the end of 1921, Firpo had come to be recognized in Buenos Aires and a few other cities below the equator as the heavyweight champion of South America. He sailed for New York early in 1922 aboard the S.S. Aeolus—not, he insists now, riding steerage, as sportswriters sometimes alleged, but paying a normal fare. He took a room at the Hotel Laclede, on East Fifteenth Street, where he sat huddled over the radiator, trying to keep warm, when he was not out weighing the cash value of the championship of South America. Some of the fighters and managers he met in gymnasiums told him that his title might be worth a few dollars extra at the gate at one of the smaller boxing clubs. The first organization to test this theory was the Broad Athletic Club, in Newark. There, on March 20, 1922, Firpo fought an obscure heavyweight whose name appeared on the program as Sailor Tom Maxted and in the court records of the lawsuit he later brought against Firpo as Thomas A. Maxted. Boxing men familiar with the Maxted affair point out, with reason, that Firpo showed the full measure of his economic brilliance then and there, at his first step in his search for gold.

Sailor Tom, who sued Firpo sporadically for seventeen months, from July, 1923, through December, 1924, used to say that he had no idea, before the bout, of what Firpo was up to. It was during the contest that he noted, with a sense of shock, that motion pictures were being taken of the action—an unprecedented thing in Maxted's career and, for that matter, in the Broad Athletic Club's. The Sailor's shock deepened into coma in the seventh round, when Firpo knocked him out, but after regaining consciousness he broached the subject to Firpo, and was promised—he claimed later—a substantial share in whatever spoils the pictures might bring. In his suit, he estimated these at fifty thousand dollars. Friends of Firpo have said that the true figure was closer to

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a hundred thousand dollars. Firpo knew, if no one else did, the value in the proper quarters of a victory by the champion of South America over any North American. The films had been made at his own expense. To recover this sum, to buy himself a ticket home, and to have a little something left over, he fought and won two more matches in this country—one in Newark, the other in Brooklyn. Then, packing the pictures of the fight with Maxted in his suitcase, with the same spare collar he had brought along with him, he sailed south, arriving in Montevideo in June. The movie was shown there, in Santiago, in Buenos Aires, and, before the year was over, in almost every other town and city between the Guianas and Tierra del Fuego. The professional stature of Maxted, the party of the second part, was exaggerated somewhat, for business reasons. Sailor Tom should have been proud and happy (though he was not) to learn later that he had been known in South America, for a while, as one of his country's fiercest tigers and a contender for Dempsey's title.

Maxted's lawsuit was finally withdrawn. It is said that Tex Rickard, the promoter, in whose life Firpo had played a rich and complex part for two years, made a settlement out of his own pocket. It is certain that that is what happened in the case of one Alexander Scott McCorkingdale, a small-time manager who made Firpo's acquaintance here in the spring of 1922 and who sued Firpo from March, 1923, until December, 1925, a year after Firpo had retired to Argentina. There was a curious social note in McCorkingdale's suit. He sued at first (for a mere $3,467, which he said Firpo owed him for services rendered) under the name of Andrew D. Scott. Still suing in 1925, for a vastly larger sum, as McCorkingdale, he was embarrassed on the stand, in Supreme Court, by a question as to why he had used different names. McCorkingdale explained sheepishly that he had wanted to protect his parents, living in Belfast, Ireland, from the knowledge that he was in the prizefight business, "dealing with men like Firpo." Rickard's lawyer, Hyman Bushel (now Magistrate Bushel), acting for Firpo, then asked him if it wasn't true that Rickard had paid him eighteen thousand dollars, long before, in settlement of his claim. McCorkingdale startled the court by admitting that it was. Firpo, he said, didn't owe him a penny; he, McCorkingdale, was just a victim of his own insatiable legal advisers. This climax was the last in a series of triumphs by Bushel, in behalf of Firpo, over some of the most ardent and eccentric opponents one prizefighter ever had the privilege of attracting.

IT is probably true that McCorkingdale, as he claimed, managed Firpo briefly in 1922, but, since Firpo paid him little if any money, this hardly constitutes a blemish on Firpo's record as a self-administered corporation. McCorkingdale was one of a number of business agents whom Firpo employed, without contract, on a kind of competitive basis, to see which could do him the most good. In general, for his big fights, he dealt directly with Rickard, the former Yukon gambler and world traveller, who staged the million-dollar matches of the nineteen-twenties. Rickard settled some of Firpo's debts and alleged debts, partly because Firpo was sternly determined not to settle them himself and partly in accordance with a policy he was guided by all his life, that a good payoff—such as a big fight gate—will absorb a large amount in expenses. South America's reaction to Firpo's first homecoming had impressed Rickard. It had also, Rickard noticed, impressed the North American sports public. When Firpo sailed for the United States again, on February 1, 1923, it was reported in dispatches from Buenos Aires that more than a thousand people had gone to the pier to see him off. A fine crowd was on hand to meet him in New York. Soon after taking a flat for himself, at 215 West Fifty-first Street, Firpo called on Rickard, at the old Madison Square Garden. The two men spent many hours together in the next two years, arguing desperately (Rickard spoke fluent Spanish) about the size of Firpo's percentages.

Firpo knocked out Brennan and McAuliffe in May, 1923. That summer, he became a well-known sight on the streets of New York, habitually wearing a suspicious scowl wherever he went, between his high collar and his flat straw hat. Local Latin Americans fêted him at banquets, at which he ate stupendous amounts of free food. Rickard by then had set his heart on a Dempsey-Firpo fight for the championship. However, he felt that a buildup match for Firpo should precede it. Dempsey and his manager, Jack Kearns, had gone off to Montana on an adventure of their own, in the course of which Dempsey outpointed Tom Gibbons and several Montana banks failed. Left to concentrate on the development of Firpo,

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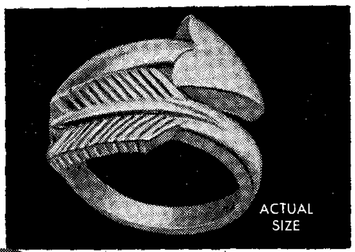
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Rickard matched him with the former champion, Willard, who had lost a substantial fortune during two years in retirement and wanted to start constructing another. The bout was scheduled for Boyle's Thirty Acres, a Jersey City fen on which Rickard had put up a vast pine arena in 1921 to accommodate the crowd at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. Firpo begged ferociously for forty per cent of the net gate receipts. In the end, he agreed to accept twenty per cent, a very respectable figure for a man who had yet to win a single fight of any consequence.

At this point, Firpo took a step that may in the long run, several boxing experts believe, have cost him the heavyweight title. However, it was a tribute to his budgetary instincts. He fired the astute Jimmy De Forest, who had trained him for the Brennan and McAuliffe bouts. With De Forest in his corner later in the year, Firpo might have been able to take legal advantage of several fouls committed by Dempsey. Soon after firing De Forest, Firpo offered to rehire him, at half the price, for a professional junket he was about to make to the West Indies and Mexico. De Forest declined. Rickard, hearing of the junket for the first time, shouted angrily that it would jeopardize his investment in the Firpo-Willard fight. Firpo shrugged his shoulders and went off to the Caribbean anyway. He had hit upon a profound economic truth appreciated by very few boxers: In preparing for a major fight, you save money—in fact, you make money—by dispensing with training camps and sparring partners and fighting real fights instead. Firpo's meeting, in Havana, with Italian Jack Herman was, at least nominally, a real fight. He knocked out Herman in the second round. In Mexico City, he knocked out an unknown named Jim Hubbard, also in the second round. Then he returned to the United States to fight Willard. In the course of the junket, one event of later significance took place—Firpo met and admired, at the Royal Palm Hotel, in Havana, a plump young lady named Blanca Lourdes Picart. A year afterward, the very mention of Señorita Picart's name was enough to make the nostrils of Canon Chase, and other enemies of the Devil, expand and quiver like a horse's after a fast six-furlong race.

THE crowd of more than eighty thousand people that watched Firpo fight Willard in Jersey City on July 12, 1923, was the largest, up to then, in

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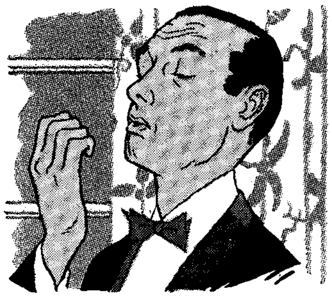

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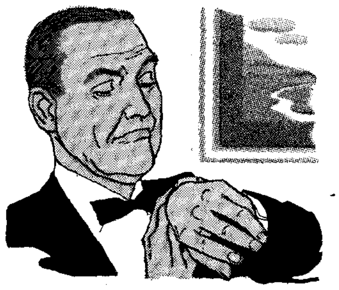

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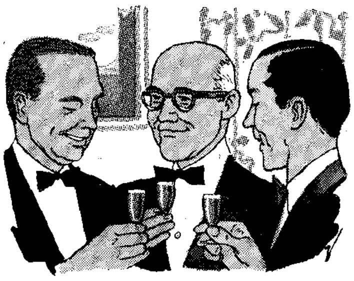

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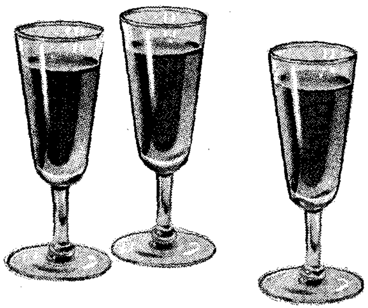

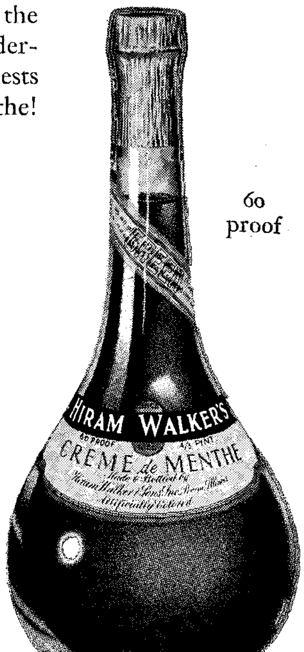

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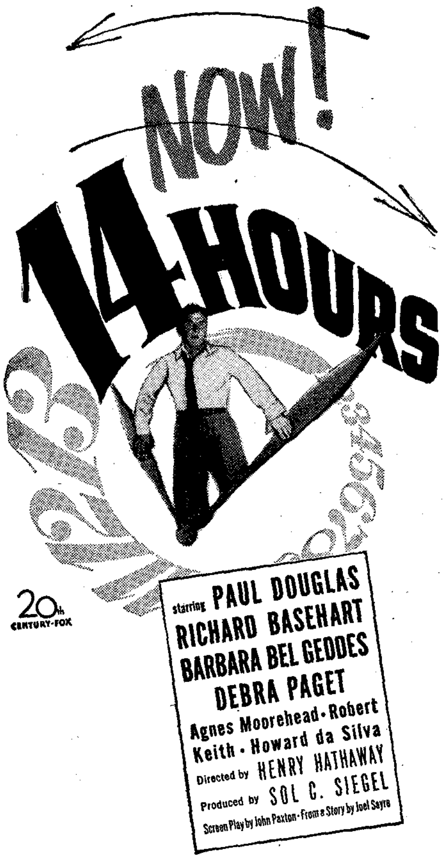

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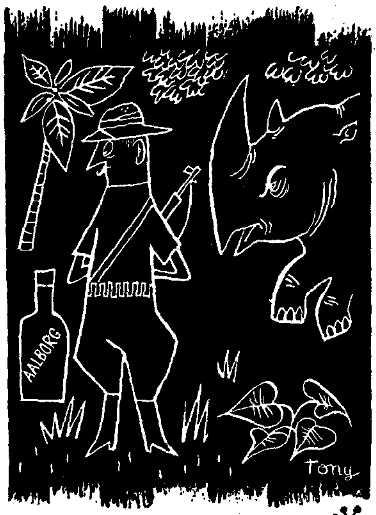
American boxing history. Prices being more reasonable than for the earlier Dempsey-Carpentier fight, the receipts amounted to only about four hundred thousand dollars. The bout revealed Firpo's shortcomings as a boxer. Willard, though forty years old and one of the most prudent giants the ring has ever known, was smarter and abler than any previous Firpo opponent. He outboxed Firpo for seven rounds. Then he tired. Firpo landed one or two bludgeoning rights. He was awarded a knockout in the eighth round, when Willard, having made himself fairly wealthy again, refused to fight any more. After the match, Rickard decided—rightly, as it turned out—that the public had been more impressed by the strength of Firpo's right hand than by its inaccuracy. All the world, he concluded, loves a slugger. He lost little time in signing up Dempsey and Firpo for the championship fight at the Polo Grounds. Then, mindful of Firpo's inefficiency against Willard, he said to Firpo, "No more fights before the big one." Firpo gave Rickard a dark and stubborn scowl. "I have four fights arranged," he said. "I'll see you after I fight them."

Firpo next knocked out a nonentity named Joe Burke, in the second round, in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and Rickard breathed more easily for a few days. Then Firpo met Homer Smith, in Omaha, and Smith, whom Dempsey had stopped in the first round five years before, went the scheduled ten rounds against Firpo. Rickard turned pale and sent Firpo three telegrams in one day, urging him to cancel the rest of his tour. Instead, Firpo, still hot on the trail of loose cash, took a train to Philadelphia, where he knocked out Charley Weinert in the second round. The fourth, and last, stop on his scavenger's tour hurt Firpo nearly as much as it did Rickard. He had agreed to visit Indianapolis, under the auspices of a promoter named Jack Druley, for an "exhibition match" (prizefighting was illegal in Indiana) against Joe Downey. Firpo had collected only half of his guarantee of four thousand dollars when Druley, shortly before the performance, disappeared. Firpo, in his dressing room, said he would not go on. The crowd became surly. Mayor Samuel Lewis Shank climbed into the ring and announced that Firpo, and Downey, too, would fight or go to jail. (The sheriff had declared earlier that they would go to jail if they put on a "real" fight.) With ill-concealed loathing, Firpo went through with his chore, boxing with sixteen-



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ounce gloves, and leaving Downey dazed, though perpendicular, at the end of ten rounds. On returning to his hotel, he was presented with his hotel bill, which Druley had promised to pay.

The Indianapolis fiasco shook Firpo's faith in America and intensified his grip on his purse strings. The championship fight called for at least some orthodox training, so, just three weeks before the Dempsey engagement, Firpo went to the Atlantic City race track (for dogs) to spar and punch the bag. He soon ran short of live targets. Sparring partners complained that he was giving them fifteen dollars a day, ten dollars under the standard rate for big fight camps, and making them pay their own hospital expenses. Firpo had replaced the costly De Forest with a friend of his from Buenos Aires, Horatio Lavalle, a rich amateur sportsman who was willing to work for nothing, but that did not lead him to relax his financial vigilance. One day, the customers at the race track, who had paid a dollar-ten apiece to get in, showed signs of pique when Firpo's brief exercises ended. They seemed to expect a sample of the greyhound racing for which the place was noted. There were yells of "Is that all?" The track manager replied with a speech. "Mr. Firpo," he said, "gets eighty-five cents out of each dollar and ten cents taken in at the gate here. Ten cents goes for taxes, and the park gets fifteen cents. I suggested to Mr. Firpo that he put up half of three hundred dollars in purse money for six dog races a day, but he declined. I can't see my way clear to putting all of it up myself, at these rates. Mr. Firpo has leased the park from two to four P.M., and those who wish to pay a dollar-ten to see him are welcome to do so." Firpo explained to reporters that dogs were not only expensive but, for the time being, irrelevant. "I am fighting for the championship," he said. "If people don't want to pay a dollar-ten to watch me now, let them wait and pay twenty-seven-fifty in New York."

IN New York, it developed that slightly more than eighty thousand people were willing to pay prices ranging up to twenty-seven-fifty, ringside, to watch Firpo's challenge. The receipts were $1,188,603, and comprised the fifth-largest gate in boxing history and the second-largest at that time. Dempsey received thirty-seven and a half per cent of this amount, and Firpo twelve and a half. Each shared correspondingly in the motion-picture profits. The crowd

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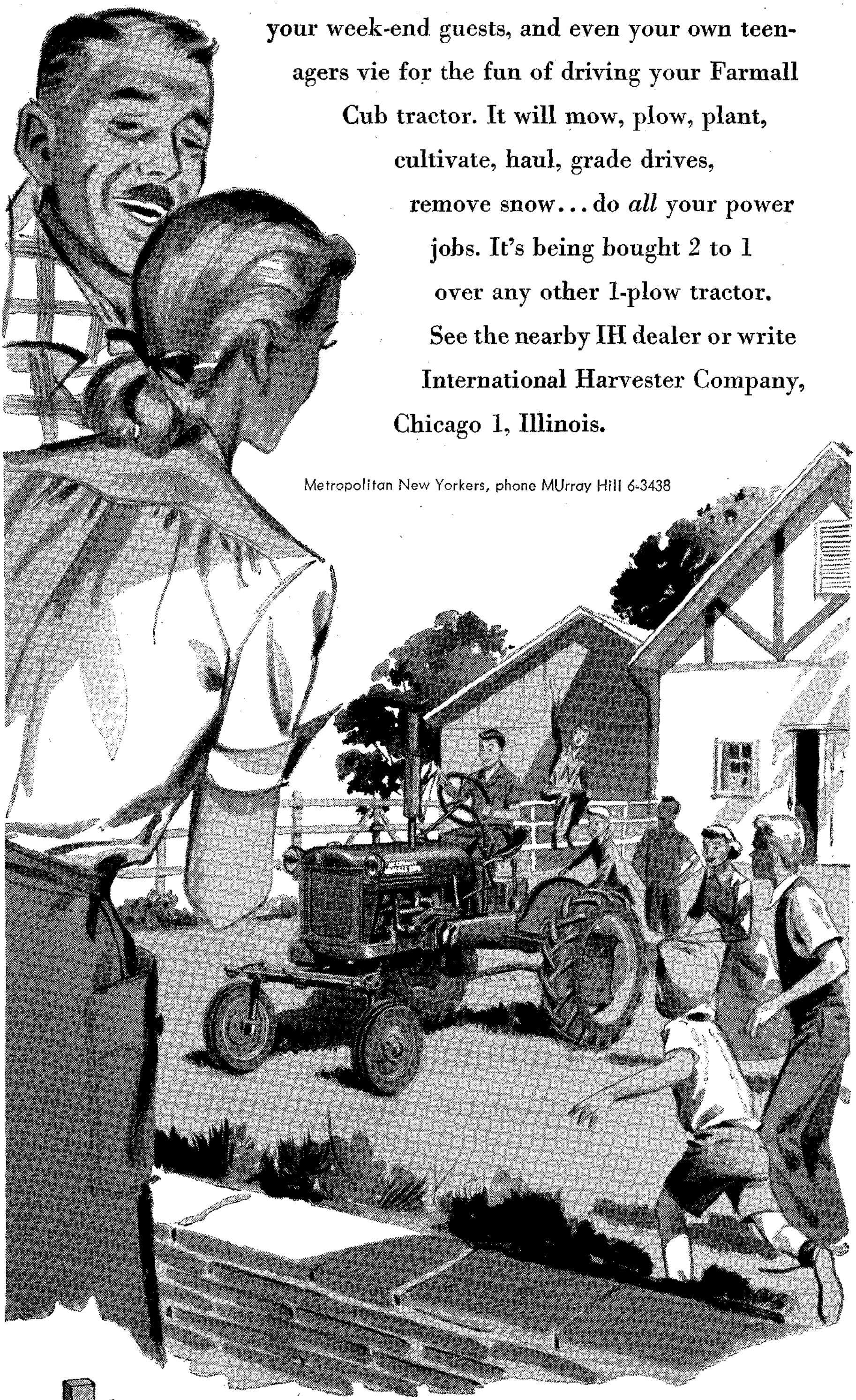

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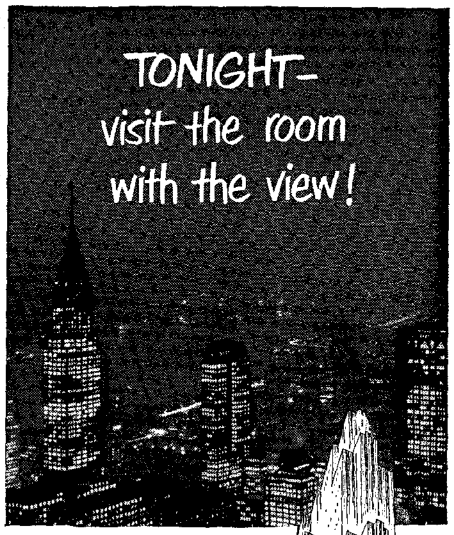
saw four minutes of action, at a rate of three hundred thousand dollars a minute. There is no record that any member of it asked for his money back. It was an exciting fight because of Dempsey's uncontrolled ferocity (he was always at his most savage against men bigger than he) and Firpo's strength and courage. It was a one-sided fight, apart from the blow that sent Dempsey hurtling through the ropes and down upon (according to the best evidence) Perry Grogan, a Western Union operator. It was a foul fight on several counts, as Dempsey conceded privately (and as he now concedes publicly, in bonhomous moments) after seeing the films. The ringsiders who pushed Dempsey back toward the ring helped him illegally. Each time Dempsey knocked Firpo down, he stood over him, instead of going to a corner, and hit him again as soon as he got up. (The corner rule was a recent one and the referees of that time were inclined to overlook it.) Once, Firpo circled on his hands and knees on the canvas, to avoid presenting his jaw to Dempsey when he rose, but Dempsey circled with him.

The fight made Firpo a hero and a legend, in both North and South America. In Buenos Aires, there was a strong, though abortive, movement to name a new street after him, instead of after Vicente Planes y López, author of the Argentine national anthem. In Times Square, Firpo stopped traffic in a new red Stutz, which had a bull's head painted on one side of it. He had obtained the Stutz agency for Buenos Aires before the fight. A business representative-chauffeur of Firpo's, Guillermo Widmer, began shipping Stutzes, mostly red, from New York to South America in a steady stream. There is reason to suspect that Widmer was not paid by Firpo for this and other services. At any rate, he seems to have supplied most of the information against Firpo when, a year later, Canon Chase unsuccessfully sought to have the boxer deported on the ground that Señorita Picart had become one of his travelling companions. Shortly after the Dempsey fight, Argentina's enthusiasm cooled momentarily when Firpo was reported to have called on the New York County Clerk and signed a declaration of intention to become an American citizen. The County Clerk said that he had signed it, all right. Firpo, arriving in Buenos Aires in November, denied the report strenuously. If he had signed anything, he explained, he had done so under the impression that it was some kind of celebrity list, or register of distinguished



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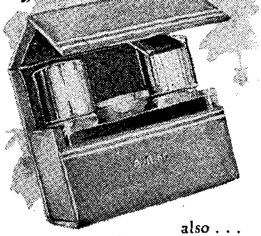

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guests. North of the Tropic of Cancer, you couldn't trust anybody, he said, adding, "Everything I have done has been for Argentina." The local press, mollified, asked him about the Dempsey fight. Firpo said that it had been perhaps a little unfair. He praised Lavalle, his wealthy trainer and second, for restraining him when he had tried to protest after the fight. This left Lavalle holding a small bag, but he defended himself artfully. He had made a claim of foul in Firpo's behalf, he now said, after the first round, but two members of the Boxing Commission, not understanding his English, had threatened to have him arrested if he didn't leave the ring.

Firpo began investing his money at once. He bought three building sites in Buenos Aires and a number of oil paintings. He also adopted the bull's head as his coat of arms. It was another trophy of his North American travels; the late Damon Runyon had given him the nickname, more enduring than most coinages of the kind, of the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Firpo was proud of the name but finicky about its interpretation. One day a couple of years later, in Monte Carlo, where he had agreed to box an exhibition bout, he saw an advertising poster that showed him with horns coming out of his head, to illustrate his taurine quality. He tore the poster down in a rage. "I am either a man or a bull, not both!" he shouted. The insult was eliminated from the remaining posters by pasting paper over the horns. As it turned out, Firpo didn't fulfill his exhibition engagement. After counting the house on the night in question (there were four hundred people in it, many of them gate-crashers, according to Firpo), he declined to fight and went off to the Casino, where he won five hundred francs at roulette. —JOHN LARDNER

(This is the first of two articles on Señor Firpo.)

•

WHAT, NEVER? WELL, HARDLY EVER

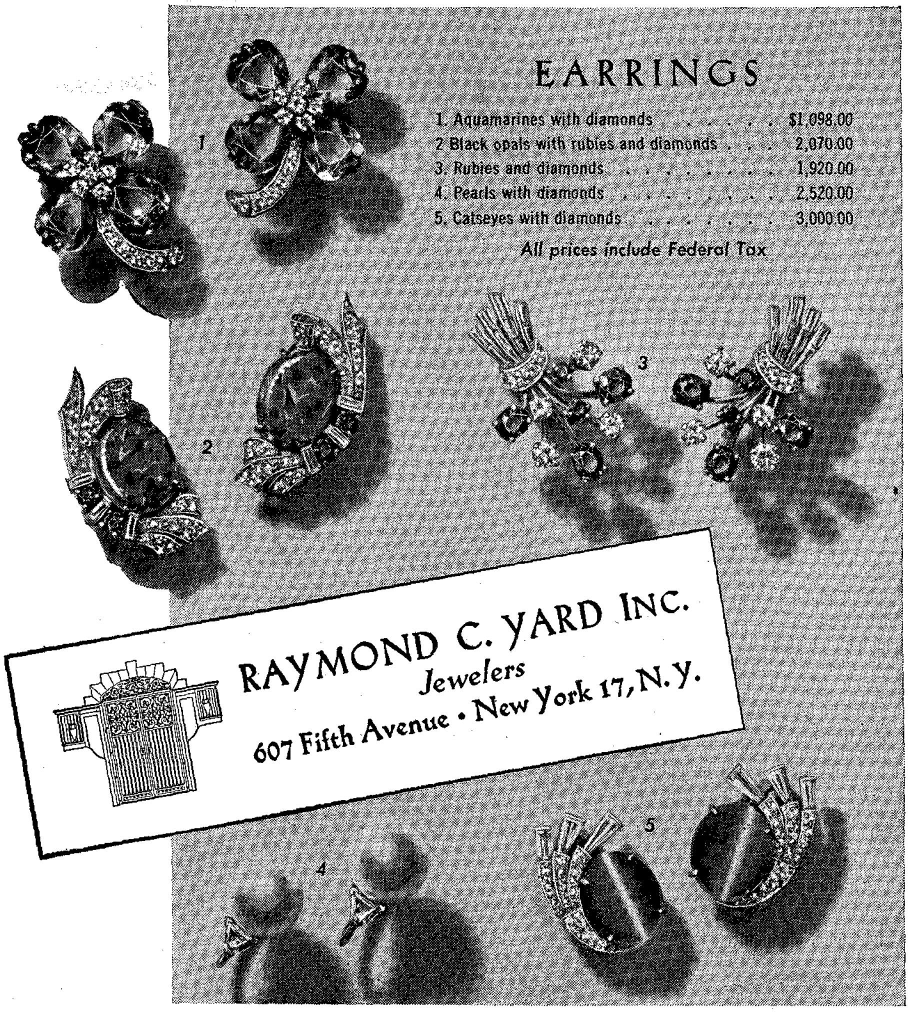
[From the program of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company]

When another member of the company takes the place of a principal any night (they never use the term understudy) you will have to look sharp to discover the difference. —*Page 24.*

[Martyn Green] joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1922 as a chorister and understudy. —*Page 34.*

For some years he played small parts and understudied Sir Henry Lytton. —*Page 34.*

[Leonard Osborn] ... first joined the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company in 1937 as understudy. —*Page 34.*



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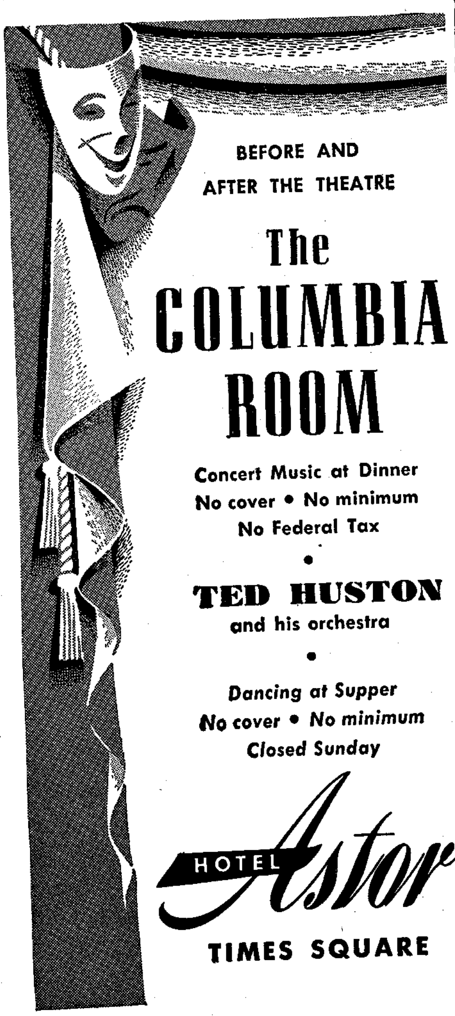
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THE ART GALLERIES

Mostly Sculpture

IT is almost exactly eight years since the British abstract sculptor Henry Moore had his first—and, till the one now on at the Buchholz, his last—gallery exhibition in New York, and over four years since his big retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. (He has yet to be given a really full-scale showing in his native country, but one is scheduled for the Tate Gallery, in London, to run during the coming Festival of Britain.) Still, in spite of this fairly meagre record of public appearances, he is established, at the age of fifty-two, not only as one of the five or six most important living modern sculptors but as a popular symbol of the modernist movement, as is best evidenced by the fact that when a comic artist or a cartoonist wants to poke fun at modernist sculptures, he generally uses one of Moore's perforated figures for his example.

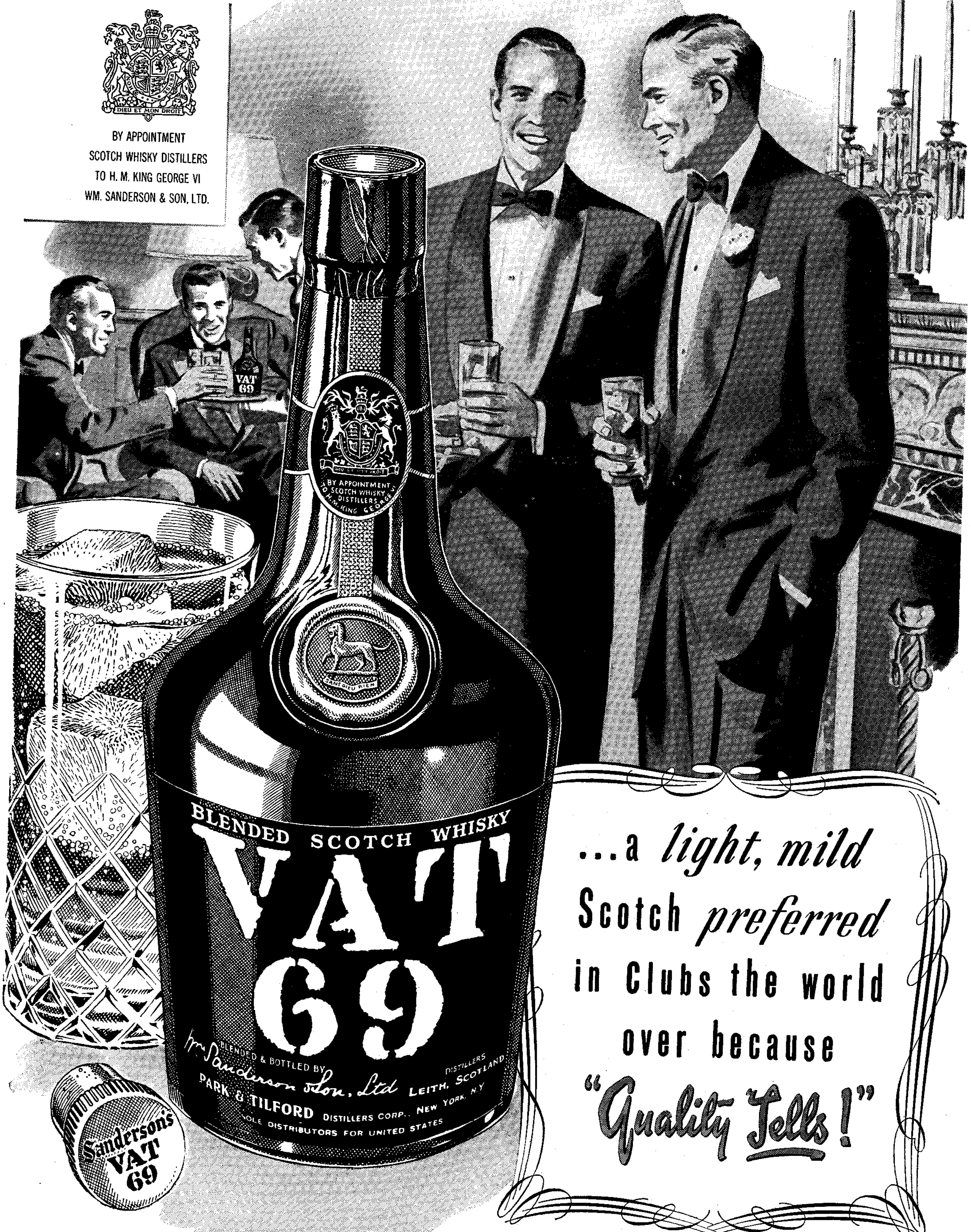
There are few such pieces in the current collection (Moore has said that he employs the device of perforating his work to give lightness and a sense of relationship with surrounding space to it), and, although the show covers the period from 1931 to the present, even fewer of those wholly abstract strung-wire-and-metal constructions that have caused almost as much comment. At the moment, I can recall just one of the latter, a little, rather totemic contrivance called "Young Bride," and of the others only three, of which his "Reclining Figure" (No. 6) seems the most successful. Yet, even though it is relatively small, the exhibition offers a considerably more varied view of his production than, I think, either of the ones that have gone before.

To be sure, there is a series of his familiar "Family Groups," those little two- or three-figured arrangements that, if "classic" in style, are done in the warmer, gentler, innocently spirited Etruscan manner rather than in the more traditional Greek or Roman, and these—particularly "Family Group" (No. 13), in which the mother is handing the infant to the father, and the slightly more formal "Study for Battersea Park Figures"—are as graceful and tender as always. But there is also another set, dated 1950, of a mother and child in a rocking chair, and this, though similar in emotional suggestion, is deliberately non-classic and quite contemporary in treatment. And even in the earlier sections of the show one finds scattered pieces—such as the odd, rather Arpian "Three-Piece Carving" of 1934, the sinuously designed "Composition" of 1932, and the less effective "Carving" of a year earlier—that are quite outside the line of his work as we have come to know it.

On the whole, it is his recent work that is likely to prove most interesting. In all, there are twelve pieces dated 1950 in the show, and a few from the three or four years preceding, and they reveal a considerable advance both in strength and in flexibility of attack over most of his earlier work. Beneath such extravagances of style as Moore may have, there has always been something essentially British. One feels that he represents solidity, thoughtfulness, and dependability—all traditionally British characteristics—and it is one of his great accomplishments that he has raised these occasionally pedestrian qualities to a high level. It is in keeping with his nature that his advances should be cautious and deliberate. But deliberateness can mean wise deliberation, and there's no gainsaying the mixture of technical assurance and mature wisdom that went into the fashioning of his "Helmet" (No. 24), which, despite its small size, seems to enclose the whole Middle Ages in its contours; the little "Head" (No. 32), which expresses the Renaissance with almost equal succinctness; and, among his larger pieces, the "Reclining Figure" (No. 34), with its wonderfully adroit linear simplifications. I liked, too, his taut "Head" (No. 33).

AT the Pierre Matisse, there is a sort of bobtailed retrospective (1946 to 1950) of paintings and other works by Joan Miró, and I found it about as cheerfully effervescent and delightful as a show can be. All of Miró's lighthearted deftness and fantasy are displayed, and I roamed about in a pleasant daze, admiring, on the one hand, the unfettered inventiveness that could, jugglerlike, send a flight of disembodied eyes (or are they stars?) arching across a canvas, as he does in "Personages and Constellation;" on the other hand, the instinct for design that makes his "Women, Bird, and Stars" as airy and at the same time as surely balanced as a weather vane; and, on still another

for your *LIGHTER* moments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IN its second group exhibition since its removal to new quarters uptown, the old Clay Club, now the Sculpture Center, is displaying an array of new pieces, all done directly in metal, by a considerable variety of artists. Direct-metal sculpture has been attracting more and more modern sculptors in recent years, and as experiment in the form has continued, so have the techniques expanded. In addition to the traditional molds and mallets of a Saul Baizerman, say, who models in repoussé, and the shears and pliers of an Alexander Calder, the tools now include blowtorches, brazing irons, and other welders' and steamfitters' equipment, and the methods just about every one employed in a machine shop or a foundry. As is often the case in experimental periods, the techniques tend to run away with their users, and a number of the pieces in the collection are almost staggeringly complex in their construction. But the show at least offers a thorough survey of the latest developments in this newest of mediums, and, too, it contains more than a fair share of excellent items—most notably Juan Nickford's evocative "African Landscape," David Hare's sensitive "Night Dance," and the curiously moving portrait head called "Slave," by José de Creeft.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*Charles Ventura in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

For the benefit of those who came late, we were the first to chronicle Wallie's severance from malt heiress Helen Beadleston O'Gorman Orssich Engel Brooks, her subsequent marriage to Dan Schoonmaker and Mrs. Brooks' merger with the late Will Rogers' pretty daughter, Mary.

•

It is not likely, as some physicists have warned, that the whole atmosphere will ever be deliberately poisoned by radioactive cobalt distributed by an atomic bomb, chiefly because of the technical difficulties and the expense.—*Waldemar Kaempffert in the Times.*

Surely there must be *some* way . .

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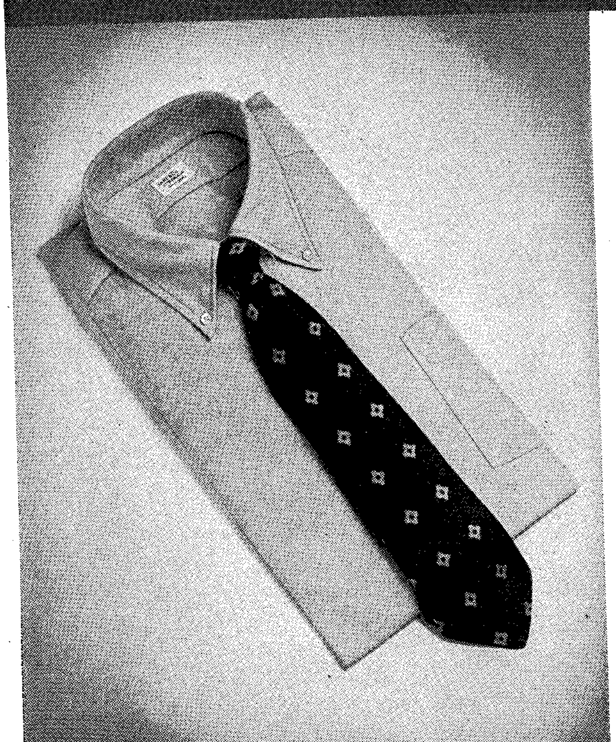

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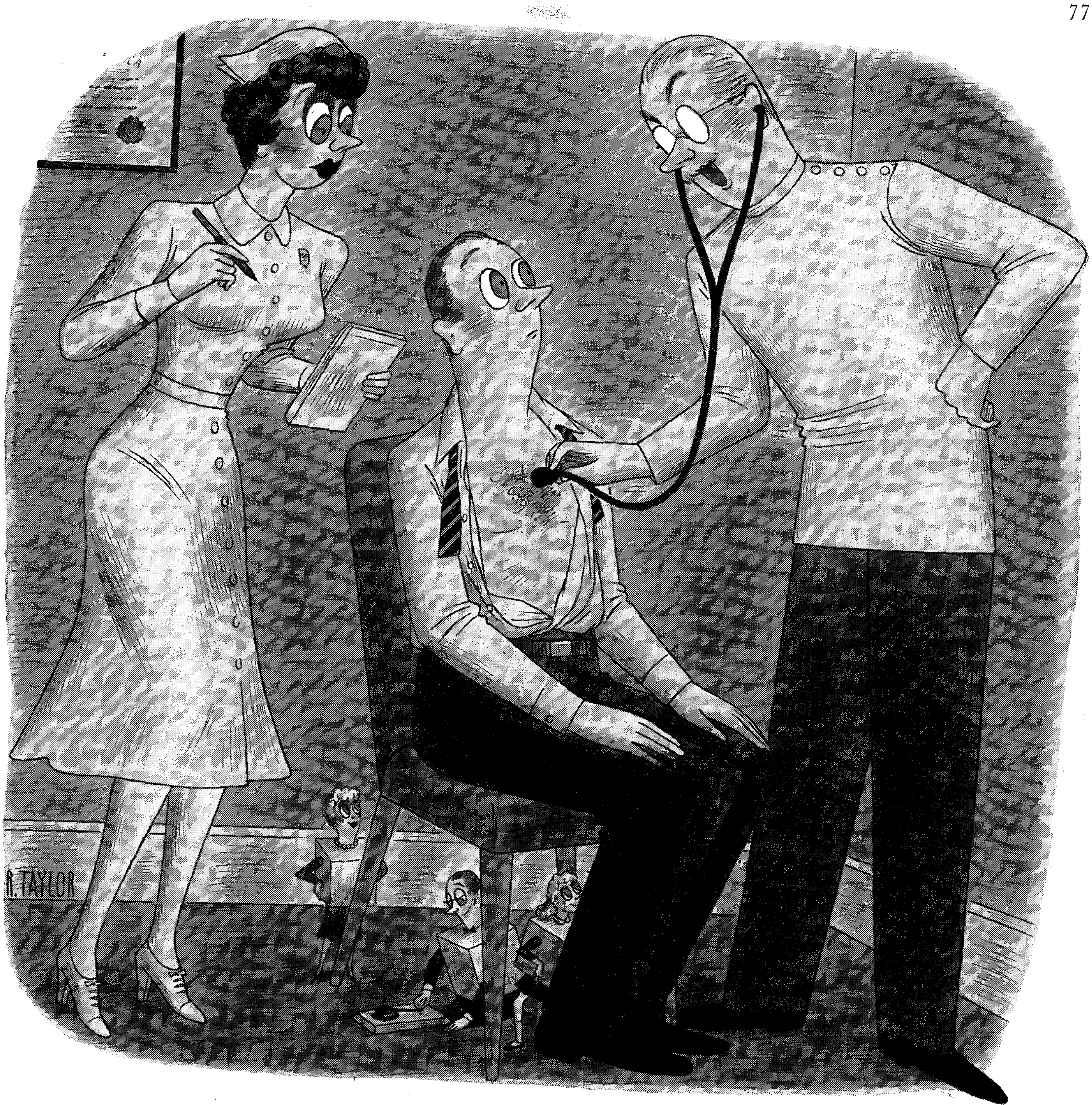

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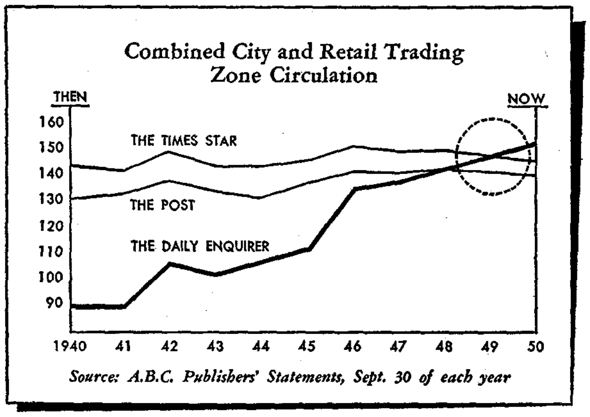

Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, Sept. 30 of each year

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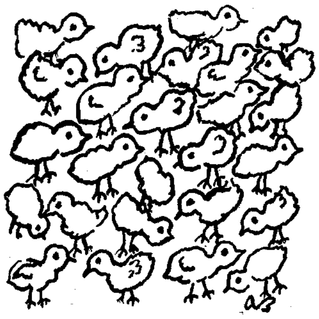
MINOR ENTENTE

Twenty-Eight years is a long time to keep an ordinary postcard, and how the one I came upon the other day, a faded view of Paimbœuf, in Brittany, has managed to survive my own carelessness with correspondence and my wife's periodic clearing out of old papers is a mystery; I found it among some odds and ends in the back of a desk drawer. The fact that it has turned up is, however, a lucky break for my son.

Paimbœuf is on the River Loire, about halfway between Nantes and St. Nazaire. The postcard shows the quay photographed from the river. A cross in purple ink marks the Chollets' house, where I stayed the summer that I was seventeen, and the message on the back is in French, in M. Chollet's copybook handwriting, telling me how empty the house seems now that his son Jean and I have left for London. He signs himself "An old friend who cordially clasps your hand." The postmark is August 27, 1923.

Until a short time before the postcard was mailed, I had never heard of Paimbœuf or of M. Chollet. I came home from school one spring day with my head full of a plan that my fourth-year French teacher had explained to the class whereby an English and a French boy or girl could exchange homes for a month during the summer vacation, and in this way each would have a chance to learn the customs and language of the other's country. I was sure that my father could not afford to send me abroad, but I told him about the arrangement anyway, and, to my amazement, he said, "I don't quite know how it will be managed, but you're going. You can't miss this opportunity." He told me to go ahead and apply for the exchange.



My father started working when he was twelve. He was a waiter, and as far back as I could remember, he had always had to work at two jobs. His daytime job was in a London restaurant; from seven until past midnight he worked in a night club. His wages from both jobs were trivial, but he also got tips, and he and my mother somehow succeeded in raising a family of five children. By the time I was of school age, my older brothers and sisters were contributing to the family income and we were able to live in average working-class comfort. My father believed in education, and urged me to work hard in school, particularly at my French. He had often recounted how, when he was a boy, he had asked his father if he could go to night school to learn French. Grandfather's reply was pungent and not very polite, and I won't repeat it here. Probably that incident had something to do with my father's decision to send me to France.

Only one other pupil in my school, a clergyman's son, applied for the exchange. We were given forms to fill out, and our French teacher spent some time advising us how to answer the questions, which were designed to elicit a picture of the social background of the applicant, so that an appropriate exchange could be arranged. Such phrases as "ready access to the heart of London" and "adjacent to large park" put a certain gloss on the geographical situation of my home, but there was no way to disguise the fact that my family lived in a four-room flat, of which two rooms were in an attic; that we had no bathroom (fortunately, we were near the municipal baths); and that the toilet was shared with another family.

The clergyman's son was fixed up with the family of a doctor in Amiens, and shortly afterward I received a notice from the school that I was to exchange with Jean Chollet, the son of a postman at Paimbœuf, in the department of Loire-Inférieure. I wrote to Jean in French, and he replied in quaint but understandable English. In the subsequent correspondence, Jean's parents suggested, through him, that it might be better if I came to them for July and Jean accompanied me back to London in August, instead of our making simultaneous voyages. My parents agreed to this.

My journey to Paimbœuf was fairly disastrous. Travelling third class by the cheapest route meant taking the night boat from Newhaven to Dieppe. I was sick from the moment we left the harbor. The train from Dieppe to Paris was crowded, and I spent the night in the corridor, sitting on my cheap fibre suitcase. In Paris, I went, by the old Nord-Sud line, from the Gare St. Lazare to the Gare Montparnasse, where I waited four hours for a train with third-class accommodation going to Nantes. I should have changed trains at Le Mans, but to my unpracticed ear the conductor's instruction "*Changez au Mans*" meant that I was to change at some place called Aumont, or possibly Hautmont, and after passing through Le Mans, I was hauled off the train at Angers. I found my way across Angers to another station, and after a three-hour wait, caught a local to Nantes. It was nearly midnight when I arrived there, and I had missed the connection to Paimbœuf.

I spent the night in the waiting room of the Nantes station, cold, hungry, dirty, and not far from tears. The first morning train left shortly after six. It was almost a farmyard on wheels, with live ducks, chickens, and rabbits coming aboard at every halt, in a wide variety of baskets, hampers, and sacks, followed by their owners, mostly rough-skinned peasant women in voluminous black skirts, with little white starched lace caps on their heads. Paimbœuf was the end of the line. Here, waiting to greet me, were not only the Chollet family but a reception committee composed of the mayor, the local schoolteacher, and several of the Chollets' neighbors, who were curious to see the young foreign visitor. I don't know what the Chollets' first impressions of me were. I thought them a queer bunch. I remember my surprise that they looked so French. M. Chollet, in his uniform of *facteur*, was like a drawing out of "First Steps in French." Red-faced, with a big black mustache, he waved his hands in elaborate gesticulation. Mme. Chollet wore a black dress and bedroom slippers. She was very fat and pale. Jean had a peaked cap with gold braid, a reefer with brass buttons, a striped shirt without a collar, and high-button boots that came to just below his knees, with an inch or two of white stocking showing over the tops.

There was a lot of handshaking, and many expressions of welcome, which I only vaguely understood. I tried to explain why I was a day late, and found my French inadequate, but I did manage to convey to them that I had been sick on the boat and that I was tired. I undoubtedly looked a wreck. Later, I learned that the Chollets had met the train the evening before—there were only two a day in Paimbœuf—but since they hadn't been sure what train I would take from Paris, they hadn't been concerned about me. The greetings were cut short, and we all started off on foot along the Grand' Rue.

This street ran parallel to the Loire, and the houses and shops on the north side had entrances both from the quay and from the street. The Chollets

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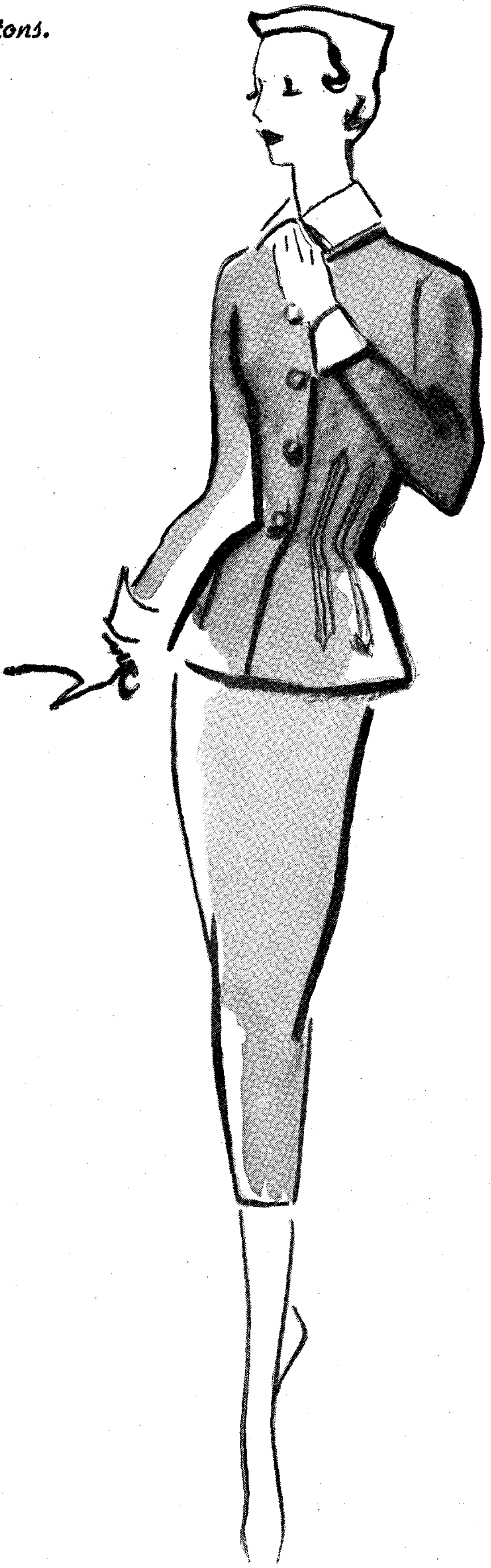
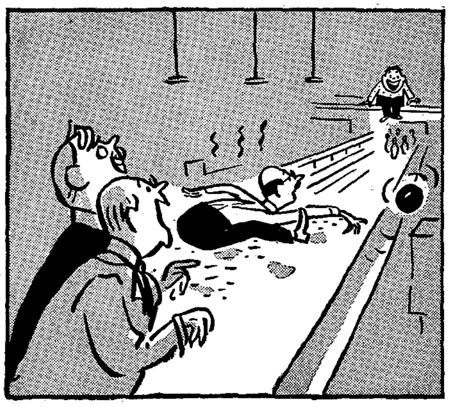


SEVEN YEARS



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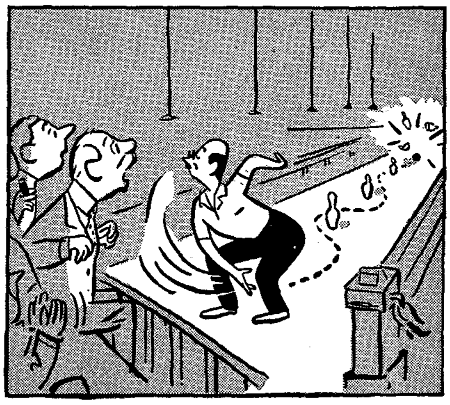

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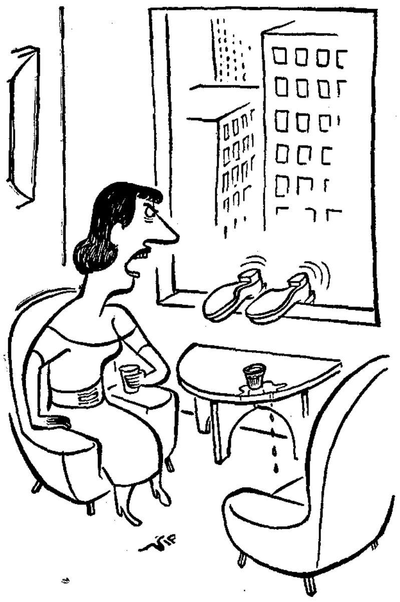
lived in one of these double-fronted houses. It had four rooms and a big cellar, and it seemed shockingly bare. My own home was crowded with knickknacks, pictures, and photographs; the tables, sideboard, overmantel, and whatnot were all covered with doilies or runners. At 80 Grand' Rue, I found the essentials of furniture and housekeeping, and no ornaments or decorations of any kind. In my home there was also a piano. This instrument, along with lace curtains and an aspidistra in the parlor window and a clean front step, has been considered the hallmark of a respectable English home since Victorian days. The money my parents paid out in installments for the piano no doubt at the Chollets', or in any comparable French home, went for food or in acquiring an armoire, or linen cupboard, of noble proportions.

I soon discovered that Jean knew no English at all. The letters I had received from him had been written by his teacher. M. Chollet was ambitious for his son, who wasn't very bright at French, let alone English. Each day, I had to give Jean a piece of English dictation, under the approving eye of M. Chollet. Jean begged me, in private, to pretend that he was doing well, in order to avoid rows with his father, and I agreed to this, although the results of his efforts were like no known language. For me, M. Chollet unearthed a queer exercise book that consisted of short texts in which spelling and grammatical mistakes had been purposely included. The texts were to be rewritten without the mistakes, and there was a correct version of these exercises, separately printed, which Papa Chollet made a lot of fuss about hiding and produced when my daily homework was ready for marking.

Mme. Chollet did not know how to read or write. Both she and Jean were addicted to a blood-and-thunder weekly magazine that featured a character called Fantômas. Papa Chollet did not approve of this lurid fiction, but as soon as he was safely on his morning round, Mme. Chollet would bring out a copy of the magazine, and Jean and I would take turns reading aloud to her while she did her ironing or prepared the vegetables for lunch. I didn't enjoy this, though I really should have been delighted, because it was splendid practice in pronunciation.

I sensed that Mme. Chollet did not like me very much. To begin with, she was parsimonious and doubtless resented having to board me. When her husband was not around, she made it clear, as



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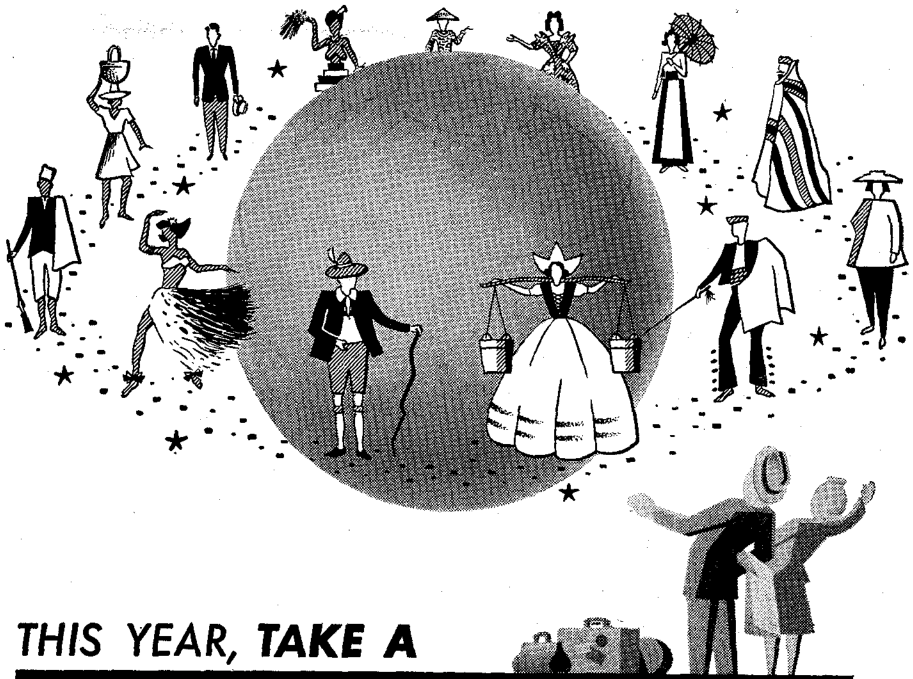
though I were responsible, that she considered it a wicked waste of money to send Jean to London. She was also jealous of any attention the neighbors paid me. For my part, I didn't like the way she used me as an excuse when she wanted to do something, or let Jean do something, that M. Chollet objected to. "It's all the same to me," she would say, "but it is Monsieur Léonard who suggested . . ." or "It is only for our young visitor."

PAIMBŒUF was a dull place after London, and I soon became dreadfully bored. The morning and evening trains from Nantes; the midday river boat, which called at Paimbœuf on its daily run from Nantes to St. Nazaire; and the market on Wednesdays and Saturdays were all there was in the way of excitement, and with repetition these events soon palled. Luckily, the Chollets had two bikes and Jean and I could go bicycling around the countryside. After the evening meal we played checkers or took our chairs out onto the sidewalk so that we could listen to the ancient gramophone of the stonemason who lived four doors away. Soon after dusk, we were in bed, largely because Mme. Chollet saw no point in lighting the oil lamp.

My favorite bicycle jaunt was to St.-Brévin-les-Pins, which had a nice little beach and the liveliness common to all small summer resorts. During my stay at Paimbœuf, nobody ever suggested to me how or where I could take a bath. There was a pitcher and a bowl in each of the two bedrooms, but no tub—not even a zinc one. I wondered whether this fact had been glossed over in the application that Jean must have filled out. Once, I persuaded Mme. Chollet to heat a saucepan of water, so that I could have a more elaborate wash than usual, but she did it grudgingly, and after that I consoled myself with the fact that I was getting frequent dips in the sea at St.-Brévin.

Our longer trips were made only to those places where Chollet relatives or friends lived and we could count on a free meal. For years, there had been little or no contact between the family in Paimbœuf and these aunts, second cousins, and godparents. The unexpected arrival of *le petit Chollet* with an English boy was always the cause of excitement and sometimes of embarrassment. One old lady lamented, with tears in her eyes, that all she could offer us was a plateful of buttered spinach. A gamekeeper uncle, an Army pensioner who had spent most of his life in North Africa, plied us so steadily with



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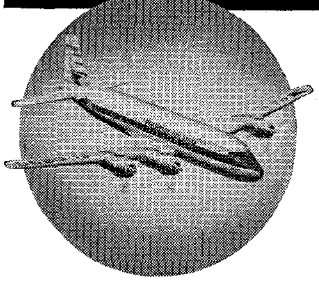

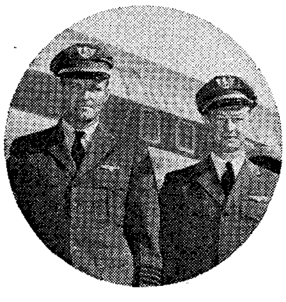

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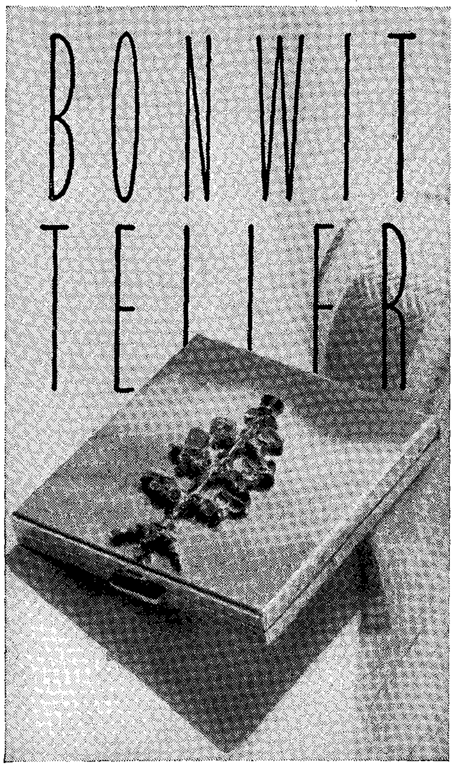

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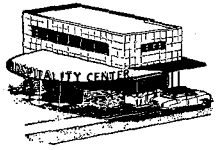

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vin cru that when we tried to mount our bicycles, we collapsed in befuddlement.

Nearly every day Jean and I called on M. Buzy, in Paimbœuf. A former student at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts and a onetime government inspector of public monuments, M. Buzy appeared to divide his time between reading books on architecture and drafting stirring pamphlets to enlighten the citizens of Paimbœuf on such subjects as taxes, drains, the need for a war memorial, and silt in the River Loire. On arriving at his house, we would pull the old-fashioned bell and wait for a full five minutes. Then the door would open slowly to reveal a Poincaré-like figure in skullcap, black suit, and slippers. "*Ah, la jeunesse! Quelle bonne petite surprise! Que c'est gentil de venir me voir! Que c'est aimable!*" These and similar phrases would be uttered over and over again, until at last we were urged to be so good as to have the kindness to give ourselves the trouble of entering for a little moment.

M. Buzy's house was large and full of odd corners and staircases. The floors were bare, unpolished, and uneven with age. In one room was a grand piano with yellow keys, which I was allowed to play. What I liked best was the walled garden, where we would sit sipping a mixture of white wine and lemonade. To M. Buzy, I was welcome as an appropriate audience to whom he could unburden himself of his impatience with the British government's weak-kneed attitude toward the fallen Boche. Although I was more flattered by the attention he bestowed on me than interested in the subject, I managed to say enough to stimulate his zeal and draw from him an invitation to come again the next day, at which time I would be further instructed in the matter of France's vital needs with regard to the Ruhr, or whatever. At the request of Papa Chollet, who was delighted that we were received by the acknowledged intellectual of Paimbœuf, M. Buzy used to give Jean and me subjects for essays, which we wrote out in his presence and then submitted to him for correction.

Only once did M. Buzy fail to ask us in. Standing in the doorway, he said severely that the day before, Jean and I had passed him and Mme. Buzy in the street, and I had merely lifted my cap an inch or two off my head, instead of doffing it completely. Such conduct was not as was necessary, nor was it nice, polite, gentle, well-brought-up, delicate, refined, or civilized. It was four days before I dared venture near

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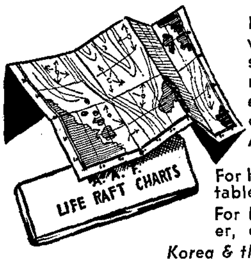
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his house again, and then I went cap in hand.

FRENCH schools have a longer summer vacation than English schools. During the first week of my stay in Paimbœuf, M. Chollet pointed out that Jean was not obliged to go back to school until October, and that it would be a pity to have him return from London before he needed to. Therefore, if I would like to stay in France six weeks instead of a month, perhaps Jean could stay longer than a month in England. My family, consulted by mail, offered no objection to this arrangement.

I was too much a child of the city to appreciate the country, too precocious to find a real friend in the rather simple-minded Jean, and—as I saw in later years—too silly to take full advantage of this wonderful opportunity to learn the language. Yet I did learn a lot during those six weeks. Imperceptibly, I expanded my vocabulary, caught the intonation, found my ears tuned to the fastest conversation. It was not until I was back in London with Jean that I realized how much I had improved. When I took Jean to my school, I saw with surprise that my classmates could not follow his voluble chatter and turned to me for translation.

The best part of the whole vacation for me was the last two days. To catch the Paris train, Jean and I had to be in Nantes early in the morning. M. Chollet wrote to friends there, a M. and Mme. Corbineau, asking if the two of us might stay with them Sunday night, as we planned to leave on Monday. Mme. Corbineau wrote back and invited not only Jean and me but M. and Mme. Chollet as well, and for Saturday and Sunday.

M. Corbineau was in his sixties, his wife was twenty years younger, and they had a son Roger, who was nineteen. The Corbineaus lived in two rooms on the ground floor of a house in the industrial suburb of Chantenay. The four of us from Paimbœuf taxed their accommodations to the limit. At night, M. and Mme. Chollet were given the double bed; the camp bed, normally occupied by Roger, was folded up, and the Corbineau family, Jean, and I slept on two mattresses placed side by side on the floor.

The two days at Nantes were so exciting that they made up for the dull weeks at Paimbœuf. This was due largely to Mme. Corbineau, who was full of fun and a great leg-puller. After a lively Saturday lunch in the Cor-

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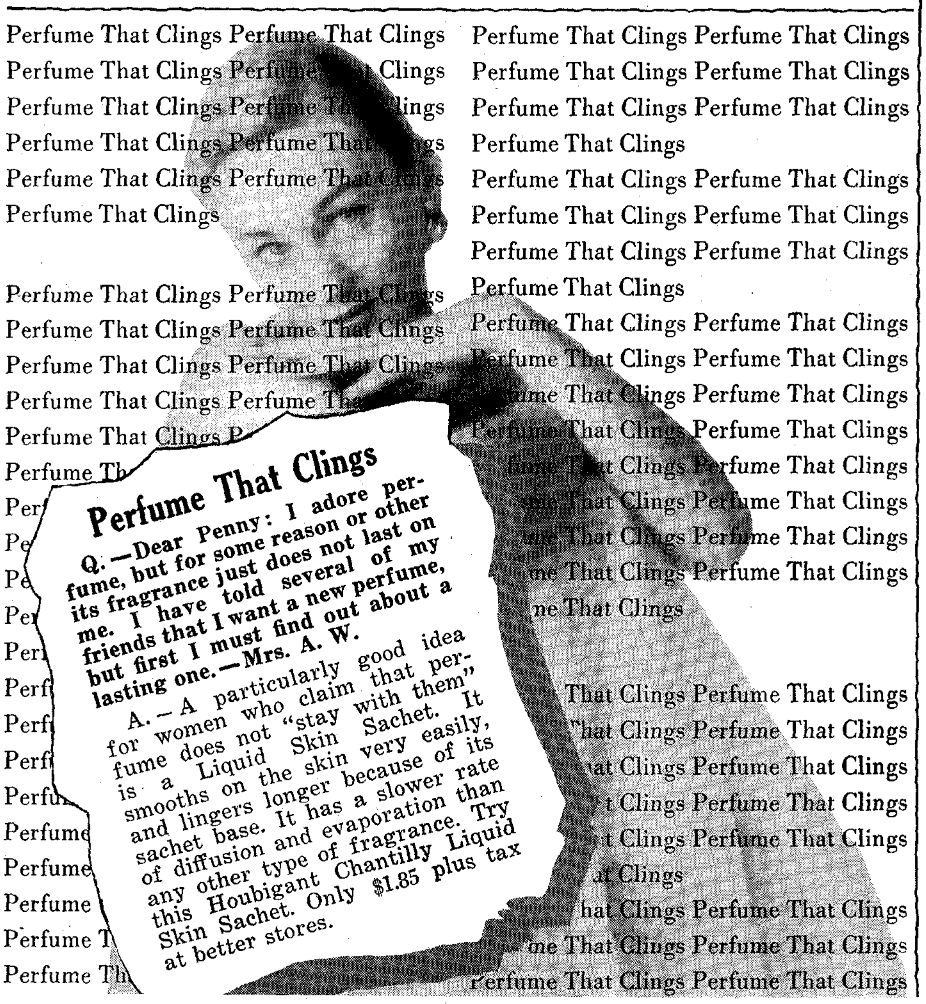

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bineaus' kitchen, we all took a trolley that bumped and groaned its way up the Rue Voltaire to the center of Nantes, where we did the main sights. Afterward, we had an apéritif in a big café on the quay and then dined at a restaurant whose proprietor was Roger's godfather. We stayed there in noisy conviviality until past midnight.

The next morning, M. Corbineau, M. Chollet, Roger, Jean, and I went rowing on the river and stopped in at the Rendez-vous des Pêcheurs for a *chope* of white wine before returning for another of Mme. Corbineau's miraculous meals, cooked on a single gas ring and a small oilstove. Some sort of local fête was being celebrated that Sunday. The suburban streets were decorated with bunting, and the cafés had hired small orchestras. Roger, who supplemented his wages as a clerk in a sugar refinery by playing the violin in a two-shows-a-week cinema, had been engaged to play in one of the cafés. The proprietor was duly grateful when Roger turned up not only with the six of us but also with the Delanoë family, who lived next door to the Corbineaus. Mme. Delanoë was a war widow. Her elder daughter had a job in the post office; her second daughter, Suzanne, worked in a lace shop and was about nineteen; and there was a son, fifteen. The singing and general hilarity gave me confidence, and so did the wine I kept drinking. My French had never been so fluent. I was acutely conscious that Suzanne, who sat next to me and was squeezing my hand, was very pretty. Presently she wanted to know what the English words "Kees me" meant. She had seen them, she said, on the silk-embroidered postcards that English and American soldiers had bought so readily during the war. I could tell that she already knew the answer, and I was thrilled by her little subterfuge. Returning from the café, we all linked arms, Suzanne and I again being next to each other. In the confusion of the final good nights, I succeeded in giving her an awkward schoolboy's kiss. When she kissed me in return, a wave of sadness came over me. I realized that in the morning I would be going away and we would never see each other again.

I looked around for Mme. Corbineau, whose kindness I felt sure of. She was sitting on the kitchen step with her shoes off, joking about the queue that was forming in front of the outhouse at the far end of the yard.

"I have been so happy here with you," I stammered. "I wish I had been here for all my stay. Do you think—

could I—would you have me back for my Easter vacation?"

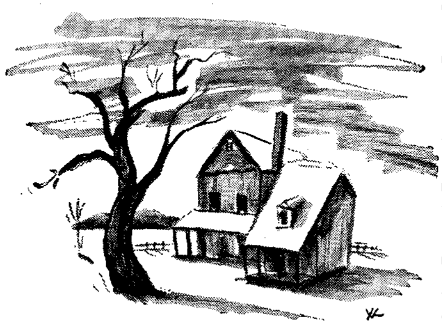
She leaned over, gave me a quick, motherly hug, and whispered, "But certainly! Only don't speak about it now, before Mme. Chollet. She will be grieved if she thinks you did not enjoy yourself with her. You will write to us from London. If you still want to come to us next year, you shall."

The next morning, at the station, Papa Chollet entrusted to my care five gold louis for Jean to spend in London. Looking at Mme. Chollet, who was weeping, I suddenly understood what a wrench it was for her to lose her son, even for a few weeks. As Jean and I boarded the train, Mme. Corbineau, with a mischievous twinkle, pressed into my hand a souvenir—a button that had come off Suzanne's dress during the horseplay in the café the night before. I clutched it all the way to Paris.

Jean enjoyed himself in London, but I am afraid this was not due to me. I was only too glad to dump him on my brothers or my schoolmates, who found him both a novelty and good fun. He was never at a loss where to spend his time, and he discovered the delights of the movies, which were silent then and easy for him to follow. He either could not or would not learn English. Toward the end of his stay, I took him on a weekend camping trip with several of my school friends. We tried bumping him every time he spoke French. It didn't work. When I finally saw him off, toward the end of September, my main feeling was relief. I didn't tell him that I was hoping to get back to Nantes for a week in the spring.

I had about six months in which to earn the money for my second trip to France. The sum I needed was not so big, really. I figured that the whole trip ought to cost just over five pounds. The third-class round-trip fare from London to Nantes was three pounds eight shillings. I planned to give Mme. Corbineau the equivalent of fifteen shillings for my keep, and have just under a pound for spending money.

My father arranged for me to wash glasses occasionally in the restaurant



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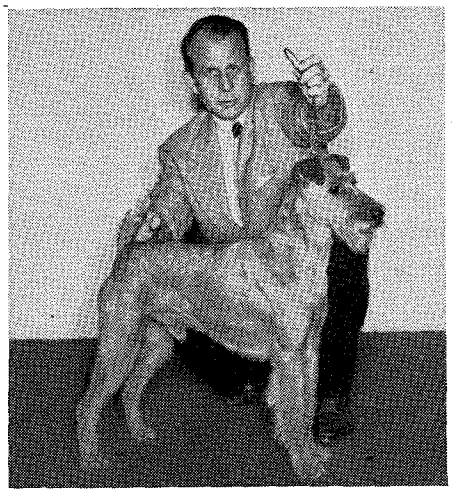

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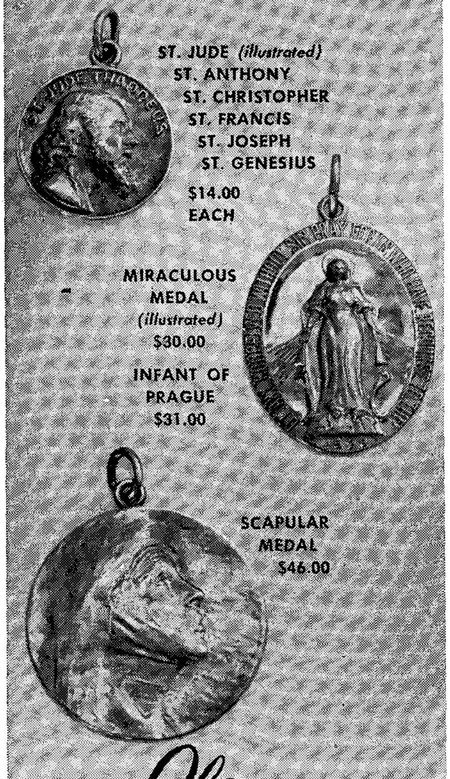

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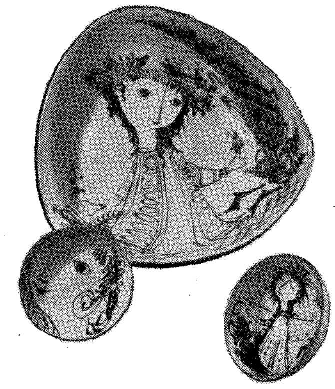
where he worked. I saved every penny I made that way and cadged all I could from kindly relatives. Shortly before Easter vacation, I wrote to Mme. Corbineau, and she wrote back that I would be welcome whenever I could come. I did not know until I got there that M. Corbineau had in the meantime lost his job. At his age, he was not likely to get another, and I was all the more glad that this time I was able to offer something for my keep. However, I had to give the money to the old man; Mme. Corbineau refused to take anything.

I arrived late one Saturday, for a week's stay. The next morning, Mme. Corbineau and I set out to visit the Delanoës, who had moved into the center of town and now had a fifth-floor apartment on the Quai de la Fosse. Suzanne was still working at the lace shop. She had learned from Mme. Corbineau when I was arriving, and she met us when we were on our way from the Corbineaus' to the trolley stop nearby. At the sight of each other, Suzanne and I blushed, and then, encouraged by Mme. Corbineau's vehement raillery and helpful pushing, we kissed, French style, on the cheek. Suzanne had come to warn us that her sister was ill and their place topsy-turvy, and that my call there had better be postponed. She went back with us and stayed for lunch. Funny, when I was so lighthearted with happiness, that I should remember what we had for that meal: sardines, black sausage, creamed potatoes, salad, and coffee.

During the rest of that week, I spent the mornings gossiping with Mme. Corbineau, who regaled me with long and complicated stories of her courtship, and the troubles she had had rearing Roger, and, of course, all she knew about the Delanoës. After lunch with her, I would walk into town along the quay, winding up at the Delanoës' apartment at five o'clock for a cup of hot chocolate and a slice of bread and jam with Mme. Delanoë. She received me in the kitchen, because to reach the sitting room of their three-room apartment would have meant going through the bedroom where her older daughter was in bed with a fever—what sort I never really knew, but it necessitated injections. These were given her by a sad-faced nun who generally emerged from the bedroom just as I arrived. At six-fifteen, I would leave, in order to meet Suzanne outside her lace shop and walk home with her. On alternate nights, I was invited to stay for dinner with the Delanoës. On the other nights, I



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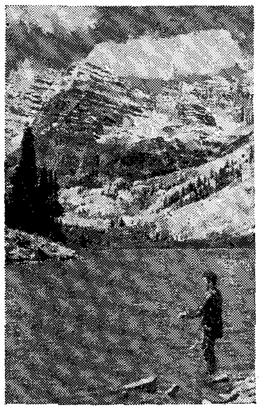

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went back to Chantenay and dined with the Corbineaus.

On my third afternoon, over the customary cup of chocolate, I asked Mme. Delanoë's permission to write to Suzanne when I was back in London. She stared at me over the rim of her cup and said, "You think you are really serious, then? But you are so young!"

"I'm nearly eighteen," I said. I must have sounded indignant, because she laughed and patted my hand.

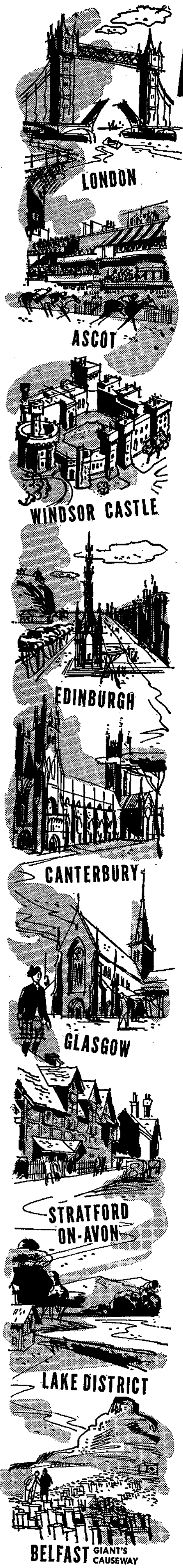
"I don't say I would object to your writing my little Suzette," she said thoughtfully. "I don't say *she* would object. But after that, what? Because I think you are serious and honest, I will speak frankly with you. Maybe you even think of marrying my little one someday. But you are a foreigner; your work will be in another country. That means Suzanne would have to uproot herself. You may speak French, but I am sure she will never speak English. So she would be alone, without her *maman* and her family and friends. London is not on the moon, I know, but for us to visit her or for her to visit us would be so costly, so impractical. Then, suppose you came here. What work would you do? There is already enough unemployment. What could you do here that others couldn't do better? And even if you did succeed, would your mother and father like you to be so far away? And we are Catholic and you are not. Maybe that could be arranged someway, but it would not make it easier."

I wanted to interrupt, but with a wave of her hand she indicated that I was to keep silent until she had finished. "You think you are in love with Suzanne. Maybe she thinks she is in love with you. I do not know. She has not told me. But I will tell you both something. You do not know each other. You have seen each other a few hours only."

"But, Madame," I said, "all I want now is your permission to write to Suzanne, so that we can get to know each other better. As soon as I can, I shall come to you with a more serious request. I am willing to apply for French citizenship and live always in France—"

"Eh, not so fast, young man! It is agreed for the moment that you may write to Suzanne," Mme. Delanoë said. "But remember, I shall read your letters, too. And don't expect a reply every week. Letters for abroad cost money."

That night, sensing perhaps that I was less grateful than I should have been for sound advice, Mme. Delanoë went out of her way to show me that I was far from being in her disfavor. After



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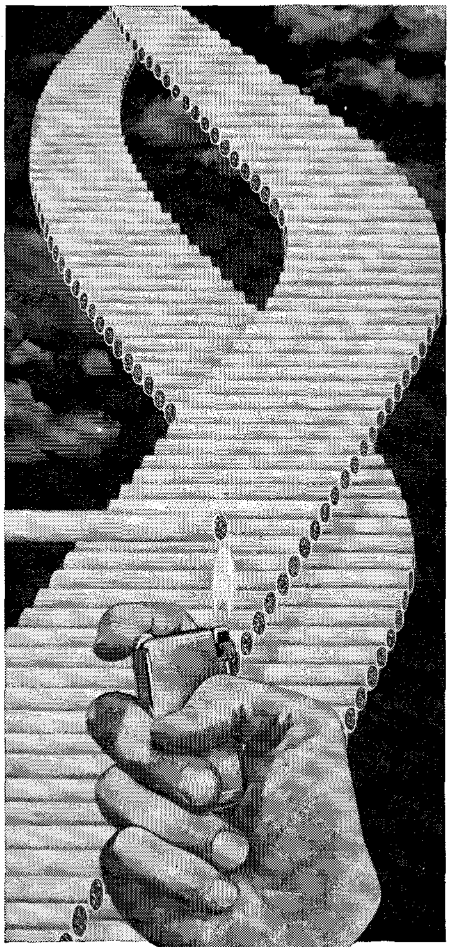

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dinner, she told Suzanne to get out the family photograph album, and I was shown the likenesses of a number of uncles and aunts who were expected to remember the Delanoë children in their wills. When it came time for me to leave, she suggested that Suzanne see me down the stairs to the front door. Before, Mme. Delanoë herself had seen me to the head of the stairs and had then held a candle over the stair well while I felt my way down the four flights. Suzanne and I went down the stairs holding hands. To avoid the inquisitive eyes of the concierge, who lived on the ground floor, we stopped on the landing above. There we said good night, ending with a kiss. It was the first time we had really kissed each other, and we were still both very shy. But it was not so much the kiss that thrilled me as the fact that in telling me to be careful while walking back through the riverside quarter she had used the intimate form "*tu*."

The next afternoon, Suzanne took me into the lace shop and introduced me to the proprietor, M. Pompion, and his wife and their daughter, Yvonne. I considered this a propitious sign, and perhaps it was, but it led to social complications that I was too young and in too rapturous a state of mind to cope with. On the last evening of my visit, Mme. Delanoë invited the Pompions and me to dinner, and that afternoon M. Pompion and his daughter took me to the cinema. Mme. Pompion stayed behind in the shop with Suzanne. At the theatre, Yvonne rushed ahead and bought the tickets, and I decided that it would be more polite if I didn't insist on paying for my ticket but instead presented some flowers to her later. After the cinema, we walked back to the lace shop. There was a flower stall next door, and as the others went into the shop, I excused myself and had just picked out some yellow roses when Suzanne appeared on the sidewalk. She saw that I was buying flowers, and her face lit up with pleasure. Confusedly trying to prevent a possible misunderstanding, I rushed up to her with the roses in my hand and blurted out, "These are for Yvonne." On that jarring note the evening began.

At dinner, Suzanne was very quiet. Yvonne, with a yellow rose pinned to her dress, monopolized the conversation and me, and I was conceited enough to enjoy being flirted with. The Pompions stayed on and on, and left when I did, so my leave-taking was more formal than I had planned. When I shook hands with Suzanne, she said shyly,

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"*Au revoir, Léonard,*" and ran into the bedroom. Mme. Delanoë's farewell was impersonal and appeared to be addressed to all her parting guests, but as we shook hands, she wished me bon voyage.

My train left before daybreak the next morning. Mme. Corbineau saw me to the trolley stop, but there was no one at the station to say goodbye. As my train rushed into a rain-drenched dawn, I had plenty of time to go back over the week's events, and especially those of the evening before. I felt irritated, disappointed, ashamed, and unhappy, all at once. On the way to Paris, I started a letter of apology to Suzanne, and by the time I reached London, the letter had turned into a love letter, full of make-believe and turgid sentiment. It was returned to me unopened, with the envelope charred. With it was a note from Mme. Delanoë.

"*Cher enfant,*" she wrote, "I had started to burn this, but I thought you should realize the value we place on your letters. You have known how very quickly to undo all the good opinions we held of you. I do not blame you too much. I realize that you are only a child still and that you may not have known you were only in love with love. But you might have caused more hurt than you did. As it is, you have nothing to be proud of. Maybe when you are a man you will realize that it is dishonest to make a pretense with the feelings of others. Please do not write again."

I have never been back to Nantes or Paimbœuf, and my visits there have long been overlaid with the happenings of later years. My son is now seventeen, the age I was in 1923, and he has been pressing me, of late, to let him go to France to stay with a French family. It's the only way to learn the language properly, he tells me. I was lukewarm about the idea until I found the postcard, mainly because of the expense, but I shall try to let him go now. After all, you don't learn only the language in France.

—LEONARD BERRY

•

This whole problem of adoption is so vast, says Roberta Andrews, that the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service has scheduled a luncheon conference at the Ritz-Carlton.—*Hammond (Ind.) Times.*

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[*From an article on Tahiti in Travel*]

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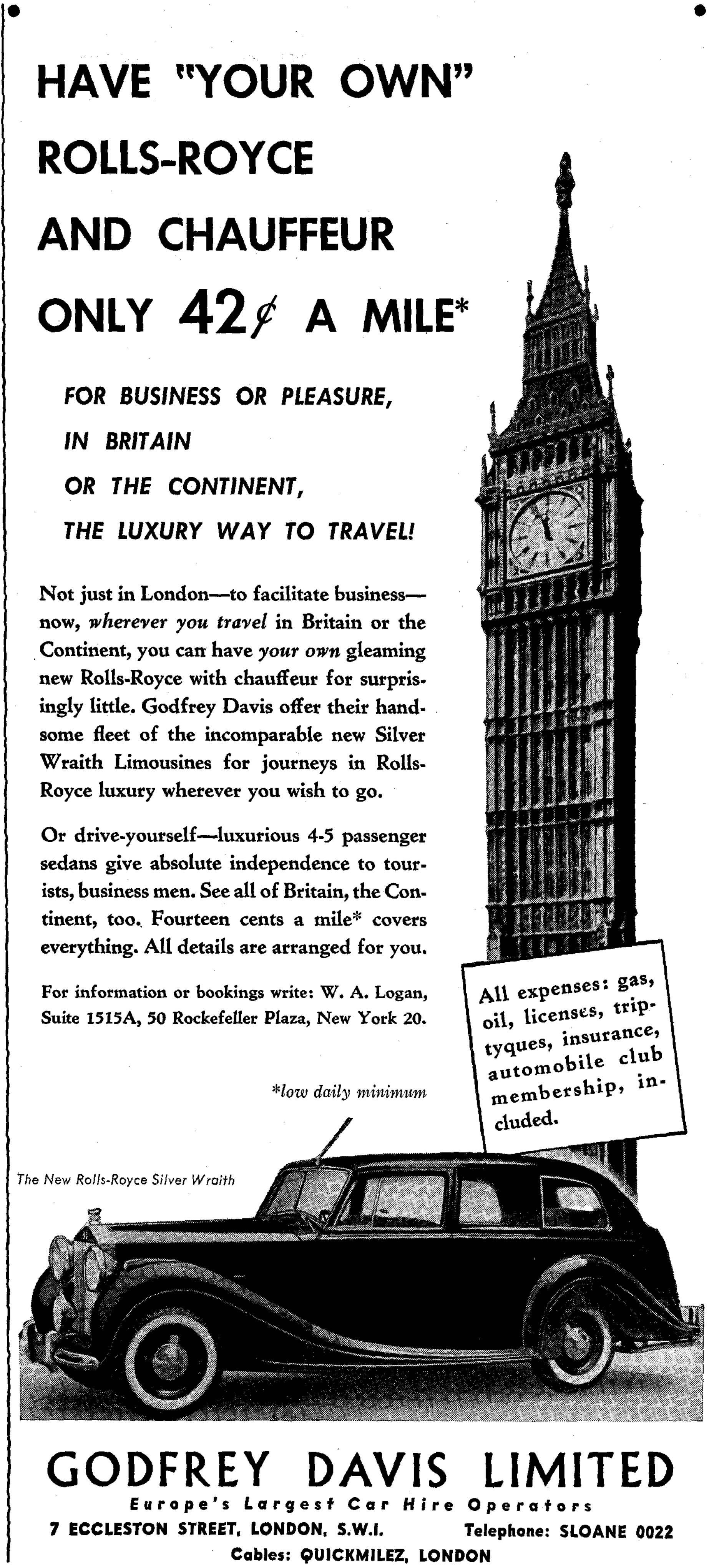

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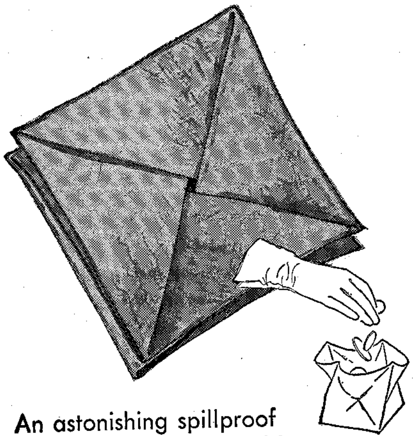

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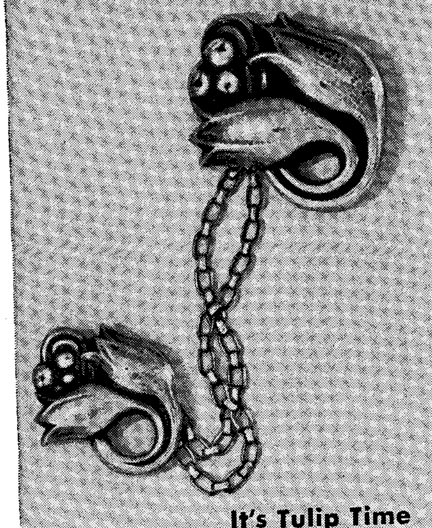

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IN view of the revival of interest in eighteenth-century wallpapers, it is puzzling that so many householders with a Colonial problem on their hands stick timidly to the pretty but rather undistinguished patterns of the type that sprang from the Williamsburg restoration. If such aesthetic caution comes from a disinclination to venture into unfamiliar fields, I would heartily recommend spending some time examining the magnificent collection of wallpapers permanently on view at Cooper Union. Nothing, I should think, could better stimulate an appreciation of the great tradition that flowered in the eighteenth century and lasted over into the early nineteenth. In this admirably complete exhibit, there are fragments of considerably older English and French papers, but, rare and interesting as they are, they will probably appeal more to the antiquarian than to the woman who wants to get her house papered. For the edification of this particular lady, though, there are perfectly preserved eighteenth-century papers that faithfully reflect the tastes and the good sense of their period, and a familiarity with them would surely simplify her task of choosing among the fine reproductions carried by a few special dealers.

People who know enough to want wallpapers of historical interest, authentic style, and impeccable execution undoubtedly know enough not to overlook the reproductions at the shop of Nancy McClelland, 15 East 57th Street. A French dealer in antique wallpapers who might be counted one of Miss McClelland's more formidable rivals said to me, in speaking of that lady's valuable efforts to preserve the finest of the eighteenth-century patterns, "*Sans aucun doute, c'est la reine des papiers peints*"—a sovereignty that her collection bears out. The high point of the lot, which includes French, English, and American originals and documentaries (any copy of a wallpaper dating back before the early nineteenth century is called a documentary), is a group printed in France from wood blocks; these are copies of patterns mad by those master craftsmen who in the eighteenth century evolved a technique and a style in wallpaper that remain among the lasting glories of applied art. I don't mean to give the impression that the McClelland items are of interest only to connoisseurs; on the contrary, they are almost without exception delightfully livable and there is no undue emphasis on any one style. For instance, nothing could be more cheerful and unpretentious than a meticulously executed allover pattern called Bluets, consisting of small dark-blue flowers on a startlingly fresh white background, and there is a very grand and formal specimen called Maïs, with conventionalized ears of corn arranged in stately stripes, that would be most imposing in a large room. Chinese papers having become a raging fashion both in France and in England by the middle of the eighteenth century, you will, of course, find excellent examples here of the way the French, with brash and easy freedom, adapted the Oriental designs to their own use, working out an exuberant style of decoration that might have become boring in less gifted hands. These reproductions, for the most part, run from around $11 to $19.50 a roll.

IF Miss McClelland is the queen of eighteenth-century wallpapers, certainly Carlhian of Paris, at 1 West 56th Street and at 22 Place Vendôme, is the king of the scenics—those majestic panoramas that depict a continuous scene without repetition, and that enjoyed an immense success between about 1800 and 1835. (There is a scenic in the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum that was made around 1790, and the same type of thing was being turned out—less artistically, however—as late as the middle of the last century.) The prices of the Carlhian treasures would floor any but the most hard-bitten collector, so let's not even bother to discuss them; to ordinary people who care about these panoramic papers, the establishment on 56th Street will be of more interest as a museum than as a shopping center.

Although the scenics were produced in France, their vogue flourished, surprisingly, more among the wealthy in America than among the rich and fashionable of their native land. It seems that some two hundred mansions containing rooms still hung with the French panoramas have been found in this

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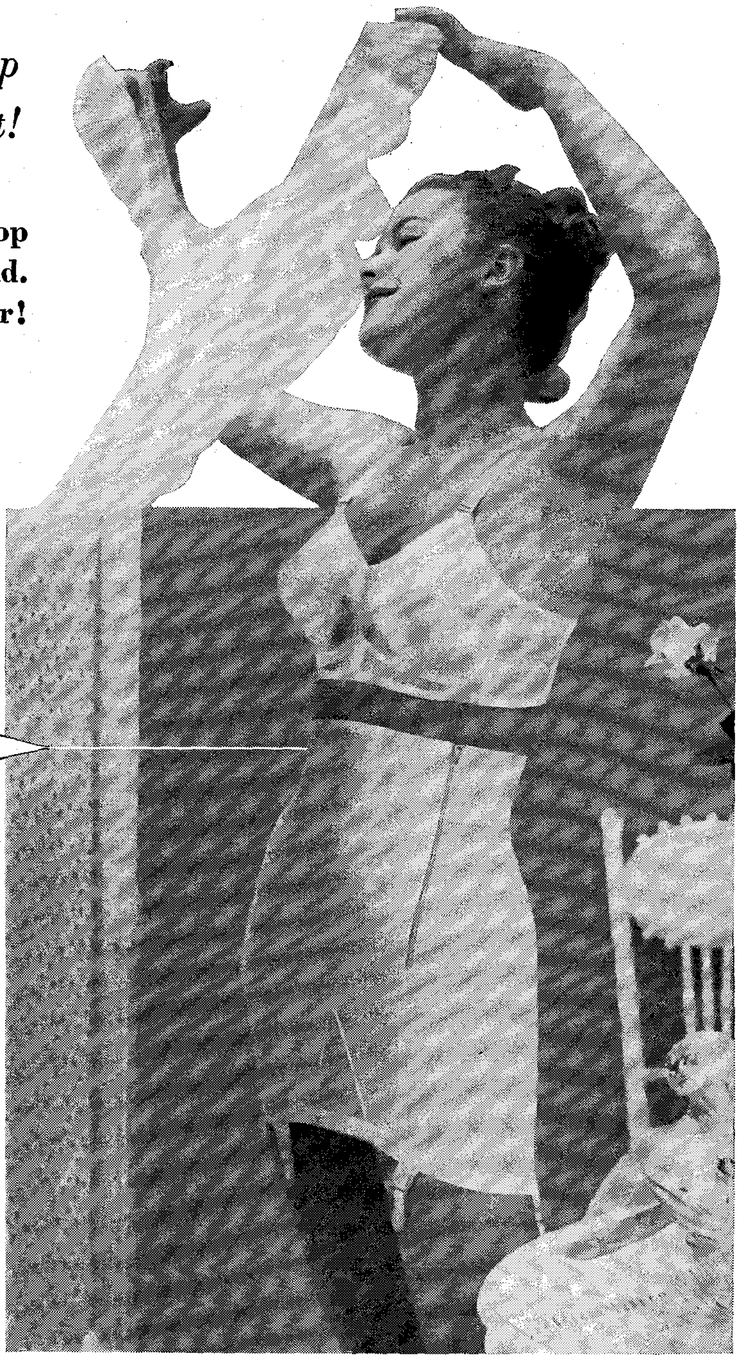

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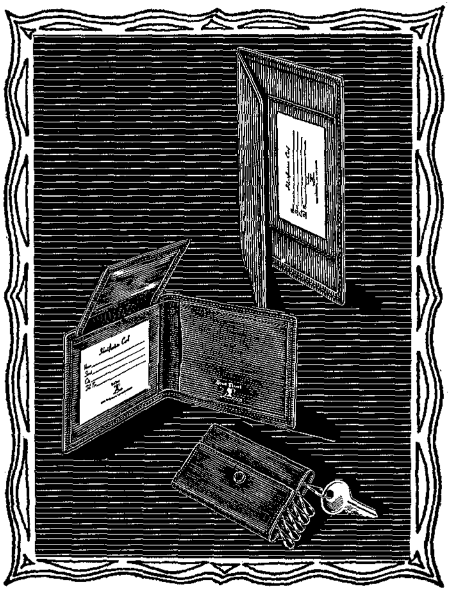

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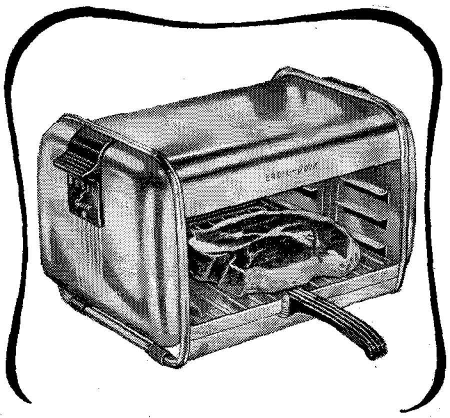

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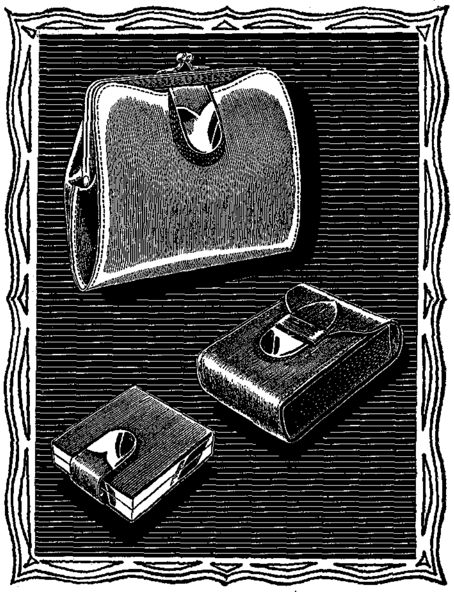
country, while similar papers must be looked for in France, where they are far less numerous, in the old houses of the bourgeoisie and in provincial hotels, rather than in the châteaux and great houses. Practically all the scenic papers are devoted to the most uplifting subjects—classic myths, the deliciously romantic sufferings of M. de Saint-Pierre's ill-fated infants in riotously tropical settings, and, French designers having about this time begun their love affair with the Near East, an endless succession of sweetly melancholy views of the Bosporus—all of which must have appealed to our national passion for culture and self-improvement. Among the large number of scenics in the Carlhian collection are "The Gardens of Bagatelle" (this has recently been sold, but it will remain on exhibition at the shop until the middle of next month); "The Hunt at Compiègne," which can also be seen at the Metropolitan (it is generally considered the finest of the genre); and "Paul and Virginia," a marvel of decoration in grisaille.

Although the Carlhian house concerns itself principally with the nineteenth-century panoramas, it also has a few rare eighteenth-century wallpapers of great beauty. Chief among them is one by Jean-Baptiste Réveillon, the great master of French wallpaper production, who some years before the French Revolution employed competent contemporary artists as designers in a factory he directed. This example consists of only twenty-seven running feet, five feet high, and is hand-blocked on the small, pasted-together sheets that were in use until the early nineteenth century. Although this antique is just a section of the original, the grace and charm of the small design—a repeat pattern of some idyllic falconers—and the perfection of execution are so typical of this illustrious fabricant that connoisseurs with cash will probably not boggle at the cost, which is $2,500.

ANYONE who has grumbled, as I have, about the lack of elegance of the Williamsburg wallpaper patterns on the market will be pleased to hear that the splendid antique Chinese paper in the supper room of the Governor's Palace has been not reproduced (difficulties such as the cost of hand-painting and the size of the panels would, it seems, make an exact copy infeasible) but adapted, with the utmost skill and taste, by Katzenbach & Warren, 575 Madison Avenue (57th). This achievement, which seems to have recaptured all the feeling and much of the re-



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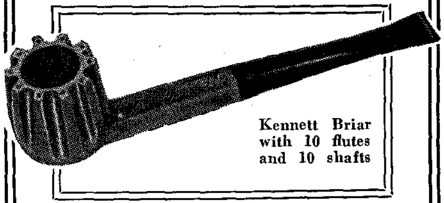

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splendent detail of the supper-room paper, is made in sets consisting of two main panels, each showing, in shades of gray and brown, a great, twisted tree on which are perched small, gorgeously colored birds, dragonflies, bees, and caterpillars, drawn with the exactitude that distinguishes all the work of the Chinese wallpaper artists; two flanking panels; and an extra sheet of birds and insects, to be used as cutouts. The set sells—through decorators, like all K. & W. merchandise—for $180.

Katzenbach & Warren have recently turned out a more literal copy of a much less dazzling original, which was found in an old house in North Carolina and is a fine example of a paper that had a short-lived vogue—the commemorative. This one may well have been in honor of Jean Jacques Rousseau, for whom American Colonials in a position to build mansions cherished a pious enthusiasm. At any rate, a bust with some farfetched resemblance to the philosopher alternates in the design with a quite recognizable picture of his tomb at Ermenonville. Tombs figure prominently in commemorative papers (one specimen, brought out at the time of Washington's death, shows the grave at Mount Vernon), and many of them are printed in lugubrious grays and blacks. The Rousseau one, though, is not at all solemn; its soft gray-blue background is enlivened by flowers and—rather astonishingly, considering the company they find themselves in—frivolously beribboned musical instruments, done in salmon, rose, and violet. The price of this interesting item is $27.60 a roll.

BECAUSE many of the wallpaper patterns known as Early American have been copied from mere fragments—the lining of a violin case, a lady's hatbox, or a Bible box—it is hard for anyone to be sure whether some of the eighteenth-century patterns have been copied from something actually made in this country or from imported papers merely *found* here. However, a collection of silk-screen papers produced by Wilton Owen, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), from originals discovered in old houses in or around Deerfield, Massachusetts, are almost certainly copies of American-made papers. The designs are considerably more forthright than those comparable papers that were still, at the end of the nineteenth century, being imported from England and France; there are fewer of the small allover patterns, and the feeling is more countrified, in a pleasant, cheerful way. These Deerfield prints run from $5.95 to $8.25 a

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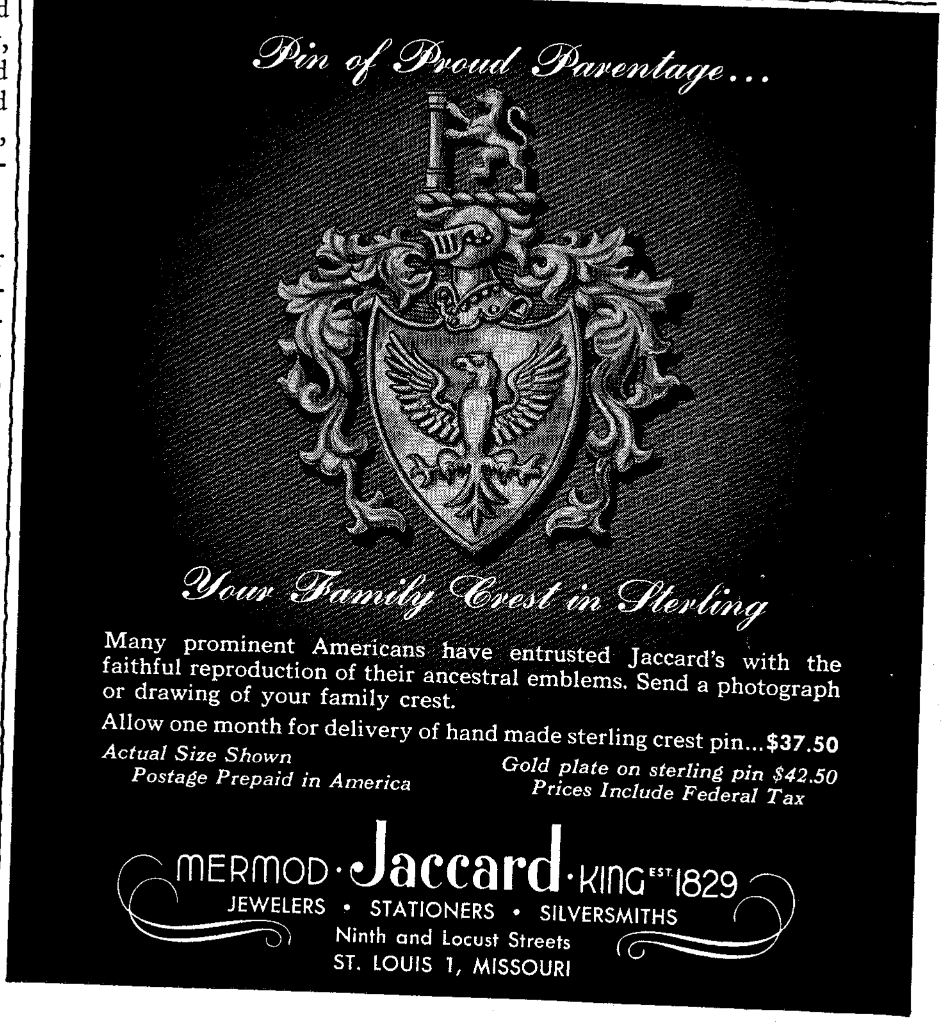
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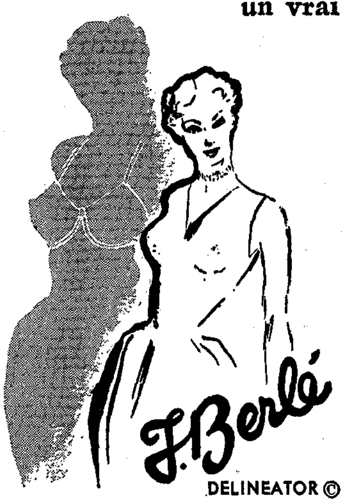

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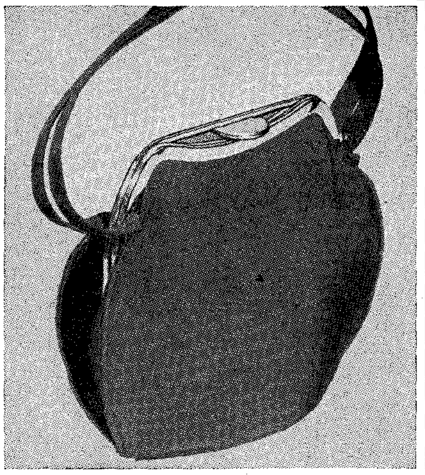
roll. Another group, with smaller patterns, all of them unusual and some quite delightful, taken from the very popular bandboxes of the era we are discussing, cost from $5.30 to $7.90 a roll. This firm, too, sells only through decorators.

THE home decorator who wants to get her house papered charmingly and with historical verisimilitude, and who doesn't hold out for wood-blocking or even silk-screening, can't afford to miss the large assortment of reproductions of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century wallpapers at Richard Thibaut, 269 Madison Avenue (39th). Among the most interesting of these is a group of French, English, and American patterns found in New England houses of no great pretensions, that has been collected with much intelligence and discrimination by Mrs. Dorothy Waterhouse, an authority on early wallpapers, and reproduced by the Warner Company, of Chicago. The variety of these designs will be a revelation to those who have seen only the small, quaint patterns commonly found in such homes. Also at Thibaut are some handsome and unusual reproductions printed by the Birge Company, of Buffalo. These include a number of stencils of an unexpectedly modern feeling. Prices in the Waterhouse collection run from $2.50 to $3.50 a roll, and the most fetching of the Birge documentaries cost from $1.75 to $3.50.

SHORTLY after the middle of the eighteenth century, French wallpaper fabricants were producing a type of paper known as flock (the French call it *tontisse*). The design was printed with glue and then heavily sprinkled with finely chopped (almost powdered) wool or silk threads, and the result was a pattern done in a heavy nap that gave the effect of velvet brocade. These papers, which were much more fashionable in France than they had been in England, were usually printed in the large scroll designs of Venetian brocades, and it is in such baroque patterns that the modern flocks are still produced. Some quite decorative machine-made copies of these early scroll designs, printed by Birge, are sold by Thibaut and by the Lenox Wallpaper Corporation, 424 Madison Avenue (49th), at from $5 to $6 a roll, and an adaptation of an eighteenth-century French flock has been produced by Katzenbach & Warren from a design by James Reynolds. The pile of the design, done in dark green, stands out in strong relief from



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THOSE who have only a vague acquaintance with the period of fervently hand-woven, vegetable-dyed Gothicism known in England as the arts-and-crafts movement are likely, in brushing aside the uncomfortably crafty furniture and the self-consciously arty hangings of peacock blue and sage green, to overlook the wallpapers of William Morris, which were the only important artistic contribution of the movement. Although many of these patterns are still being printed in England, they seem to be remarkably hard to come by in this country, and it was only after considerable effort that I tracked down some of the best of them at the English firm of Cowtan & Tout, 515 Madison Avenue (53rd). The papers shown here belong to Morris's first group of patterns, which began with Daisies, an enchantment of light, springlike design, and culminated in Pomegranate, a triumph of medieval decoration. It was a long time since I had seen any of these papers, and in rediscovering them I found them even more engaging than I had remembered. Prices for the lovely things range from $3.25 to $25 a roll, and Messrs. Cowtan & Tout won't promise delivery in less than eight weeks. —S. H.

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EDITOR TRIBUNE:

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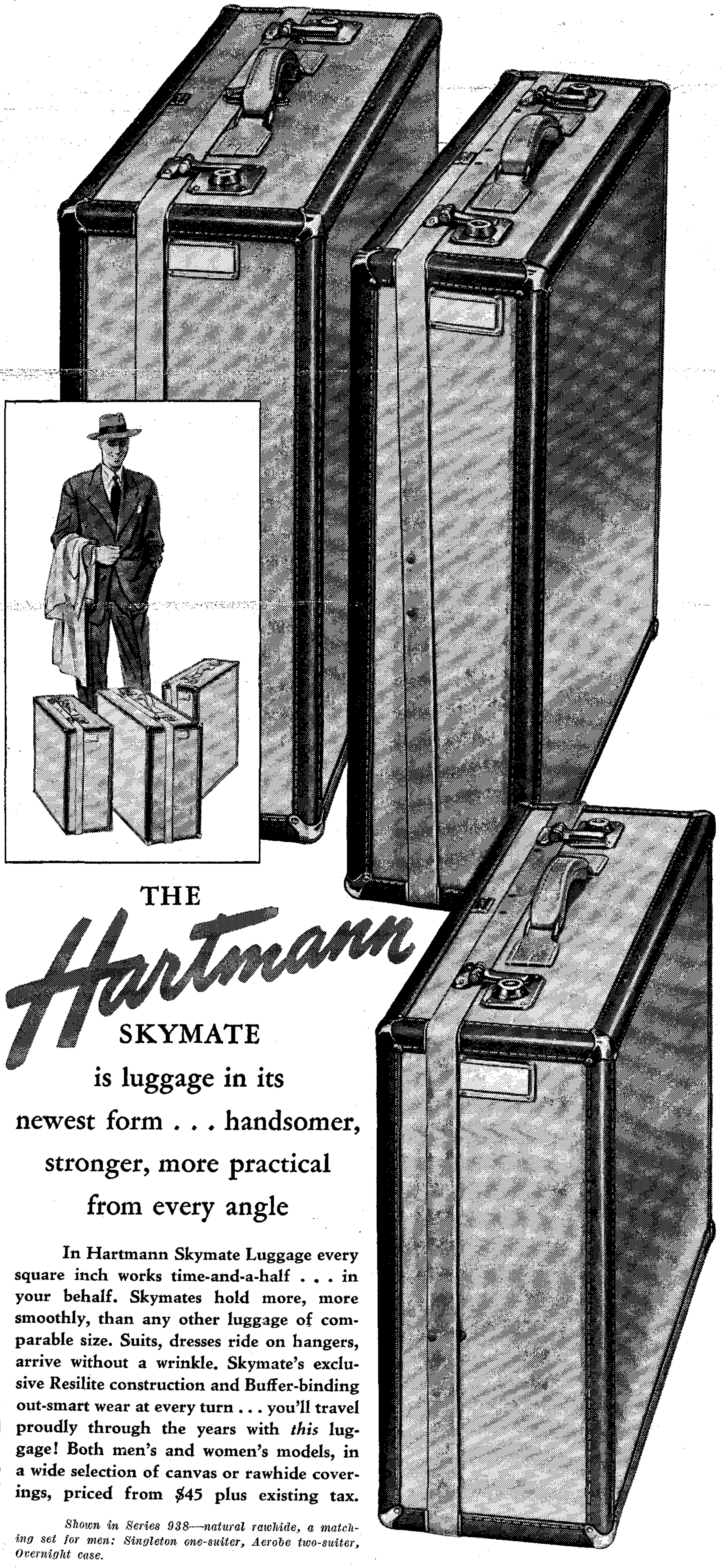
I understand "A Detective Story" has a cast of 34 and the show before, "Happy Birthday," had 23. The play planned after this is "Mad Woman of Shiloh" and that has at least 40 to account for.—*Raleigh (N.C.) News & Observer.*

Not counting the Confederate soldiers.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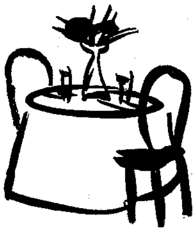
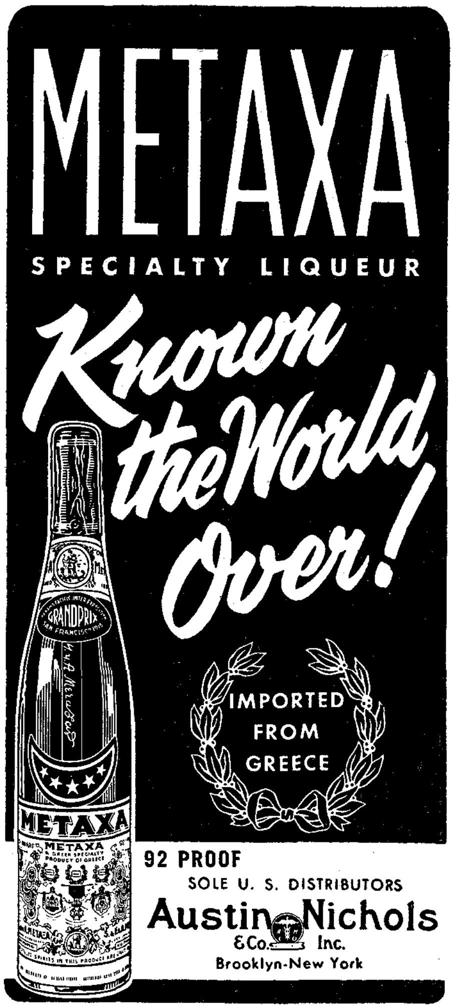


A PLEASANT new room, called the Embers and featuring jazz music, has opened on the East Side to give the citizenry still another excuse for staying up late. At cocktail time, Joe Mooney, whom you may remember as the leader of a jazz quartet a few years back, plays an organ. I can't report on him yet, because I only saw and heard the nighttime attractions, Art Tatum and a quartet presided over by Joe Bushkin. Tatum and Bushkin's group spell each other into the small hours. The room, on ground level, across Fifty-fourth Street from El Morocco, is fairly large and quite comfortable. It's a restful place—brown walls and ceiling, a few subdued curtains, and upholstered chairs (not *too* enveloping), and, at the far end, a big fireplace, with no fire. (The name of the room comes from some pieces of glass masquerading as live coals in the grate.) The bandstand, halfway along one of the side walls, is the hub of things. I arrived while the quartet was on. Bushkin plays piano, Buck Clayton trumpet, Sid Weiss bass, and Billy Rule, a newcomer to the jazz scene, drums. Weiss and Rule are just the blocking backs, of course; Bushkin and Clayton make all the spectacular runs. The jazz offered is quick and nimble, rather than hard and driving. The style is set by Bushkin, whose piano playing is light and exceedingly adroit. Clayton's trumpet, though muted, naturally makes the most noise, but he doesn't play too loud—just brightly and well. Since the band doesn't make one's ears ring, a good deal of conversation goes on at the tables, creating a haze of talk in the room. Personally, I liked the mixture—the easy sound of the music slipping through the hum of the crowd—but Bushkin clearly grew weary of it at one point. He was darting his head around, surveying the place, during the final, unappreciated chorus of one number, and the minute it was over, he gave the musicians a new beat and rushed into "The Sheik of Araby," taking it at a fast clip. Clayton stilled some of the talk with a couple of fine choruses, and then Bushkin relieved him as soloist, flying through the song a couple of times more, after which he pounded the bass keys and Clayton moved in strongly—the drums coming up heavily, too—to finish off the piece in a blaze of sound that had everybody attentive.

The big, lumbering Art Tatum, whose fingers weave the most intricate and some of the most absorbing jazz produced from any piano, came on after Bushkin and his boys had stepped down, but the conversation had begun again, and few people paid much attention to him. This was one time when I felt that perhaps the method of presentation was wrong, for Tatum is certainly more than a relief pianist of the kind that is half heard all over town, and his talents are being wasted. The scheme of things at the Embers is to keep the music going as much of the time as possible, which means that Tatum, because he is quieter than the Bushkin outfit, has to buck constantly increasing head winds of small talk; after all, the customers have got to talk *some* of the time. The scheme may be right, but, if so, only a relief man is needed to alternate with Bushkin's band.

HAVING seen so many trim and fetchingly gowned young ladies, all possessed of a mild aptitude for singing, take the floor at the Maisonette of the St. Regis during the past year or two, I found it a bit wrenching to see Russell Nype, recruited from the cast of "Call Me Madam," standing there the other evening. A gangling fellow who wears thick-rimmed glasses, a crew cut, and a dinner jacket of such unswaggering design that it seems a perverse form of ostentation, Nype sings popular songs of the better variety in a clear tenor voice. Sometimes he stands at the mike and at other times he strolls around the floor with a friendly look on his face and with his arms reaching out in the all-embracing gesture of an evangelist. He ends up at the mike, arms wide and head tilted far back, as though he were about to shout "Hallelujah!" All this business is not exactly unpleasant (though it does seem a bit affected), because he has a great deal of charm, and, after all, his ingenuous approach *is* different. He introduces his songs with a few ingratiating words, usually of an inspirational sort. As a matter of fact, the songs themselves are mostly inspirational. I heard him do "Look for the Silver Lining," "It's a Lovely Day Today," and "You'll Never Walk Alone," among other cheerful things. "You'll Never Walk Alone," fortunately, took the curse off an absolutely pointless reading of



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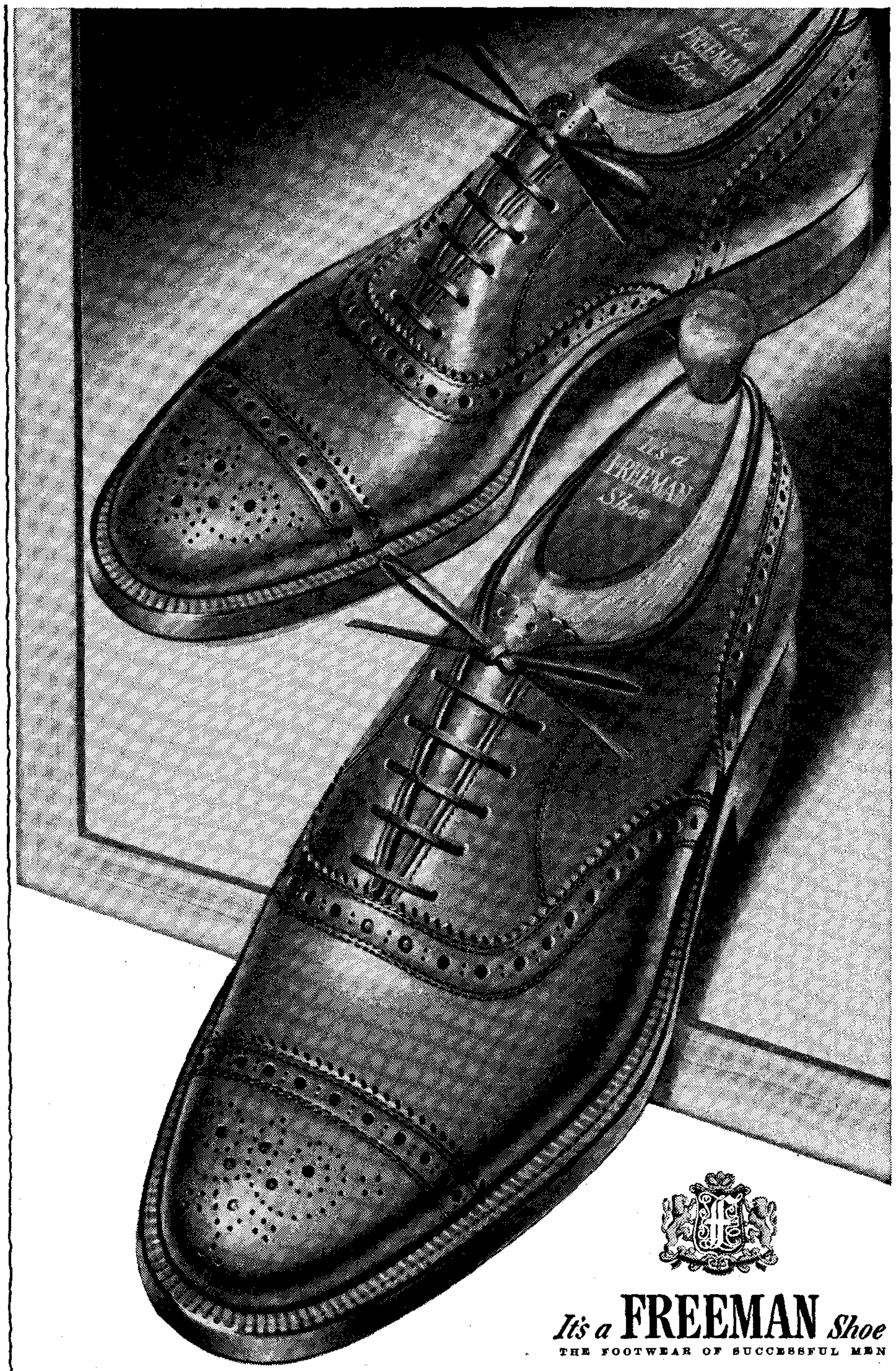
the sickly closing dialogue, between educator and pupil, from "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," something I thought I'd heard the last of a long time ago. Nype played both parts, of course, and poorly. Something he had once done in a school show, he explained. No matter; there is no malice in the lad, he does have a nice voice, and, as he says, he loves to sing.

MILDRED BAILEY is back at work after an absence of a couple of years, and is as fine to hear as she ever was. Looking considerably slimmer, she takes the stand at the Bon Soir, in the Village, at irregular intervals throughout the late hours. Her sweet lyric voice and superb sense of rhythm distinguish her from any other present-day singer, and it was delightful to hear again her versions of "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Rockin' Chair," and "Don't Take Your Love from Me." . . . An olive-skinned beauty named Shoshana Damari, who is, I have it on good authority, Israel's most popular singer, currently dominates the proceedings at the Habibi, an Israeli café in the Broadway sector. Yemenite and Sephardic songs are her specialty, and she creates a very affecting mood with them. I was particularly entranced by what I took to be a lullaby; I later learned it was not a lullaby at all but some kind of sad narrative song. Anyway, it soothed me. Leo Fuld, a brash, more typical night-club singer who fills out the bill, wasn't at all palatable after the lovely Miss Damari. The room itself is an attractive place, with murals depicting Israeli life and an artfully arranged wall exhibit of Israeli handicraft. . . . Joan Edwards and the Chandra Kaly Dancers inhabit the Versailles these nights. The dancers—Chandra Kaly (a man) and three secretive-looking young ladies—do a few of those barefooted, neck-sliding, jingle-bells Indian turns before Miss Edwards takes control of the situation, and after she is through, they return to offer one of those tiresome South American things in which the grinning male dancer is all loose at the joints in his lazy passion for the girls. Miss Edwards, a rough-and-ready singer, drives a hard bargain with her uncompromising style. I didn't care too much for her repertoire, which consisted of some weak "special material," a medley of the thin sentimental songs her uncle, Gus Edwards, composed, and some other pieces, but I admired her salesmanship and a certain brassy appeal she has. —D. W.



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LETTER FROM KOREA

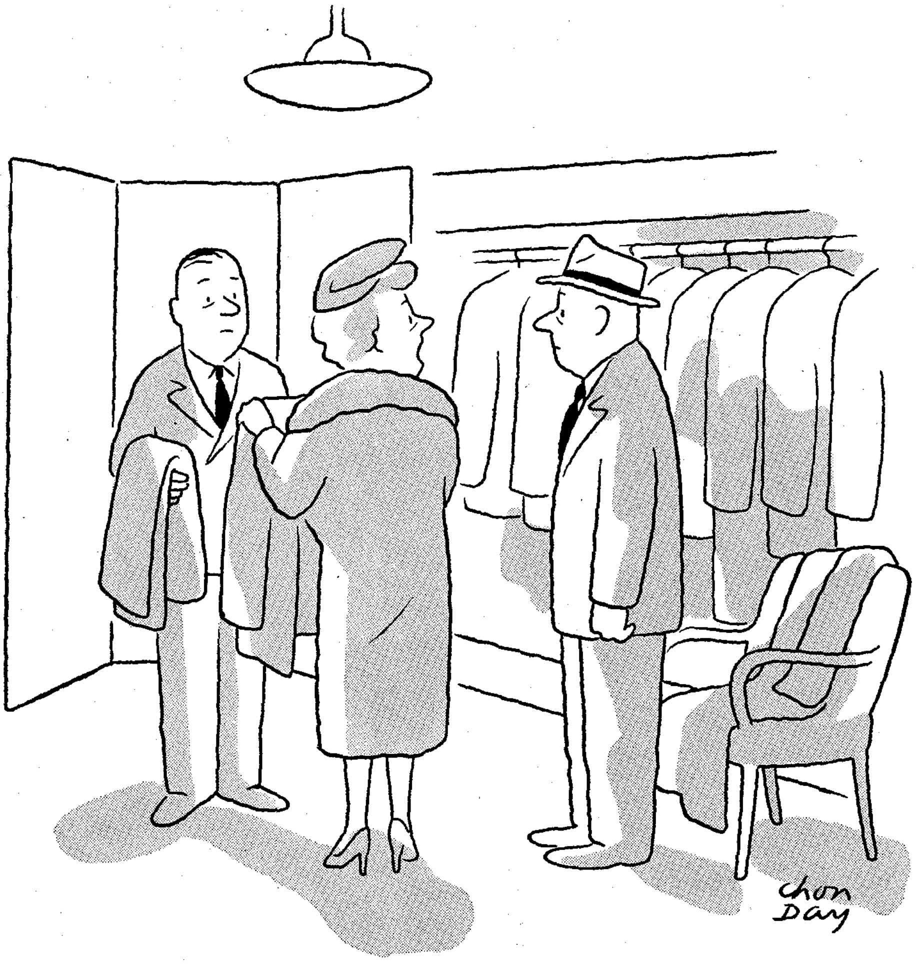
March 5

IN some ways, the struggle between the United Nations forces and the Communists in Korea is like a struggle between the birds and the animals. The United Nations forces have full freedom of the air. Their planes may soar at will, scanning the ground for telltale signs of life. On the other hand, the Reds, both Chinese and North Korean, must imitate the fur bearers—going abroad by night, freezing motionless when something is overhead, wearing protective coloration, and hiding the earth dug out to make their burrows. This has created a degree of misunderstanding that is unusual even for wartime. To our people, the Reds seem nearly as unaccountable as animals must seem to birds—plainly hostile and, beyond that, following ways of their own that can't be made out from aloft. To the Reds, United Nations behavior is probably a greater mystery still.

A good way to see life from the air here is to go up with a Mosquito spotter, one of the small, slow planes that are used as links between our air forces and our ground forces. Our fighter planes are so fast that one can't see much on the ground from them, and they are too fast to receive complete radio instructions from the ground. So the Mosquitoes are sent up to circle in the lower air, spying on the enemy lines and getting instructions from our own lines and relaying them to our fighters overhead. The Mosquitoes, which have two seats, usually carry a pilot and an observer. Not long ago, I took a ride in one that was to work some territory just below the Han River—south of Seoul—where we were staging an offensive. The country there is either flat or gently rolling, and almost bare of forest. Flying up to it from the south, we first passed over dusty lion-brown hills and valleys, the mountains hazy in the distance and a blue sky above. When we reached the assigned area, the ground color was warmer, with more red and chocolate in it. There was also more snow, on the north slopes of the hills and in the valley bottoms; only the south slopes were bare. The hills were wastelands of dry wild grass, the valleys were filled with rice paddies, and occasionally there were tall trees on the dikes or along the roads. Often the trees had huge, bulky magpie nests in them; magpies swarm in this country. (There is another striking thing about the life of the real birds in Korea: The sparrow hawks are extremely bold, and will hover in the air only a few feet above a man.)

We were told to go look at two hillsides up ahead, where Chinese were entrenched in foxholes camouflaged by straw. We flew up to the hills, and had been circling low over them for quite a while before I could make out the holes, though the pilot, an experienced man, had been discussing them on his radio for some time. They looked to me like small pockmarks disposed at random, without signs of life and without camouflage, either. Later, we circled more widely over some higher ridges nearby. These, running east and west, had snow on the north faces, brown earth on the south, and a clearly defined dividing line along the crests. On one of these crests we could see that men had been walking along the ridge, now on the white, now on the brown, but we never discovered where the tracks led. On another ridge, though, on the brown south side, we found a big new patch of foxholes, in a graveyard. (The Koreans, like the Chinese, often bury their dead high on hillsides, where the pulses of nature are thought to be more auspicious.) After that, we circled over the valley floor south of the ridge. There was an icing of snow on all the paddies (they are dry, of course, in the winter season). I learned later that there were a great many Chinese troops in the area, but we saw only a few footprints, no more than the peasants would make on trips to gather fuel and do their other chores. The Chinese there must have been strictly disciplined about keeping to the roads and paths.

AFTERWARD, from the pilot of my plane that day, from other pilots, and from intelligence officers, I found out something about Chinese camouflage methods. The Chinese usually hide their guns, tanks, and vehicles under white canvas—in the snow—or green pine boughs. Chinese infantrymen carry white cloths, a yard square, which they put over their heads to conceal themselves in the snow, and perhaps also brown ones for bare ground. Rice straw is widely used, both loose and in a kind of matting. (Straw is, indeed, used in so many ways here



"Now you keep out of this."

that it is hard to see how the war could have been fought in, say, a potato-growing country—the cold winter-mud floors of the United Nations tents are bedded deep in straw, and the soldiers pick their way around in it like roosters; straw matting is also in demand everywhere for making sedans out of our jeeps.) Great pains are taken by the Chinese to hide the fresh dirt from their emplacements, but it isn't known what their methods are. On one part of the front, they have recently been putting dummies in foxholes. All the Americans I have talked to on the subject call the Chinese masters of camouflage. Usually, they point out that this mastery is a bitter necessity for the Chinese.

Another thing that might be described as camouflage is the way disguised Red soldiers mingle with the droves of refugees that, in terror of Red absolutism or United Nations bombing, or both, flee southward as the Communists advance. This mingling is widespread. Armed Reds are forever being picked out of the crowds of refugees at our lines. One pilot told me about a civilian-garbed group that had been seen entering a tunnel; when it came out, after a more than reasonable interval, it was a column of soldiers. The way enemy soldiers and agents can elude us by blending with the people illustrates the abyss between the Reds and the United Nations forces. It is taken for granted that United Nations positions and movements, which can't be hidden from the Korean eyes all around, are fully reported to the enemy by refugees and other civilian line-crossers. An American general who has served in China told me the other day that he thinks there are many *hsiao-kueitze* among the Korean waifs that our soldiers have so kindheartedly taken under their wings. "*Hsiao-kueitze*" ("little devils") is the phrase used by the Chinese Reds for their tiny-tot auxiliaries—boys of eight or ten years—whom they attach to their armies and whom they often send on spying missions. There is little we can do about this problem, given the nature of ourselves and our opponents. In aerial observation, we are supreme; in ground observation, the enemy is supreme. In theory, our ground observation should be successful; anti-Communist Koreans should be glad to tell us when—and where—Chinese troops are hiding north of the lines. In practice, since the news comes from villages where they or their relatives are landowners, they naturally don't want to say

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anything that would cause the places to be bombed.

A FEW days after my Mosquito flight below the Han, I went on another one, over very different territory—the mountains that run like a spine up the middle of the peninsula. Going northward to our station, we flew over regions that looked like country in Chinese landscape art—wild mountains, with stretches of dark-green forest amid a powdering of snow. At wide intervals—twenty miles or more—the mountains were separated by narrow valleys threaded with little dirt roads. In between were slowly rising mountain masses, their edges indented by high-lying, narrow swales, with scattered rice terraces and huts, and then nothing but wilderness. In the heart of one wilderness was a group of cliffs or crags that seemed completely inaccessible. Eventually, we crossed a pass where some United Nations troops were walking single file, and a few minutes later we arrived over a small mountain town on a river, our station. It was a bleak, gray splotch pressed in on by high green hills. It was half in ruins from air attacks and parts of it were still smoking, but it was still in the hands of the enemy. Some of our infantry were waiting on a bright-green sugar-loaf height south of the town, across the river. We could see them standing side by side, looking as if they were about to watch a sporting event—as, indeed, they were, in a sense. There was no attempt at concealment. Before them, on the ground, lay two of the "recognition panels" of the day, oblong strips of cloth, bright red and bright orange, about six feet long and three feet wide, to show our planes that the troops were ours. Deliberately putting out panels to be seen was just the opposite of what the Chinese were doing. Below the hill, on a dirt road, a jeep was driving back and forth with another of the panels on its hood. Our pilot told me that this was the radio jeep that would give us instructions.

After a while, four of our combat planes appeared in the sky overhead—two Marine Corsairs and two Navy Skyraiders. These were directed by the radio jeep, through us, to attack a long block of buildings in the town that were known to be sheltering enemy troops. The planes were using napalm bombs. Napalm burns for some time, giving off a devastating heat, with a color that some call orange but that seems a bright cherry red to me. Shortly after the stuff begins to burn, the flame is obscured by a heavy black smoke, which later turns to gray. When napalm is dropped in the open, it splashes or splatters, and flaming gouts of it fly for many yards, but when it is dropped on a building, it tends to take the building's form, and that is what it did now; the houses themselves simply turned the color of napalm flame. Many figures ran out of them, up a dirt street and into a ravine. My pilot reported this to the fighters, who dived and strafed them with machine-gun bullets that burst on the ground with tinsel flashes. By the time we had to leave—a Mosquito can remain on station only a couple of hours, because it carries very little fuel—our ground forces informed us that the town had been reduced to such a state that they could enter it.

THE air world is a special world. Our Mosquitoes and our other planes use their own language, and the alphabet devised during the last war—Able, Baker, Charlie, and so on. The terrain is described by map coördinates, not names. A place may be called Yongin by ground people, but to the air people it is Charlie Sugar 3.3, 2.9. Every ground radio that directs a Mosquito has a code name, like Destiny 14, Gearshift, Hazard, or Cobalt, and this name is also assigned to the territory it covers. Using this unearthly language, the Mosquitoes talk freely among themselves and with other planes. The Korean front is narrow anyway, and the air over it is a chummy thing. The Hazard plane chats with the Cobalt plane, and so on along the line.

The Mosquitoes run great risks, as they are unarmed and fly low. Often one is shot down and its crew is suddenly dumped into an unfriendly element. Then there is a to-do in the air. The other day, a pilot and an observer crashed-landed nine miles in the enemy rear, after their plane had been hit from the ground. They were in a narrow valley, with the enemy north and south of them, and they were soon under fire. But soon, too, friends were overhead. Two Mosquitoes and twenty-two fighters came over the valley in the next two hours, and then a helicopter landed and rescued the men, who had meanwhile got to a ditch some way off from the wreck for cover. The fighters included, at various times, both jet and propeller ones. The latter can stay in the air longer, so when any jets appeared, the propeller planes would rise and circle gently to save gas, then come down again when the jets had to leave. In this way, a steady attack on the Reds was maintained. Once, for five minutes, there were no fighters, and a Mosquito went close to earth and buzzed the Reds, to keep them from moving. Everyone outdid himself. The fallen pilot's ankle was broken, yet he carried his observer, who had not completely recovered consciousness after the crash, to the helicopter for the getaway. The helicopter was hit four times as it rose. Many of the fighters in the battle belonged to the United States Air Force, some belonged to the Marines, and some were British. They had no difficulty, though, about gathering at the alarm and working together. They had, it was obvious, a special air-world solidarity.

SINCE the Red Chinese are nocturnal now, and since the United Nations Air Force is long on ingenuity, we have done a lot toward turning night into day. The most spectacular part of our technique is the dropping of flares on the battle front. Planes are sent up to the front each night to hover, drop flares as needed, and direct the work of the bombers that come in underneath them. I went along on a flare-dropping mission the other night. Among the things I learned, as we drew near our station, was that the front is easy to place by night—easier than by day. Along the front line there is nearly always a grim festoon of burning villages or cottages that have been fired by our planes and artillery, because they might shelter Red troops. In the enemy territory, beyond the line, there is a blackout, an emptiness, but on our side there is much well-lit activity—cheerful-looking camps, brightly headlighted convoys, artillery flashing at regular intervals and in a regular pattern. There is nothing to confuse the eye above. Again, everything is in the open.

Soon after we arrived at our station that night, the ground radio said that enemy troops were attacking and asked us to start dropping flares. Our flares were of magnesium, five hundred thousand candlepower, attached to parachutes, and timed to light up a thousand feet below us (we were circling at about five thousand) and to burn for three minutes. Before we dropped the first one, I could make out nothing in the enemy territory below but the red glow of some burning cottages and a great many flashes from ground weapons—confused and without pattern, they seemed. I remember that the most intelligible sight for me was the Little Dipper, which I saw over and over again from the plane's window. But when the first flare lit up,

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the terrain below us was plainly revealed, not as if by day—the side shadows gave the foothills a wrinkled, undecipherable look, like a closeup of the moon—but as if strong arc lights had been hung overhead. Looking down, we could see that our troops were in a big valley and the enemy was attacking from a smaller one leading into it. There was much flashing of automatic weapons on both sides, backed by artillery on ours, and often the red streak of a rocket crossed the lines. In the bright light, the enemy seemed to have little cover—only low paddy dikes and an occasional bush. We stayed there for some time, circling and spacing the release of the flares so that one was always burning. They fell slowly and brilliantly, each with a wispy plume of dead-white smoke hanging above it. Finally, under this exposure, the enemy fire died down, and the ground forces told us that the battle was won and they had no further need of us.

I FLEW on another night mission, less spectacular but more helpful for the study of ground life. This was in a B-26 photograph plane (a converted bomber) to check night movements down from Manchuria. A passenger has to enter more fully into the machine age on these flights than on the others I have mentioned, for which the preparations were casual, demanding little more than the strapping on of a parachute. Even crawling into a B-26 is hard, and you must sit on a small seat in cramped quarters, surrounded by dials and knobs, and covered by a Plexiglas roof just above your head. In order to speak, you must wear a small microphone strapped around your neck; it gives your voice a strange croak. In winter, you must also wear an electrically heated outfit—trousers, jacket, and gloves, which must be plugged together elaborately and correctly. The suit keeps you pleasantly warm but it adds greatly to your feeling of claustrophobia. Thus encased, I took off toward the Yalu River, which has become the edge of the known world.

This time, when we crossed the front line, we were flying fast and high. The convoys on our side that night looked like long, luminous worms. Once more, there were the burning villages and buildings. Across the line, we came to the blackout, but soon it was pierced here and there by small red lights, which our pilot said were enemy campfires. He told us how to identify lights on the ground: Headlights are white, burning buildings are red and large, campfires

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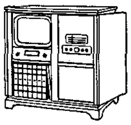

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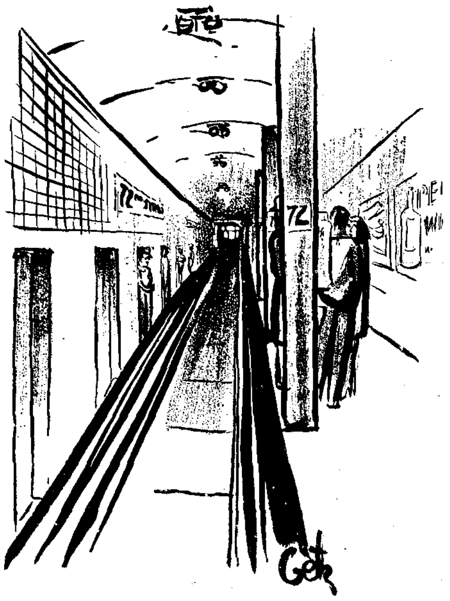
are red and small. We went on into the darkness. I dozed now and then—it was long after midnight—and when I awoke, I would be confused momentarily by the stars, thinking that they were ground lights. There was no moon, and it was very dark. All I could see below were different tones of smudginess. Finally, we were over the Yalu. We might as well have been over the Grand Canyon for all I could see, but the crew of the plane knew our position every moment of the flight.

In the country south of the Yalu, we followed roads, hunting for Chinese convoys to photograph. On black nights like that one, convoys must use their lights, at least intermittently, or run off the roads, which are crooked in the mountains; thus they are easy to spot. (On moonlit nights, they can drive without lights, but they can be seen anyway by a sharp-eyed observer. To a photo plane, it therefore makes no difference whether there's a moon or not. There is an important difference for night bombers, however: It is more dangerous to make low bombing runs here on black nights, because of the risk of flying into the sides of mountains. On black nights, also, a bomber must score its hits on the first run, or the quarry will turn out its lights and hide.) We didn't find anything for quite a while, but some photo planes in communication with us were doing better. Two or three times, we saw bursts of light on the horizon as they set off the huge charges of flash powder. The effect was like that of electric storms I have seen while flying across America. Finally, we spotted a convoy below us, and a bit later another—both short ones, rows of ten or twenty lights on twisted roads. We got set above each convoy



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LET'S TALK ARTIFICIAL eyes. Clear-blue artificial eyes were designed for the Phidias statue of Minerva, ancient goddess of wisdom and war. That was about 2,500 years ago. Artificial eyes for human wear came much later. Plastic artificial eyes are the thing now. Plastic eyes have several advantages over the old glass eye. Eye secretions, for instance, don't affect the plastic as much as the glass eye. It's estimated 60 per cent of artificial eyes are fitted in variations of blue and gray, the remainder are brown or hazel. In the making of an artificial eye, it's important to create an effect which detracts attention from the pseudo member rather than duplicate the good eye exactly. One of the strange requests for artificial eyes came from a sightless lad who had worn brown eyes all his life. He asked for and was fitted with a pair of blue eyes to match those of his girl friend. Mager & Gougelman, Minneapolis artificial eye firm, had another unusual request—an artificial eye for a live tiger in Central Park Zoo in New York. The tiger got it, too.

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★

ONE OF THESE DAYS you may push a button to work your car brakes. In the development stage is a brake using magnetic fluid. Pressure of your thumb regulates the current actuating the mechanism. Bet a lot of us would still tromp on the floor board . . . "Crazy as a loon" is all wrong. From all accounts, the loon is one of our smarter friends. The young can swim as soon as they're hatched and a loon can dive at the flash of a gun and be gone before the shot reaches the spot where the bird was. Let's switch to "clever as a loon" . . . We may expect a move to have all holidays celebrated on Mondays, as is Labor Day. Industries in the east have already put forth feelers and the idea has gained some support. The holidays would be on the Mondays nearest their actual dates. The arrangement, it's argued, would save breaking up the week for a day off and would provide long weekends for the help. There'll be trouble dislodging Christmas.

and touched off our flash powder. There was an instant of blinding glare below. When we finished with the second one, we discovered that our gas supply was running low, so we headed home.

Back at the field, we reported to an office in a frame shack with a gasoline stove, wall maps, and bright, naked electric lights, where photographs are examined and pilots are "debriefed." ("Debrief" is an Air Force word, a wild stab at conveying the idea that the pilots are talking to ground officials rather than listening to them.) In conversations with the pilots and photograph examiners there, I learned several things about ground life in North Korea, and about air concepts of ground life. For one thing, it turned out that the Chinese had changed tactics that night. Instead of running in long convoys on the main roads, they were running in short ones on side roads. That was why it had taken us so much longer to find any. Breaking long convoys up was not a new trick, I was told. Then, sometimes convoys switch all their lights on and off simultaneously, and sometimes they do it in sequence; this makes the convoy look smaller to the eye at night, but it makes no difference to a photo plane, whose flash bulbs reveal the whole convoy to the camera. I was shown a number of photographs in the shack. They might just as well have been taken in the daytime. The roads were a light gray, the trucks distinct dark oblongs against them. I was told that in this office the pictures were examined chiefly for news of immediate moment—information that would make it worth while to send bombers out right away. Afterward, they were sent elsewhere for more detailed study.

The pilots and the men in the debriefing shack agreed that the volume of traffic coming down from Manchuria had been getting heavier, but they couldn't say how much heavier. They said the Korean west-coast rail system was working again as far south as Pyongyang, the Red capital, but some of them believed it was working only sporadically; the trains usually hid in tunnels in the daytime, they thought. They also agreed that there had recently been a shift of motor traffic from the west-coast highways to those on the east coast, but they didn't know why. A couple of them thought the changes in the traffic pattern were related to the phases of the moon, but they could not understand how. As they talked there in the bright light, they were a

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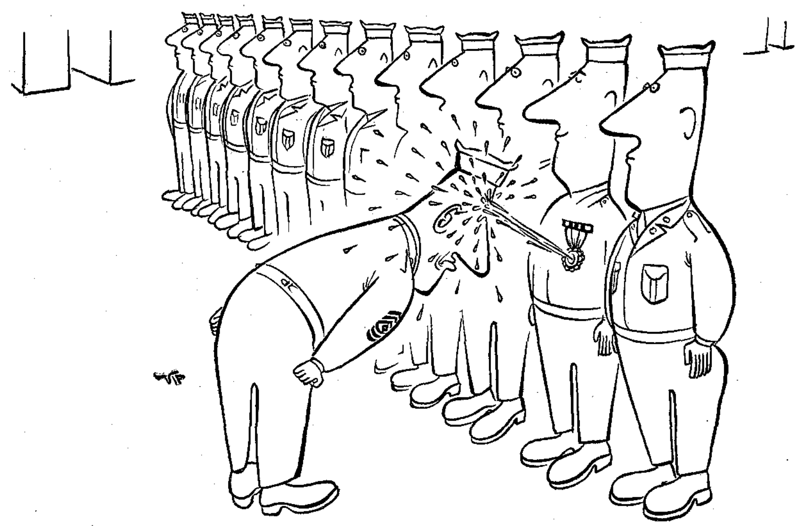

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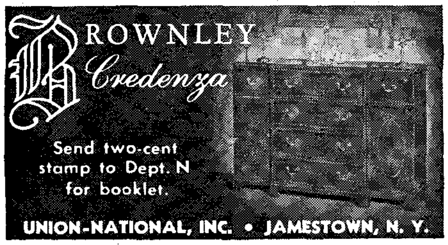

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conclave of birds discussing vaguely understood animals.

FOR a long time, Asia experienced the old, fundamental misunderstandings between East and West. Then the misunderstandings between Communism and anti-Communism were added. Now, on top of everything else, there are the misunderstandings between ground and air. We Americans are undoubtedly worlds away from the Chinese in Korea—farther away than anyone else here. The Turks, for instance, are earthbound, and fight with bayonets and small arms. This is true of all our main allies to a greater degree than it is of us. Our skills have made us more long-range in our dealings, perhaps more "etherialized"—to use Toynbee's word. The etherialization leads to an abstract view of ground life. One day when I was flying in a Mosquito, the pilot had some fighter-bombers drop napalm on a ridge where Chinese were known to be entrenched in foxholes. Then he asked them to save a little napalm for a nearby village. He hadn't been told there were enemy troops there, and, as it happened, the ground radio intervened and prevented the bombing of the village. He was simply following an abstract rule of thumb: Chinese hide in villages, so villages must be attacked. The same abstractness shows up every day in the stream of quotations from pilots' reports that are put out by our Air Force's public-relations people. Taken in large doses, these give one the impression that Korea is looked on mainly as a shooting gallery, and that fliers have little thought for the mortals broiling in the napalm below. A minor jewel of American history, once well-known, is a quotation from Captain J. W. Philip, commanding the battleship Texas, in the Spanish-American War. He had just finished off an enemy ship in an engagement, and it was going down; the water round about was black with Spanish heads. His men were elated, but the Captain cooled them off by saying, "Don't cheer, boys. The poor devils are dying." The Captain and the Spaniards were warring on the same level, in the same element, more or less face to face, and this may have had a lot to do with his feelings. It is not that way in the air over Korea. When we take a wounded Chinese prisoner on the ground, we smother him with good medical care, but when we are aloft, we become impersonal. It is probably superfluous to add that the pilots involved are, seen close to, the warmest human beings imaginable:

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openhearted, humorous, and rather tragic; sweating out their hundred missions before they can go home, doubting that they will make it; hating to fly unarmed over the enemy but knowing they must, and doing it well. It is in the distance, in the difference of elements, that the trouble seems to arise. Distance lends more than enchantment to the view out here.

—CHRISTOPHER RAND

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DEPT. OF FURTHER AMPLIFICATION

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MARCH 7, 1951

To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MR. JOHN W. ECKMAN, in his recent letter to *The New Yorker*, seems, like thousands of other well-intentioned Americans, to have gone haywire about "leaving his Flag up after sunset," so let me tell him, and them, in no uncertain terms, that there is no code, or law, compelling one to lower "your Flag and my Flag"—as that genial soul, the late Wilbur Nesbit, penned it—at sunset. We might never have had "The Star-Spangled Banner" had not Key seen "by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming." In the Navy, no Ship is ever seen without the Ensign (as the Flag is called in Navy parlance) aloft, all day and *all night*. People think that because in the Army the Flag is lowered at sunset, there is some sentiment about it. None whatsoever! Residents of factory towns hear the whistles blow in the morning to call men to work, and again at night to send them home; the whistles denote the beginning and ending of *the factory's business day*. In the Army, they hoist (not "raise") the Flag in the morning and lower it at sunset to denote the beginning and ending of *the Army's business day*. If the Truth be treason, make the most of it.

Right truly yours,
GRIDLEY ADAMS
Director-General

•

Dr. Eaton V. W. Read, dean of the College of Business Administration at the University of Bridgeport, will speak on "What People Do to Words and Vice-Versa."—*Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.*

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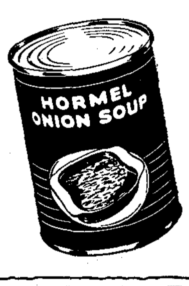

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Gotham Hamlet

A DOZEN years ago, a troubled youth climbed out onto a high ledge of the Gotham Hotel and for many a long hour debated, in full view of a curious mob in the streets below, whether to be or not to be. An account of this incident and its attendant details was put together a while back by Joel Sayre and published in this magazine under the title "The Man on the Ledge." Now a movie, based on Mr. Sayre's article and called "Fourteen Hours," brings the young man's ordeal into prominence once more. Commendably faithful to the spirit of Mr. Sayre's report, the picture only occasionally dabbles in matters not germane to the tense business at hand. (There's a bit of boy-meets-girl nonsense, for instance, that is, in the circumstances, as unseemly as a door prize at a wake.) Henry Hathaway, the director, has kept the action tightly tied to the situation of the central character, allowing his camera to depart from the man on the ledge only long enough to inspect the turmoil in the streets and the pertinent comings and goings inside the hotel. The photography is quite ingenious; despite the fact that nothing takes place so far away from the hero that the camera can't swing around instantly, like an inquisitive onlooker, and catch him if he decides to jump, there is certainly plenty of movement in the piece.

In explaining why the young man is on the ledge, "Fourteen Hours," which was adapted for the screen by John Paxton, falls back on some well-worn but still plausible psychological theories. The distraught youth's mother, it would seem, resented his birth because it promised to interfere with her career as a musician. Whatever the merits of this explanation, which is outlined by an alleged psychologist in the picture, it serves to introduce Agnes Moorehead and Robert Keith, as the confused and bitter parents, and both give a splendid account of themselves. But even in the company of such stalwart veterans, Richard Basehart, playing the mixed-up would-be suicide, is outstanding. Functioning in a physical area that most Hollywood actors would find inadequate for the portrayal of anything but a mummy, Mr. Basehart, hesitant of speech and sparing of gesture, succeeds in conveying the notion that he is indeed sorely beset, from the moment he first appears on the ledge. In nice contrast to his despair, we have the sympathetic amiability of Paul Douglas, in the role of a policeman, more understanding than most, who struggles throughout the proceedings to convince the unhappy hero that suicide never solves anything. A nice performance, too, is turned in by Barbara Bel Geddes, as the youth's sweetheart. It might be well not to go poking around too much to discover profundities in "Fourteen Hours." Maybe you'd better just look upon it as one hell of a strong melodrama, and hang on to your hat while it's in progress.

THE English film "Chance of a Lifetime" tackles the problems of capital and labor by showing what happens in a factory when the workers take up the boss's challenge to run the place better than he does. The workers do all right until they bump into some tricky obstacles in financing their operations and distributing their product. Then their old boss steps back in and soon matters are humming right along, proving that there is a place for capital and a place for labor in the industrial scheme of things. Although this probably sounds as soporific as a "Little Story for the Bedtime," the picture is rather engaging, and if it achieves the golden mean through too many accommodating coincidences, it nevertheless does point up some of the dilemmas of our disjointed society. Among those who bring the managing lion and the laboring lamb together are Basil Radford, Niall MacGinnes, Bernard Miles, and Josephine Wilson.

THERE'S some fine dancing by Fred Astaire in "Royal Wedding," but not enough of it to compensate for the awful incompetence of the script, which has to do with the romantic carryings on of a dance team (brother and sister) in England. . . . "Molly" is an adaptation of a radio serial called "The Goldbergs." It's full of Jewish dialect and gentle people, played by Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb, Eli Muntz, and Eduard Franz. It won't do you any harm.—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

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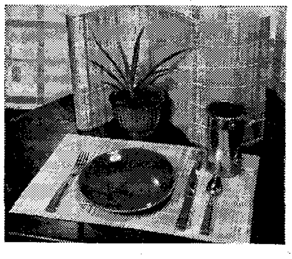

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Week at the Opera

THE revival at the Metropolitan Opera last week of Beethoven's only opera, "Fidelio," was a distinguished occasion all around. Bruno Walter was the guest conductor and, for the first time since 1941, Kirsten Flagstad sang the title role. I had never before heard this warm and noble work presented so tellingly. The credit was largely due to Walter's magnificent ability to seek out the heart of a piece of music, particularly one by a German or Austrian master, without overdoing its sentimentality or diminishing its strength. The orchestra was superb, reaching its high point in the lovely reading of the "Leonore Overture No. 3," played, as is the custom, between the last two scenes; it is a kind of apotheosis of Leonore's triumphant love for her husband. The cast performed admirably, too. There was, of course, no singing to match Mme. Flagstad's in volume and expressiveness. It probably takes her longer to limber up now, at the age of fifty-five, than it did in the past, and on this night her voice had not loosened sufficiently in the first act to enable her to deliver her big aria, in the second scene, with utter fidelity. The highest notes sounded forced. Even at that, her singing was beyond what we are accustomed to hear from others. And in the next act—when she comes upon her husband in the dungeon, and the dramatic crisis of the opera nears—she let go that enormous voice with absolute majesty, and I wondered, as I always do when I hear her, how on earth anyone ever came by vocal gifts of such size and quality; they make all other voices seem incomplete. Mme. Flagstad, who is not a small woman, might be expected to have difficulty posing throughout most of the opera as a young man, but she was entirely credible in the part.

Most of the others in the cast were fine, too. I was especially pleased by Dezso Ernster's portrayal of Rocco, the kindly jailer. His voice is not one of the fullest and truest of basses, but he used it well, and gave a dignified and authoritative performance. The hardest task fell to Gunther Treptow, who, as Florestan, the unjustly imprisoned husband, had to bring his tenor to sudden, agonized life in the dungeon scene. He was impassioned, but the dramatic demands of the part were too great, and his singing, opposite Ernster and Mme. Flagstad, had a strangled, desperate sound—appropriate to Florestan's trying circumstances, perhaps, but not to his music. Paul Schoeffler was excellent as the villain, Don Pizarro, and Nadine Conner was first-rate as Marzelline, the jailer's daughter, who gets a crush on Fidelio. The chorus of prisoners, at the end of the first act, was a perfect singing body. Herbert Graf's staging was a model of clarity, and the Joseph Urban sets, designed in 1927, are among the best in the entire Met repertoire.

"LA BOHÈME" last week made its first appearance at the Met this season and was given a vigorous, satisfying performance. Giuseppe Di Stefano and Bidu Sayão were the young lovers, Rudolfo and Mimi, and they played and sang their roles with finesse. Miss Sayão, whose use of her small, fine-spun lyric soprano is so expert that it somehow makes itself delightfully audible in all parts of the house, got started a bit slowly in the first act but thereafter did some exquisite work. Di Stefano sang very well, for the most part, although he had a tendency to save his voice on the top notes occasionally. Rudolfo's happy-go-lucky companions—Marcello, Schaunard, and Colline—were extremely well played by Giuseppe Valdengo, Hugh Thompson, and Cesare Siepi, respectively, and Lois Hunt, the Musetta, was properly birdlike in her mannerisms and sang the well-known waltz in the second act with precision and charm. Fausto Cleva conducted with enthusiasm.

I may be wrong, but it seemed to me there were several new bits of business in Désiré Defrère's staging. For example, I don't remember any previous production in which Schaunard has had two errand boys precede him with baskets when he brings food to his hungry friends in the first scene. Then, in the busy second-act street scene, outside the Café Momus, I saw for the first time, as far as I can recall, a drunk being evicted from the sidewalk cafe; an early-nineteenth-century equivalent of an I-cash-clothes man, with hats piled on his head and clothes slung over his arm, looking for customers; and a man in a red fez trying to interest the passersby in some rich-looking silks he was carrying. New or old, though, these touches all fitted nicely into this pell-mell scene. The only awkward moment came when the timetable went awry and the crowd parted to make way for the little band of street urchins a second too quickly. The children were revealed, poised and on the mark, waiting for their musical cue to skip downstage.

A GOOD performance of Rossini's chuckling "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was given at the Met early last week. Frank Guarrera was a gay and effective Figaro, Ferruccio Tagliavini was adequate as Almaviva, and Roberta Peters, in the part of Rosina, looked pert and sang her difficult coloratura music fairly well, though a trifle staidly. However, it was the beautifully molded impersonation of Dr. Bartolo, by Salvatore Baccaloni, and Cesare Siepi's clowning, as Don Basilio, that provided the most enjoyment. More than a mere mugger, Baccaloni has created a portrait in which his whole large person and voice are constantly at work supporting the role. Being a master farceur, he is an invaluable part of this production. So is Ludwig Burgstaller, whose silent characterization of Bartolo's wobbly-legged servant, Ambrogio, has been a delight for many years. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

Barbara Comyns, who is a great reader, found herself unable to obtain enough books during the war—so she began to write them herself. While evacuated from London, a flying bomb managed to destroy most of her work, however, and a good deal of the remainder was eaten up by her pet poodles. Readers of her novel will testify, nevertheless, that she is a woman of great fortitude and nothing could interrupt the completion of her (somewhat autobiographical) novel.

She was born in a river-side house near Stratford-on-Avon, one of a large family of girls with eccentric parents. When she became twenty-one she undertook a brief interlude in Holland as kennelmaid to a mad woman who kept fox terriers (who were mad too). She ran away when the woman threw a "great lump of horse meat" at her and fled . . . —*Publicity release from a publisher.*

Into the arms of her press agent.

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[*From an article on the diagnosis and treatment of surgical esophageal lesions, in Postgraduate Medicine*]

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BOOKS

Some Conceptions of Man

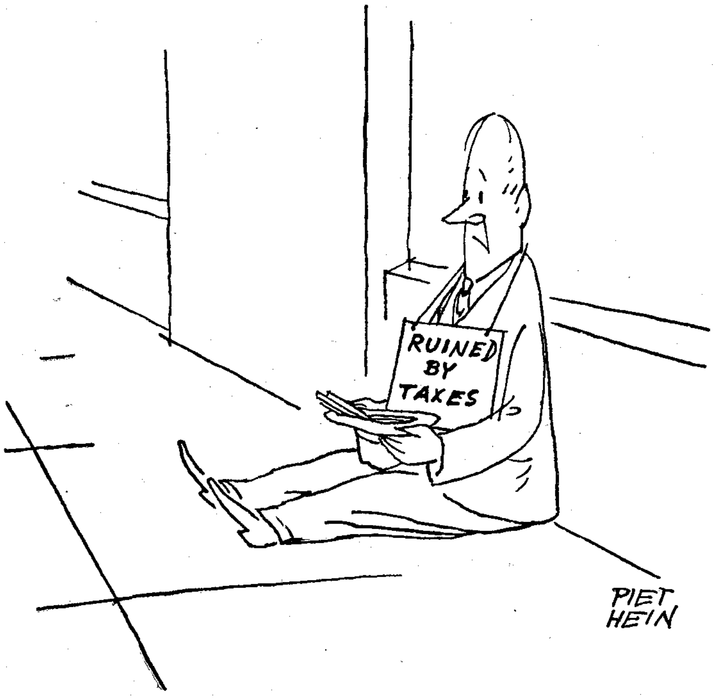
ARTHUR KOESTLER's new novel, "The Age of Longing" (Macmillan), has something in common with Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," and, like it, will probably make many readers wish that writers would not put their complaints against their false loves into literary form. In Mr. Koestler's first enchanted view, the U.S.S.R. was a gentle idealist, with a maternal interest in revolutionary movements abroad, and it seems likely that he is never going to recover from the sad discovery that she was as hard as nails and not absolutely honest. Here are all the old, familiar complaints, stated, what is more, with the passion and urgency of one who has made discoveries—discoveries not vouchsafed to the common run of men—the hard, personal way. Wilde's revelations in "De Profundis" of Lord Alfred Douglas's duplicity were made with the same bitter ardor, and his friends received them tepidly, because most of them had been warning him against that twisted and tormented individual for years. They were also filled with gloom, because it was perfectly clear from Wilde's book that the old spell was still at work and that he was quite incapable of shaking it off; for all the scolding and complaining, the old devotion was as strong as ever. And so it is with "The Age of Longing." There is a great deal of scolding, and some savage stuff about the intellectual and moral shortcomings of the beloved, but she still has her spiritual half nelson on her man.

It is not without significance that Fedya, the Russian hero of "The Age of Longing," is the only sexually adequate man the American heroine has ever met, and is the book's only integrated character. All the others are, to a greater or lesser extent, disintegrated, lost, and shattered people who are faltering through the butt ends of their lives. Most of them have fallen apart because they have broken with Communism. The key figure in the book is a literary big gun, a culture hero and so on, called Leontiev, who bears considerable superficial resemblance to Ilya Ehrenburg. For years, he has dreamed of escaping from the Russian ideological tyranny and becoming an honest writer, but whenever he has gone abroad he has had to leave his wife behind, and he knows what would happen to her if he absconded. She dies while he is in Paris on a visit, and he is free, but his freedom affects him just like the demon rum in a prohibitionist pamphlet: His moral hair falls out, and before you can say Tom Paine he is intellectually impotent, sitting in his room by the hour staring at blank sheets of paper on which he cannot write a word. He sinks rapidly, and soon hits bottom as a night-club entertainer of the kind that sponges drinks from the guests. When he is at last deported and sent back to forced labor or whatever other punishment awaits him, he feels only relief. The Soviet sun has veiled its bright face, and life has become impossible for him.

Leontiev is a tourist in a vacuum; all the Westerners in the book *live* there. The Americans are fatuous, the British absurd, the French corrupt or futile, the refugees from Mitteleuropa numbed by the sense that they are on the wrong side. They all know what is going to happen. Fedya walks around Paris drawing up lists of those who are to be liquidated or enslaved when the take-over comes, rather as a man who is going to buy a poultry farm might walk around the place deciding what birds should be culled in the interests of efficiency. There is no suggestion that there may not be a take-over, that there may be an alternative fate for Paris. Mr. Koestler rounds out his story with the death and burial of a tiresome old windbag called M. Anatole, who symbolizes Western culture. He is followed to the graveside by all the intellectuals of Paris, who are, to a man, bankrupt of ideas and consumed with longing for something, for anything, to believe in.

The main theme of the book is a simple one. Reason killed God and created a void, a void intolerable to men, since there is a primal necessity for a recognizable authority to supply the world with justice and meaning, and (the revealing order is Mr. Koestler's) punishment and reward. All men die, as Leontiev dies, of freedom; they must be provided with certainties. This has a familiar ring; it is the Devil's case in the remarkable argument between the Grand Inquisitor and Christ that is interpolated into Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." The Inquisitor arrests Christ on the occasion of a rash visit to Seville and attacks Him for having betrayed man by not accepting a worldly kingdom. The attack is one of the clearest statements of the anti-humanist picture of human nature that has ever been written:

> Why did You reject that last gift? Had You accepted it, You would have accomplished all that man seeks on earth—that is someone to worship, someone to keep his conscience, and some means of uniting all in one unanimous and harmonious ant heap. . . . For these pitiful creatures are concerned not only to find what one or the other can worship, but to find something that all would believe in and worship—what is essential is that all may be together in it. . . . And see what You did further—all again in the name of freedom! . . . Did You forget that man prefers peace, and even death, to freedom of choice in the knowledge of good and evil? . . . Instead of setting the conscience of man at rest for ever, You chose all that is exceptional, vague, and enigmatic—You chose what was utterly beyond the strength of men. . . . There are three powers, three powers alone, able



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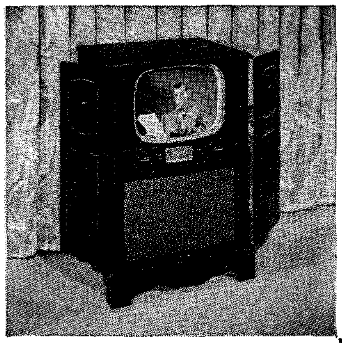

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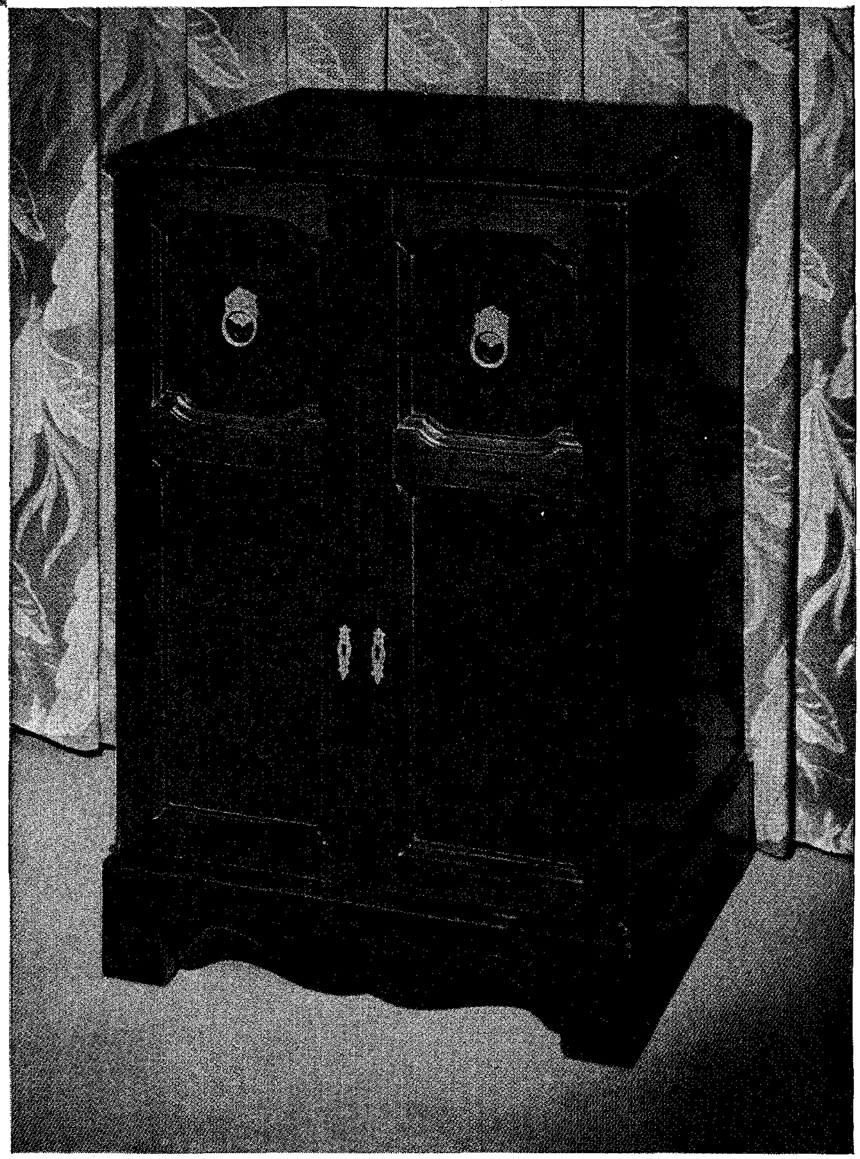

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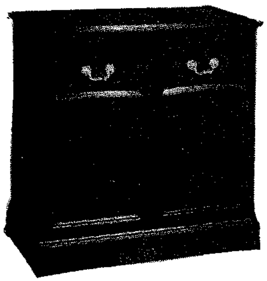

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to conquer and to hold captive for ever the conscience of these impotent rebels for their happiness—these forces are miracle, mystery, and authority.

It is quite clear that Koestler believes that the Inquisitor has the right of the argument. He believes that what the Westerners attending the funeral of their culture are longing for is the appearance of a substitute for God, some paratheocracy that will make effective use of the three powers, or their modern equivalents, and relieve them of their terrible burden of intellectual freedom. The reason Koestler cannot break the hold Communism has on his mind begins to be obvious; he is divided by an unbridgeable gulf from the conception of the individual developed in the West since the Renaissance. The coincidence of his ideas with those of Dostoevski's Inquisitor tells the story: Dostoevski was at times the dervish of the Pan-Slav movement, an inspired mouthpiece for his culture. The Slav peoples, for a variety of reasons—the split between the Greek Orthodox and the Western churches, the Turkish occupation of the Balkans, and so forth—were largely untouched by all Western cultural developments from the Renaissance onward. They received the humanist tradition, and with it the post-Renaissance idea of the individual, wrapped up in one stunning parcel with industrialism, just as the Japanese did, and after just as much preparation, in the nineteenth century. It was the cultural counterpart of sitting a starved man down to a two-inch sirloin steak and a jar of stump whiskey. And the result was much the same—nausea, followed by vomiting. They imagined they had been poisoned, and turned away from the nasty stuff—from humanism and the associated political liberalism—and back to their native conceptions of man, and the authoritarianism and absolutism that go with them. In fact, all of Mr. Koestler's characters, Europeans and Americans alike, are thinly disguised Slavs, trapped in Slav dilemmas and racked by Slav longings. About real Westerners, for whom the intolerable thing is not to be free, he has nothing to say.

"THE PENCIL OF GOD" (Houghton Mifflin), a novel by the brothers Pierre Marcelin and Philippe Thoby-Marcelin, is a lighthearted venture into this matter of irreconcilable conceptions of human nature. The authors are Haitians who write in French, in an elegant, witty, and extremely pleasant manner that recalls Anatole France, and who bring minds shaped by a formal

Bob Benchley making his *Treasurer's Report*

Dottie Parker sitting in her office marked "Men" at the Met

MEN

Heywood Broun fighting with *The World* over the Sacco-Vanzetti trial

Frank Case having trouble keeping an eye on a stage-struck young lady from Alabama, **Tallulah Bankhead**

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Catholic education to bear on their native culture, the dominant feature of which is voodoo. They have developed the cynical and absolutely negative atheism characteristic of those whose unbelief proceeds from Catholicism, and, again like Anatole France, they draw the best kind of low comedy from an objective reporting of the states of mind of the credulous and those exploiting credulity. The idea they are playing with in this novel is that although the Haitian middle and upper classes are apparently thoroughly Europeanized and Catholic in their ways of thinking, African conceptions of the magical world still dominate their unconscious minds. The book begins when a hard-boiled, rather crooked, and married factory owner seduces the girl who brings his lunch around to his office. Although the seduction is achieved by the tired old stratagem that Wycherley's Mr. Horner employed in "The Country Wife," it is a fresh and cheerful affair, satisfactory to all parties. Satisfactory, that is, until the junior employee selected by the boss as a suitable husband for the girl—it has become apparent that marriage is an immediate necessity—declines to play along. The factory owner fires him, which is a mistake, since the young man is of the lower class, which is baptized into voodoo just as formally as it is into the Church, and with much more sincere belief. He announces a few days after he has been fired that while passing a graveyard at midnight he looked in and saw a female spirit crouched on the grave of another spirit—an especially powerful one called Baron Samedi—and heard her laying a curse. He did not hear who was being cursed; that was not necessary. Where guilt is, there the curse will come to roost. It first hits the factory owner's wife, who is seized by an attack of hysteria, and then, step by step, as the curse brings the buried belief in magic back to the surface, destroys his family and his life. In the end, the factory owner, who lived in our world and was pro-Axis during the war, is parted from his wife and his girl, has lost one of his children, and is in the grip of a

MEN'S SHOP
AR
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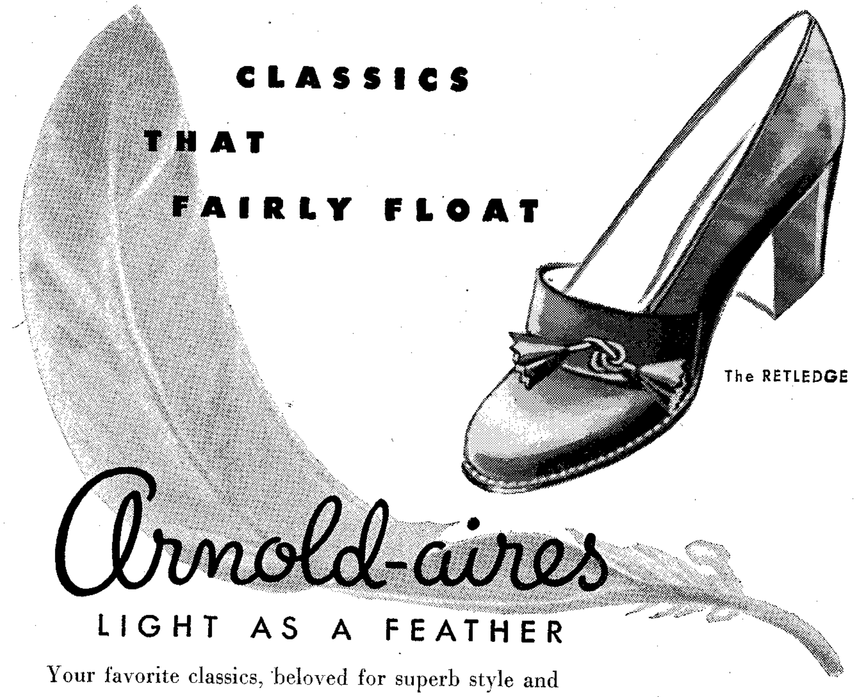
Steinberg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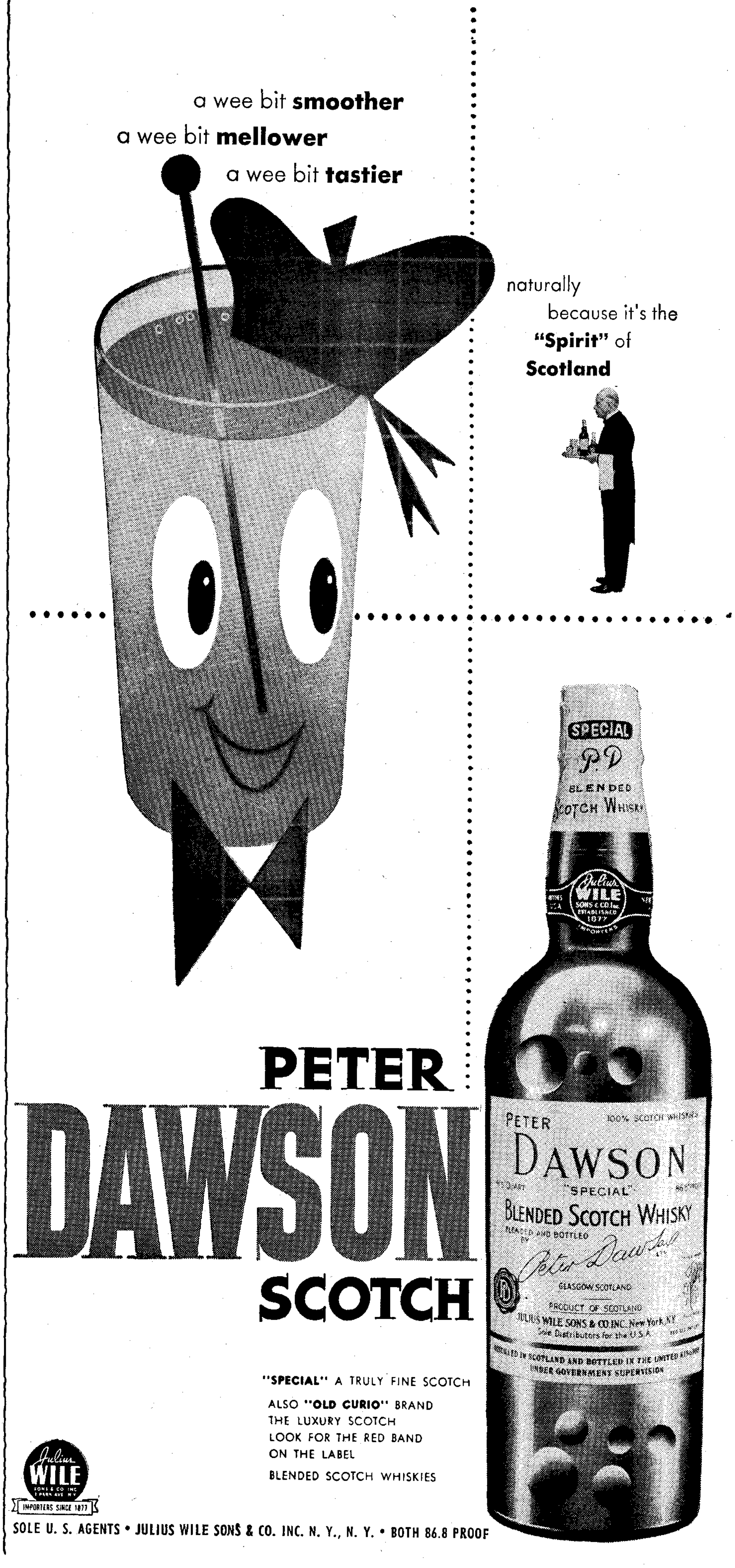
—ANTHONY WEST

VERSE

THE study of English literature as a respectable branch of learning is comparatively new. It came into being in a faltering fashion, making its appearance at Oxford as late as 1893, after having been put into practice at the new University of London and in Scotland. Once accepted, the new subject had to fight free from one hampering method after another. First it had to escape from the dry procedures of German philology, then from an equally arid habit among English professors of erecting barriers between "literary periods" and of implacably tracking down influences and sources. This methodology was abandoned, under Professors Saintsbury and Raleigh, only to be succeeded by teaching habits that substituted charm for insight, so that the central qualities of English poetry and prose were more or less obscured by masses of anecdote and chitchat about the lives, domestic problems, wives, friends, and dogs and cats of this author and that. During the twenties of this century, the emphasis shifted to the texts themselves—a shift all to the good, except that such direct analysis soon became extreme. In the case of verse, the poem was removed so far from any contact or contamination (even from the poet who had written it) that it became a sort of laboratory specimen, and its dissection, in some scholarly quarters at least, was pursued with the relentless fervor usually allotted to a delicate, purely manual operation, like the boning of a shad.

The critical and scholarly need that has gradually become pressing and obvious, as psychology, anthropology, and a freshly ventilated sense of history have begun to crowd in upon the study of literature from every side, is one of relation and comparison. Although the subject of comparative literature has grown in importance, the relationship between literatures of different cultures and languages, between literature and the changes of history and opinion, of morals and manners, and between liter-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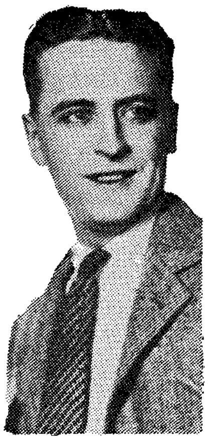

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SCRIBNER'S

ature and its sister arts does not show up in many commentaries or textbooks. "Poets of the English Language," in five volumes, edited by W. H. Auden and Norman Holmes Pearson and brought out in the Viking Portable Library format by the Viking Press, is a pioneer effort to place poetry in the midst of history and life, and to connect it to other arts with which it shares a common creative source. The two editors, both scholars and teachers and one of them a major poet, are uniquely fitted for a task that involves revaluation as well as valuation. The selections range from the Middle Ages through modern times, but the editors have wisely sidestepped controversy by not touching upon the work of living contemporaries. The first volume, "Langland to Spenser," brings English poetry through Middle English (which, as the editors remark, was close to being the language of a tribe) to the beginning of the "Shakespearean poetic temper," when English became the language of a nation. Volume II, "Marlowe to Marvell," deals with the poetic situation through the English Renaissance into the Baroque era; Volume III traces the story through a century of tremendous upheaval and change, from Milton to Goldsmith; Volume IV, "Blake to Poe," covers the early and great Romantics; and Volume V, "Tennyson to Yeats," copes with the Victorians and their successors, down to the year 1914. The introductions to the volumes describe, often with great originality, not only the central emotional, intellectual, and power drives of succeeding eras but take into account the more subtle climates of opinion, feeling, and taste that pervaded this or that period. These prefaces, moreover, emphasize the fact that while literature is produced by human beings, it is also touched by the mystery of the Muse—frequently breaking into new life and form just as history has, as it were, stopped happening, or at a moment when a culture seems so exhausted that nothing in the circumstances hints at the possibility of a renewal of imaginative life.

The editors' important achievement of relating poetry in English to European, British, and American history at large, over six centuries, has been accomplished with a minimum of machinery. Each volume opens with a calendar, one side of which lists poetry, work by work, while a neighboring column establishes the general background, event by event. This calendar, although it often bears out certain Spenglerian hypotheses, lacks any Spenglerian con-

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cealed pressures. To study its exposition of coincidences, time lags, and unexpected linkages is a delightful occupation. Here is French Impressionist painting showing up in the same year (1863) as Taine's "determinist" history of English literature and a year after Meredith's "Modern Love." Here is Frazer's "The Golden Bough," published in 1890, along with the first series of Emily Dickinson's "Poems." Nobel invents dynamite in 1867, the year of "Peer Gynt" and Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog," and Freud's "Die Traumdeutung" announces a new century, in 1900, contemporaneously with "Sister Carrie" and Stedman's "An American Anthology." The tragic year 1914 has Joyce's "Dubliners," Stein's "Tender Buttons," and Frost's "North of Boston" to its credit.

As many long works as possible are given in their entirety—"Antony and Cleopatra" and "Samson Agonistes," for example. And the editors have not turned away from poems bristling with difficulty, such as Hopkins' "The Wreck of the Deutschland." The unexpected and the neglected (for instance, the hymns of the Methodist Revival, and the light and nonsense verse with which the Victorians worked off some of their unconscious conflicts) appear beside the "standard" pieces of the English poetic repertoire, while the poetry of two great "mad" poets, John Clare and Christopher Smart, brilliantly set off the works of their more reasonable contemporaries. Neglected Americans—Thoreau, Melville, and Longfellow as a translator—are given their just due. E. Talbot Donaldson has been called in to write a note on Middle English, and Auden contributes a short survey of English prosody that is certainly as valuable to the lover of poetry in English as a knowledge of musical form is to an amateur of music. "Poets of the English Language" is a peculiarly modern achievement. It could have been produced only in our time, and it is a work for which we should be grateful and of which we should be proud.

—Louise Bogan

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Relentless Tide, by D. A. Bonavia-Hunt (Dutton). A leisurely and matter-of-fact story about cruelty and indifference among fairly ordinary people. The Faunces, a respectable English family, are introduced to two strangers, a girl named Enid and an odd young man named

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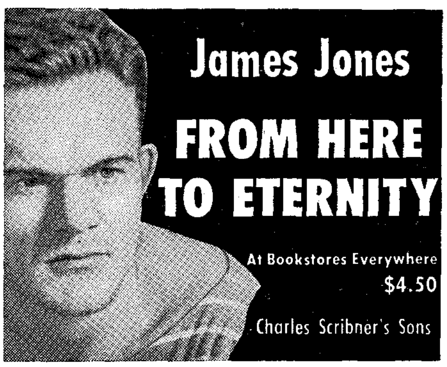

Heriot. The death of Enid, who is a comparatively minor character, provides a crisis, and the Faunces suddenly discover that nothing is left of what they had together. Miss Bonavia-Hunt writes with assurance, giving equal weight to humor, pathos, and the necessary self-protective selfishness of most human beings.

THE NICE AMERICAN, by Gerald Sykes (Creative Age). Mr. Sykes uses the English language as though he disliked it but were determined to contend with it. The result is a curiously stolid style that reflects distaste, effort, and weariness without end, and without hope of ending. All this is also true of his story, or, rather, of his material, for there is little story—only the hint of a struggle that could have taken place but doesn't. We read of an American colonel stationed in Algiers, of his feelings about the officials and civilians he has to deal with, and of the two women—who might exist only in his mind, for all the life they have—upon whom he pins his doubts, his faint hopes, and his habitual, paralyzing confusion.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST, by Morley Callaghan (Macmillan). Peggy Sanderson, the stupid, pretty, and egotistical young girl who dominates this book, is fatally obsessed by the ambition to fight a singlehanded battle against social inequality. Jim McAlpine, a journalist, is in love with her. The two of them provide a story that is pitiful, irritating, often maudlin, and in all ways inconclusive. Most of the action takes place in a night club in Montreal.

THE BROKEN ROOT, by Arturo Barea (Harcourt, Brace). A sombre picture of despair in present-day Spain. Don Antolin, ten years absent from his home, returns for a visit and finds that his family is really no more than a reflection of the chaos—political, emotional, and moral—that exists all over the country. Mr. Barea's book, which is written with sincerity and feeling, is depressing but not affecting, perhaps because the tragedy, as he recounts it, seems to belong to a great mass of people, in which the fate of an individual cannot be regarded as important and need not be remembered.

BOY AT THE WINDOW, by Owen Dodson (Farrar, Straus & Young). The world of Coin Foreman, a nine-year-old Negro boy, breaks up when his mother dies. Mr. Dodson writes very gently, and produces a sad, true little story that is hurt, but not ruined, by occasional cutenesses in the prose, the result of overeager efforts to see the world and its people through the eyes of a child.

GENERAL

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW MUSIC, by Nicolas Nabokov (Little, Brown). An exceptionally interesting volume of musical memoirs by a Russian who has lived for most of the last seventeen years in the United States. Nabokov grew up in pre-Soviet Russia and had his musical initiation in a world in which Chaliapin sang for the Czar and Scriabin was an irresistible intoxicant, in which Heifetz was a little boy in Vilna playing the violin in a Fauntleroy collar and Prokofiev a cheeky young man who beat Alekhin at chess and made Rachmaninoff furious by telling him his playing was "not bad." Nabokov later studied in Paris under Nadia Boulanger and was associated with the Ballet Russe. He has chapters on Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Koussevitzky, Diaghilev, and Nijinsky, which combine, in a most satisfactory way, personal portraiture with critical discussion (although he saw Nijinsky only once, when Diaghilev arranged for the mad dancer to come out of his asylum for an evening to see his successor perform). The book is a first-hand document on the recent history of Russian music. Nabokov went to Berlin in 1945 as an adviser on "music control" for the United States Military Government, and his last chapter, "Music Under the Generals," details his frustrating adventures in his effort to establish contact with his department's Soviet opposite numbers, who were interested only in trying to shake his allegiance to the United States. At one point, the American representatives found themselves attending a performance of "Madame Butterfly" that had been put on in the Russian sector, with a German cast, as anti-American propaganda.

TAMING OF THE ARTS, by Juri Jelagin (Dutton). The author of this book is a Russian violinist who graduated from the Moscow Conservatory in 1939, played in the U.S.S.R. State Symphony Orchestra, came to the United States in 1947 by way of a displaced-persons camp, and is now with the Houston Symphony. Before he went to the Conservatory, he was in the orchestra of the Vakhtangov Theatre, in Moscow, and he has written an account of the vicissitudes of both music and the theatre in Soviet Russia that is partly a narrative of his experiences and partly a general history of developments in these fields. The Russians needed the theatre to help them bear the dreariness of their lives, and for years after the Revolution the great theatres were privileged domains in which the personnel enjoyed more freedom and a higher standard of living than almost any other group. Even after the cultural dictatorship had put an end to this situation, the Moscow Conservatory and the musical world, not so subject as others to censure for heterodox opinions, were largely unmolested. Long stretches of this book, therefore, make more cheerful reading than most memoirs of Soviet Russia, for they bring one in contact with the vitality of the Russian creative genius. But in 1936 the government began imposing strictures on the great theatres, and it ended by requiring everywhere a type of propaganda drama that presented idealized Soviet characters so at variance with reality that to make the actors believe in them, it had, the author says, to create for them living conditions that had something in common with those they were compelled to represent on the stage. And, in the interest of Stalin's taste for melodies he could easily remember, the Soviet musical world—Shostakovich, Prokofiev, and all the rest—was reduced to enslavement and the compulsory production of banality by the decree of 1948. Many personal stories, some funny, some touching, some disgusting, some appallingly tragic.

Music Right and Left, by Virgil Thomson (Holt). A new collection, running from October, 1947, to June, 1950, of Mr. Thomson's reviews and Sunday articles in the *Herald Tribune*. He has, he explains in his preface, concentrated on "the newer trends, the nonstandardized musical life of outlying cities, experiments in the universities, everything that might be preparing the second half of our century for being different from the first." He looks forward to seeing, in this latter half, an "amalgamation of all the modernist musical techniques into a twentieth-century classic style." Thomson is, of course, one of the principal ornaments of our journalism, in an era in which there are few such ornaments concerned with the arts, and his articles are worth preserving. He is witty and well informed, and his

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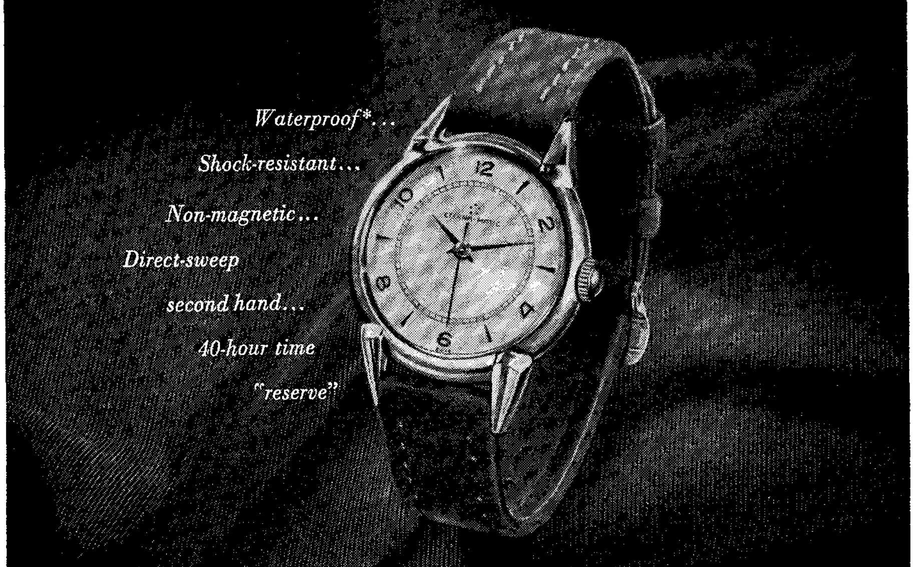

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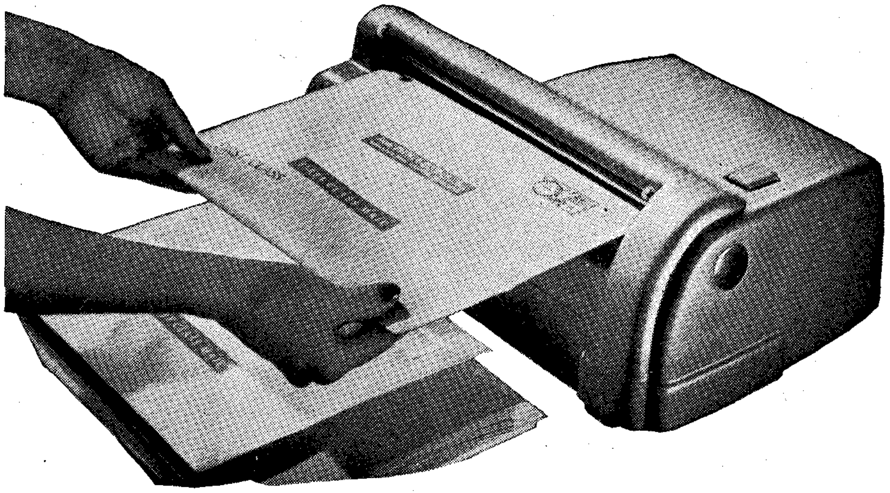

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writing, which is light and rapid, is notable for the deftness and precision with which it hits nails on the head. He also has, as a first-rate critic should, the faculty of communicating enthusiasm for the art with which he is dealing.

NOTE: "A Man Gets Around," a collection of articles and short stories written for this magazine by John McNulty, has been published by Little, Brown.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ARMS OF VENUS, by John Appleby (Coward-McCann). This novel, Mr. Appleby's first, has to do primarily with the discovery and, sadly enough, the disappearance again of those famous missing pieces, but it also contains practically everything else you can think of, including a gang of international cutthroats, a hero suffering from amnesia, a young woman who innocently steps right into the middle of a remarkably cryptic and sinister situation, and a very satisfactory amount of violence and bloodshed, both in England and in Greece. It is marred by an intricate and arbitrary system of flashbacks and digressions, but it is still chase literature of an unusually high order, and it is to be hoped that the author will write many more books in the same vein.

MURDER GOES TO PRESS, by Cicely Cairns (Macmillan). No fewer than six ladies employed on the woman's page of the London *Daily Informer* might have stabbed the editor, since at one time or another he had gone out of his way to annoy each of them. The solution goes back to underground activities in France during the war, and it is provided by the heroine, a rather nosy person who speaks French like a native and is consequently somewhat suspect herself. Things may get too complicated toward the end, and the special jargon of Fleet Street may be a bit difficult for American readers, but Miss Cairns' novel has an ingenuity and a youthful vivacity that lift it considerably above the average.

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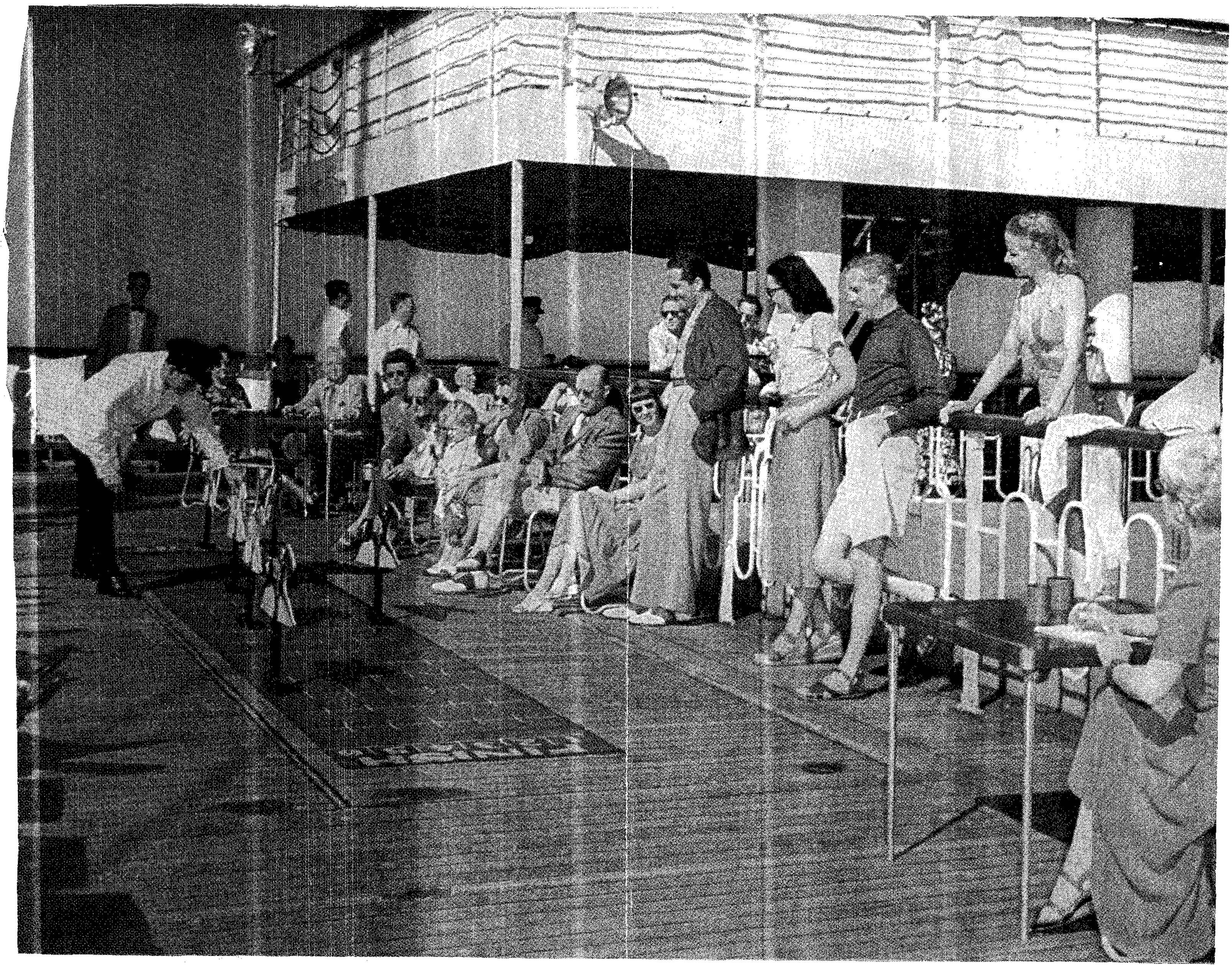

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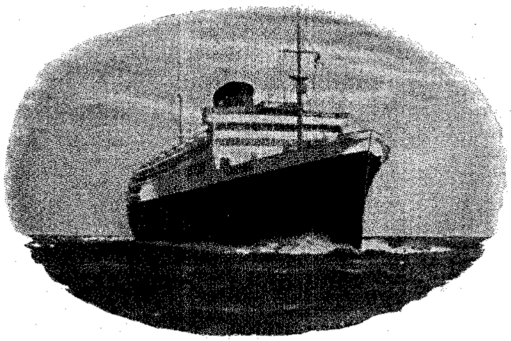

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